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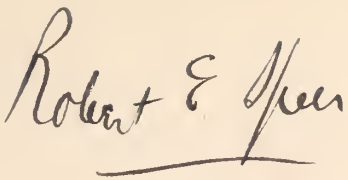

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LANDS OF THE SOUTHERN CROSS

A Visit to South America

—BY—

REV. CHARLES WARREN CURRIER, PH. D.
Delegate of the United States to the International Congress
of Americanists at Buenos Aires

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PREFACE

No pretense is made in this little work of furnishing an exhaustive study on South America. Volumes would be required for the purpose. I have merely contented myself with gathering my own impressions, and recording the results of such studies as harmonized with the general plan of the book. South America is attracting increased attention, and a number of works are appearing which add to our fund of knowledge. I venture to trust that my small contribution will be of some service, as well to the tourist, as to those who wish to form a general idea of the other half of our continent.

It is a pleasure to record my gratitude to Mr. Franklin Adams, of the Pan-American Union, and to Mr. C. E. Babcock, librarian of the Institution, for their constant willingness to aid me by their advice. The friends I made in South America are too numerous to mention, but their memory abides with me. Their works which they lavishly bestowed have proved to be of invaluable assistance.

As a delegate of the United States to the International Congress of Americanists, I had opportunities of meeting many whom I, otherwise, would not have known, and I, consequently, feel grateful to our Secretary of State, and to the authorities of the Smithsonian Institution, for the appointment.

My character of priest and delegate of the Catholic University of America brought me into contact with ecclesiastics, and afforded opportunities to obtain an insight into the religious life of the countries I visited.

From the abundance of material I gathered on my journey, both civil and ecclesiastical, I have selected only a minor portion which I now offer to the public. In the lands I had the pleasure of visiting, the *Southern Cross* shines like our own North Star, and thus the title of my work was suggested.

Chapter I

PREPARING FOR THE VOYAGE

South America Untrodden by Ordinary Tourist—Interest of a Journey—General Observations—Climate—Cost of Trip—Risks—Choice of Route—Languages—Steamship Agencies.

My travels are ended; the reality has passed; only memory remains. I have returned to the solitude of my rooms to live the past months over again, and, in fancy, to retrace my steps, and travel once more over the old paths. Pleasant faces greet me tonight, and silent voices ring in my ears. The companions of my journeys, by sea and land, I will, probably, never meet again; the friends of a moment have departed, and we have been scattered to the four quarters of the globe. I console myself with the thought, that, wherever these pages will be read, other friends, unknown, but, none the less, dear, will bear me company, sharing with me the pleasures, without the little hardships of a long journey, almost around the South American continent. They will appreciate with me whatever of truth, of goodness, or of beauty we shall discover, and should I be disposed to critize, it will be without bitterness, or cynicism.

South America, thus far, is an untrodden field for the ordinary tourist; in fact it contains little to attract him. The ordinary tourist follows the crowd; he travels along the beaten track, and the path of least

resistance. He engages passage on a fashionable trans-Atlantic liner, and he does Europe and the "East." He goes to London, Paris, Switzerland, the Riviera, Italy and the Mediterranean, and he has begun to go to Spain. He finds first-class accommodations in comfortable hotels, he sees the things that everybody talks and writes about, and he may do it economically. The facilities for travel in Europe are so great, that he can come and go as he pleases, without delay. In every important city of England and the continent, he finds tourist agencies always ready to furnish him every possible information, and his progress is greatly facilitated. He remains in easy touch with home by mail and telegraph, and, in less than two weeks, he may receive a reply to his letters. Should an immediate return home be necessary, a few days at most will bring him to an Atlantic seaport, and, within a week, he is in the United States.

If you decide to go to South America, you make up your mind to spend long days at sea, to wait patiently for steamboats and trains, as well as for mail from home. Should you get away from the large cities, you will take the hotels such as you find them, or, perhaps, do without hotels at all. Even in some of the larger cities you will miss many of the comforts of an American or European hotel. Besides, there is the danger of falling sick far from home, a danger which is not at all imaginary, though by some it may be exaggerated.

Yet there are a few tourists who travel through South America merely for pleasure, and, of late, the Hamburg-American line of steamers, and Thomas Cook and Sons have been organizing tourist parties to the Southern hemisphere. The programme of the latter is quite elaborate, covering, as it does, a vast territory.

He who undertakes the journey intelligently will not do so in vain; for there is, indeed, much of interest in South America. The beautiful harbor of Rio de Janeiro, the astounding progress of Argentina, the majestic scenery of the Andes, the vestiges of Inca civilization in Peru, and the historical remains of early Spanish colonization, are so many objects to attract the intelligent and studious tourist.

A journey of four months will suffice to give a general, though somewhat superficial, idea of the whole of the South American continent; but years of travel would be required, to form a perfect acquaintance with each separate country.

Let me suppose, that you intend to visit the principal portions of South America. Your first aim must be to know something of the countries to which you are going. An ordinary geography may profitably be consulted; for guide books are scarce. It is impossible to make any general statement that would apply to the entire continent, as the several republics differ to such an extent from each other. The far greater portion of South America lies in the southern hemisphere, the equator passing through northern Brazil and Ecuador. The southern hemisphere differs materially from our portion of the globe; for the heavens are different and the earth is different. Owing to the inclination of the earth's axis, as it performs its annual revolution around the sun, the south pole points towards the great luminary, when the north pole is averted from it, and thus when we find ourselves in the snows of Winter, our neighbors to the south are sweltering in Summer heat. As their days grow longer, ours become shorter. The north star which is always visible above our horizon, is never seen in the hemisphere

south of us, while, on the other hand, the southern cross becomes visible several degrees north of the equator, rising higher, as we proceed further to the south.

Again we must distinguish between tropical South America, and that portion of it which lies in the temperate zone, nor must we lose sight of the fact, that there is a vast difference between the Atlantic, and the Pacific coast. By consulting the map, you will observe, that the larger portion of Brazil is in the torrid zone, while the region south of Santos, lies below the tropic of Capricorn. The climate north and south of the Amazon, as far as Rio de Janeiro, at least, is that of the tropics in temperature and in vegetation, but the cooler months south of the equator are those of our Summer, when the southern hemisphere has its Winter.

Should you draw a line through the continent from east to west, you will observe that Lima, Peru, is approximately on the latitude of Bahia, Brazil. You will, therefore, naturally look to the Peruvian coast for a climate similar to that of Brazil, as Peru is in the heart of the south tropical zone. Should you, however, pass over from Brazil to Peru, and cross the Cordilleras, you will be surprised to observe an immense difference. The antarctic current which sweeps along the Pacific coast, as far north as Cape Blanco, moderates the heat to such an extent that, on the coast of Peru, you forget that you are in the tropics, and, in the Winter months, you will be sometimes obliged to use your overcoat.

Southern Brazil, Uruguay, Argentina and Chile are in the south temperate zone. Although it never snows in northern Argentina and Chile, yet the cold in Winter is biting, and frost occurs.

The question of the climate naturally suggests the inquiry as to the best time for South American travel. For comfort, it would be well to choose a period between the southern Summer with its great heat, and the Winter with its disagreeable cold. March and April are the Autumn months, while September and October represent Spring in the southern hemisphere. Should you leave the United States in January, you might pass through Brazil or Peru, according to your choice of routes, in February and March. April and May can be agreeably spent in Chile and Argentina, though toward the end of May the cold is sometimes keenly felt. The return voyage may be made through Brazil or Peru in June and July when the heat of the south tropical zone is less intense.

If, on the other hand, you leave the United States in July, you may spend September, October, and November in the south temperate zone, and return through the tropics, before the great Summer heat begins. The inconvenience, at this time of the year will be, that, in proceeding southward, you will pass through the northern tropic in a warm season. But the passage is brief.

The next question of importance regards the cost. Taking the minimum rates, I find that a tour of the South American coast line can easily be made for little more than five hundred dollars. This tour will allow you to visit Bahia, Rio de Janeiro, Santos, and São Paulo in Brazil, Montevideo in Uruguay, Buenos Aires, Santiago de Chile, Lima in Peru, and Panama. To enter into details, I will itemize thus:

New York to Buenos Aires . . .	$190.00
Santos to S. Paulo	6.00
Buenos Aires to Santiago . . .	70.00

Santiago to Valparaiso	7.00
Valparaiso to Callao	70.00
Callao to Lima and return . . .	.40
Lima to Panama	101.00
Across the Isthmus	2.80
Panama to New York	60.00
	$507.20

These rates are, of course, approximate, but, that they are not far from being correct, is proven by the fact that steamship companies sell circular tickets covering the same route for the same price, more or less. This tour can be made in less than four months, allowing for about fifty days at sea, and two months on shore. Taking your hotel bills to average four dollars a day, your board will amount to about two hundred and forty dollars, to which the fees to attendants must be added. On this basis, we may calculate thus:

Traveling expenses	$508.00
Hotel bills	240.00
Extras	150.00
	$898.00

It will thus be seen that a tour around South America can comfortably be made for less than one thousand dollars. If, instead of crossing the Andes, you should desire to sail around the continent, through the straits of Magellan, the difference in cost will be slight.

This journey may be made with little or no risk to the traveller and with no greater danger than one would run in passing through the United States. If there are diseases peculiar to the torrid zone, we must not lose sight of the fact that in our own country we

have to face constant perils in the shape of typhoid and scarlet fever, as well as of pneumonia and diphtheria.

To be sure, there are diseases in South America, but the danger has been sometimes exaggerated. In the tropics, there is danger of fevers, but that terrible disease, yellow fever, is disappearing, owing to increased sanitary precautions. The Brazilian coast is now almost free from it, and, if Ecuador would fall into line, and clean up Guayaquil, it would soon disappear from the western hemisphere.

Unfortunately, there are still cases of Bubonic plague, both on the Atlantic and the Pacific, but this is a danger, against which the cautious traveller can easily guard himself.

There is no reason why, with ordinary precautions, South American travel should not be considered as safe as that of any part of the world. I speak of the coast; for in the interior, where long days must be spent on horseback, with the scantiest of accommodations, a robust constitution is required. Neither is it safe for one with a weak heart, or weak lungs to undertake a journey to the high altitudes of Bolivia or Peru which may, sometimes, prove fatal.

The next thing to be considered is a choice of route. You may go to South America by the Atlantic, returning along the West-Coast, or you may take the Pacific route, and come home via Brazil. It is, more or less, a matter of taste, and much will depend on circumstances. Supposing, that you intend to follow my route, we at once proceed to obtain information. First, we begin to read up South America, in general outline and in detail, choosing one or more works from the bibliographical list attached to this book. By first studying the countries we intend visiting, we are

prepared to seek and find the objects in which we are most apt to be interested, and we avoid the loss of much valuable time.

A slight knowledge of the languages spoken in the lands of our journey must, of course, prove to be of great value. Leaving the three Guianas out of the question, it may be remarked that two languages cover the whole of South America, Portuguese in Brazil, and Spanish in the rest. Next to these two, French will be found to be most useful, though English and German are, also, freely spoken, and there is no lack of English and Americans, travelling on business. You will meet these at the large hotels, on the railroads, and on the steamers.

After acquiring a general information from books, and from conversation with those who have been over the ground, and sifting out the details, you proceed to the various tourist, and steamboat agencies. Should you desire to purchase a circular ticket, you may save much time and trouble, but you will, also, hamper your freedom of movement which is, naturally, influenced by unforeseen occurrences, that may cause you to change your programme. It is well to obtain all possible information before leaving the United States, for it is not easy to be well informed on the journey, and tourist agencies are not easily found, it they exist at all.

The best information may be obtained form the agencies of Thomas Cook & Sons, and from those of the Hamburg-American, the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, and the Lamport and Holt Line. It is a great pity that more cordial affability is wanting among steamship agents abroad, but, we must not forget, as one of them told me in the West Indies, that they are very busy men. Still it would be well for

those gentlemen to remember that, in these days of great competition, they are not conferring any special favor on the patrons of their lines who apply to them for information.

You may proceed to Brazil and Argentina either by way of Europe, or directly from the United States. Innumerable steamship lines connect Europe with South America. You may go from Southampton or from Hamburg, and you may take the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company's boats, or those of the Hamburg-American, or Hamburg South American lines. The Pacific Steam Navigation Company will take you to Brazil and Uruguay and, through the Straits, to the Pacific coast. From France you may take the Compagnie Generale, the Messageries Maritimes, or the Transport Maritime. You will find steamers for South America from Denmark, Holland and from Austria, while an excellent and quick line runs from Italy.

The European steamers will, frequently, allow you to catch glimpses of Spain, Portugal, Madeira, the Canaries, and the Cape Verde Islands, as a number of them stop at various ports, before reaching Pernambuco in Brazil. The price of the journey is slightly higher, than the direct route from New York, and, to the time required, must be added that of the voyage across the Atlantic.

If your chioce is the direct route, the Lamport and Holt is the best line to take. Their large new steamers, Vasari and Verdi, will afford you every comfort for the long journey to Buenos Aires, to which they proceed via Bahia, Rio de Janeiro, and Santos. Other steamers of this line stop at Rio, where a change is made for Argentina. The steamers of the Lloyd Brazileiro line will take you to Rio, while those of the Booth line will convey you to the Amazon up which they proceed for a long distance.

Chapter II

THE VOYAGE

Types of Passengers—Classes on Board—The Verdi—"We're Off"—The American Flag Rare on the High Seas—Convenience of Travel Today—Our Doctor—Operation for Appendicitis—Suggestions—Contagious Diseases on Shipboard — Sports — Second Class — Incidents — Halley's Comet—The "Wireless"—Neptune's Visit.

Sea voyages, more or less, resemble one another, and, in these days of ocean travel, when steamships are ploughing the sea in all directions, it would seem superfluous to write an account of an ocean voyage. Yet there are incidents innumerable to break the monotony, and to furnish ample, and interesting material. It was such incidents as these, gathered on a voyage from Genoa to Buenos Aires, that filled one of the volumes of that well-known writer, De Amicis, in his "On Waters Blue."

A modern ocean vessel is a world in itself. Although the cares and worries of life seem, to a great extent, left at home, yet the inhabitants of the floating hotel, are human, very human. They bring with them their hopes, their ambitions, and their passions, great and small. As a rule, their existence on board ship makes them fraternize, and become one family, yet the spirit of criticism and gossip finds its way on shipboard. And how many, and how varied are the characters, and temperaments that one meets! There is the man, "hail fellow, well met," who knows everybody from the moment he steps on board. Good-natured fellow, quite

unselfish, he tries to amuse, and succeeds in making himself obnoxious to the "sensible" folk by his frivolities. Quite opposite in manner is the lady, with the handsome, but sphinx-like face, who knows no one but her husband, to whom she clings, forgetful apparently of the rest of the world. The man who "knows it all" is another character to be found at sea and on land. Then there is the sociologist, the political economist, and the business man, ready to advise and to solve the knotty problems that agitate the mind of humanity. There are the reserved people you are afraid to approach without an introduction, but who, on better acquaintance, are found to be most charming companions. There is the young lady, solitary at first, who permits a growing acquaintance with one who monopolizes her, until the people begin to think, if not to say, that a courtship is in progress, one of those evanescent courtships which end abruptly, when the ship enters her dock, but often leave a wound in the heart.

The ocean vessel has its classes too, its aristocracy in the first, its middle class in the second, and its proletariat in the steerage. These may travel together for weeks, without knowing each other, except by the occasional visit of one from the first cabin. What tales of sorrow and adventure, what hopes, what fears and disappointments lie hidden away down in that lowly steerage, where even the ordinary comforts of life are wanting, or in that second-class cabin, a step above it! And these people, rich and poor, great and lowly, of all races, all languages, all nations, are gathered here to experience the same emotions, share the same hopes and fears, and to be exposed to the same dangers. They have met from all parts of the globe; tomorrow they will part to meet no more; but while they are

here, they are friends. The wide, illimitable ocean makes them such, and they form one family. Day after day, they will be in each other's company, beholding the same sky, the same ocean, and enduring the monotony of the high seas.

It may seem surprising, that with all the ships that are crossing and recrossing the seas, so few of them are met. But the ocean is wide, and a ship is only a dot on its surface. This is especially true of the South American route, where weeks may be spent, without meeting a single sail between New York and Bahia.

As a rule, the voyage is pleasant, and one sails on Summer seas. A brief account of my own voyage may serve as a type.

The Verdi of the Lamport and Holt line is a young ship, only three years old at this writing; but the line is old; for Lamport and Holt have been carrying on trade between South America, Europe, and the United States over sixty years. The passenger service, however, is of comparatively recent development. Their newest vessels the Verdi, and the Vasari, the one of 8,000, and the other of 12,000 tons, are up-to-date ships, and quite comfortable. The company is building two twinscrew steamers that bid fair to compete with the great "transatlantics." These ships are built with a view to the tropics. Speaking for the Verdi, I can say that her rooms are quite comfortable, well ventilated and cool, and electric fans are everywhere. There are no inside rooms.

We were booked to leave Brooklyn at 12.30 on April 20 from the out of the way, and not easily accessible docks near the Fulton Ferry Landing. Unless you telephone in time for a carriage to meet you at the landing, you will have quite a walk with bag and baggage through a dirty street, with warehouses on one

side, and docks on the other. But arriving on board, you will meet with great courtesy on the part of the officers and men, and everything will be done to make you comfortable.

We did not get out of our dock, until about 2 p. m. to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne," played on a cornet by Mr. Conway, one of the stewards and musicians. We had hardly cleared the docks, than we sat down to lunch, each one to a place of his choice. Before dinner, in the evening, places were assigned by the chief steward.

In a few hours, we had passed the "Hook," and we broke our last link with home, when the pilot went down the side of the ship with his bag of mail, and the messages to the loved ones we were leaving. To-morrow we shall find ourselves solitary and alone, for American trade to South America is scarce. Not a steamer on this route carries the American flag, a flag once seen in every port, when the United States was less powerful than it is now, but, at present, a *rara avis* away from our own coasts. There are several freight lines going from the United States to South America, such as the Barber, and Norton lines which operate tramp steamers, the Booth, the Houston, and the line of W. R. Grace.

How much more convenient is travel today from what it was to our fathers, or even a few years ago! I went, in 1871, from the West Indies to Europe in a three thousand ton vessel with side wheels. The cabins were all below the deck, or around the dining saloon. At night we had nothing but oil lamps which were put out at 10 o'clock. Compare that with the luxurious steamships of today. Even seasickness is diminishing. Ships are more steady, they are better

ventilated, and the noxious ship odors no longer trouble our olfactory organs.

In proceeding from the United States to Argentina, we pass through three zones, the north temperate, the torrid, and the south temperate. Night after night, we note the gradual descent of the circumpolar constellations, until the splendid Southern Cross arises from the sea, and Polaris sets, to rise no more. The *Southern Cross* consists of four stars, one of the first magnitude, and a smaller star on the right, making in all five. The four larger stars form an irregular cross, of which the star nearest the horizon points southwards, while the others indicate approximately the three remaining cardinal points.

If you leave New York in Winter or Spring, it is apt to be cool, and you may encounter heavy seas; but as we advance southward, the waters become calmer, and the air grows warmer, until you seem to move on an inland sea, and old Atlantic begins to treat us with a gentle hand. As we cross the tropic of Cancer, the heat increases, though often tempered by the cool breezes from the ocean. Officers and passengers doff their Winter clothing, and the former, with some of the latter, appear in white.

Our passengers were nearly all persons going to South America with a purpose, several being drawn by the approaching exposition at Buenos Aires, but of tourists, and pure pleasure seekers there were few, if any. One, whom I should mention, was the Italian, Dorando Pietri of Marathon fame, who was going to run in South America. This unassuming young man, one of the champion runners of the world, is an agreeable companion. Among others, were two commissioners of the United States to the Fine Arts Exposition

of Argentina and Chile, Messrs. Trask and Browne, and the Spanish singer, Constantino.

Our doctor, F. R. Warden, is a pleasant man. It is not long, since he performed an operation on shipboard for appendicitis without much flourish of trumpet, which is worth recording. The captain had offered to stop the ship, but, reflecting that the long swell would cause still greater motion, the doctor preferred that she should keep on her course.

On October 5, 1909, James Young, a steward, was laid up with a cold, and cough, and with gastro-intestinal pains. The steamer Byron of the Lamport and Holt line, was homeward bound. It was October 12, in latitude 30.14 degrees north, and longitude 47.33 west, when the doctor and the patient agreed upon an operation, as the disease had been recognized as appendicitis, and medical remedies had failed. I will here copy from the doctor's logbook:

"James Young. Temperature 100, pain persistent, and located in region of appendix. At 10 a. m., Mr. Young and I determined upon a surgical operation for the removal of the vermiform appendix. A. O. Mills was to continue the giving of the ether or chloroform, Duffy was to hold the instruments, and Heffernan to assist. Sheets, towels, and dressings were sterilized. The assistants took a hot bath, and, also, the doctor. The table of the second class, antiseptized, was covered with sterile sheets; instruments were boiled, and put in soda and carbolic solution.

"At 11.20 a. m. began administering ether. At 12.20 p. m. operation performed, appendix removed, wound closed, and patient in bed. It became necessary, on account of adhesion to the appendix to bring out upon sterile towels some five or six feet of small bowel, adjacent to the iliacoecal valve, until the caecum, and

appendix appeared, cleansing the small bowel with a saline solution. They were returned to the abdomen, and the appendix removed, the stump touched with phenol, sewed up with catgut, and returned. The tissues were separately sewed up, and the skin wound closed. At 3 p. m. the patient complained of slight nausea. The pain ceased the first time in four days. As soon as rational, from anaesthetic, he said he had no pain, except a slight soreness over wound."

The patient completely recovered, and he is again at work. The doctor told me, that he once had a case of diphtheria on the Byron, which they managed to conceal so completely, that only the captain and chief engineer knew of its existence, besides the doctor himself. It is not pleasant to be at sea with a contagious disease. On one of my voyages, an Italian child in the steerage was attacked by scarlet fever. The doctor isolated the whole family, consisting of father, mother and two children in the room on deck, utilized as hospital. It was not long before the mother had caught the disease. In a few days, alarming symptoms were discovered, and one night, being summoned by the doctor, I proceeded to administer to her the consolations of religion. It would have been interesting to my friends to see me standing by the woman's berth, clad in the doctor's white duck jacket, the husband just outside the door with the baby in his arms, and another child lying asleep, while the few lights cast an uncertain glare over the ship at that midnight hour. It was a picture worth remembering. Our doctor did what he could to alleviate the distress of the sufferers, with the slender means at his disposal. These occurrences, and impressions made on me on different voyages have brought some suggestions to my mind.

On every ship carrying passengers, there should be, in proportion to the number carried, stewardesses for the second class and steerage. One, if not more of these, should be a trained nurse. In every ship, there should be a comfortable locality, where contagious diseases may be isolated. In matters of health, the doctor's regulations should be supreme, and whatever he orders for the sick, should be given them.

One morning the doctor came to the conclusion that it would be better, on arrival at the next port, and on reporting the case to the health authorities, to put the family ashore at the expense of the company, until, after recovery, they might be continued to their destination. He suggested to me to accompany him to the captain with the proposal. We ascended the ladder to the bridge deck, and knocked at the captain's door. As we entered, the latter seemed surprised to see me with the doctor. He would not hear of the proposition, said that they were responsible for the people, and that the hospital ashore could not be relied upon. He appeared displeased at the suggestion. The fact is, that the passengers' contract supposes that infectious patients be put ashore at their own expense. Still I could not but admire the humanitarian sentiments of the captain, and, in the end, I was glad, that we had conveyed the poor people to their destination, though in a case like this, it would seem that the common good should prevail over any individual consideration. It was almost impossible to isolate the patients. The door of their room opened on the deck. This door had to be left open, as it was almost the only means of ventilating the miserable and wretched place, dignified by the name of hospital. Passengers from the second class, and steerage, as well as members of the crew, were constantly passing to and fro, before the open

door, or congregating in the neighborhood. The feeling that one has on board a contagious disease which may spread at any moment, is by no means a pleasant one.

A feature of the Lamport and Holt line is that the officers mingle freely with the passengers, thus producing mutually the most agreeable relations.

To break the monotony of the voyage, various sports are organized with prize competitions, under the direction of the purser, each of the gentlemen contributing a small sum, for the purchase of prizes from the barber shop. These competitions were held during the beautiful tropical afternoons on the deck, that was gaily decorated with flags.

The second class and steerage passengers must get up their own amusements, but with the exception of a phonograph, grinding out Spanish songs, and an occassional game of cards, I saw little evidence of sports aft, where the second and third classes were located. There is much to be desired in the accommodations of these two classes, though it is to be presumed, that with the improvement of the ships, these will improve also.

The rates for the first class are $190 as minimum, and $220 as maximum rates from New York to Buenos Aires, though, from what I have seen, I prefer the rooms of the minimum rate to the higher priced ones which have the advantage of a superior location.

Every little incident on shipboard attracts attention. The first Sunday out, a bird of the plover variety was picked up on deck early in the morning. The little animal had, probably, strayed away, or it had been carried out to sea, and no doubt, had sought refuge on the ship. When set at liberty, it showed itself quite tame, walking about among the passengers.

Then it would fly away, and return, until it, finally, disappeared altogether.

The observation of the phenomena of nature affords, also, much agreeable occupation. It is a fallacy to suppose that there is neither dawn nor twilight in the tropics, for both are well defined, though the transition is more sudden than in higher latitudes, becoming more so as one approaches the equator.

By mutual agreement, a number of gentlemen, among them the writer, were awakened at four in the morning of April 28 to see Halley's comet. Coffee was served in the saloon. The visitor from afar was distinctly visible in the sky, with a well defined tail, pointing away from the sun, and a luminous body. In the same region of the heavens shone Venus with remarkable beauty. We had the pleasure of observing the comet again and again, as it approached nearer to the earth, until we reached Buenos Aires.

The Verdi is equipped with wireless telegraphy. The first days out, communication with the land was very difficult owing to constant electrical disturbances around us which not only hampered the operator, but, also, manifested themselves by flashes of lightning. With some difficulty we kept in touch with Atlantic City, and I succeeded in sending a message home by one of the steamers of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company at Bermuda. Later on we communicated with the men-of-war, Chester and Montana, about 900 miles ahead of us.

On crossing the line, the whistle blew a strong blast. We were in the southern hemisphere. The old, and time-honored custom of Neptune and his wife coming on board was not observed until evening. An elaborately worked, and artistically decorated proclamation had been posted up in the morning, with the names

of passengers who, not having crossed the line, were subject to the initiation of Neptune's realm. The piece, done in water color, was made by the chief steward. The picture of a sixteenth century ship headed it. While the passengers were at dinner, the lights in the dining saloon went out, and far off cries fell upon their ears. Neptune had just arrived on board. In a few moments a white clad figure entered, to announce that it was the soul of a departed passenger. The devil, or Mephistopheles, in red attire, entered to proclaim that those who should withdraw from Neptune's jurisdiction would fall into his power. The bartender, a consummate actor and mimic, was Mephistopheles.

At half past eight, the bugle sounded, and a great number of the passengers assembled on the deck aft. The construction of modern steamships is so varied, and so changing, that one hardly knows how to designate any portion of the deck, at a given period. I viewed the ceremony from the bridge deck, above. A large water tank of canvas had been prepared. At the sound of fairly good music, Neptune and his attendants entered, and took up their positions. Then began a wild dance, to the sound of the "tom tom," reminding one of an Indian, or African dance. Mephistopheles now began to call out the names of passengers, by means of a megaphone. Three ladies, by their own wish, were initiated. So far; so well. After this, the show degenerated into a rough and tumble horse play. The first lady knelt before Neptune. Questions were put to her, and her replies were announced by megaphone, then a mixture of something like ginger ale and whiskey was poured into her mouth, she was smeared with flour, and a pretense was made of giving her a shave, and, finally, she was pushed into the tank. Two other ladies followed. It is needless to

state that their appearance after the bath, was far from graceful.

The male passengers were now subjected to treatment more or less rough, and pandemonium began. There was a general splashing about in the water, Neptune's attendants plunging in indiscriminately, and, in fact, some unseen hand threw Mephistopheles into the water, to the great discomfiture of that gentleman. Gradually the passengers retired, and the show went out.

The performance would, to my taste, have been more interesting had it been less rough. The performers were stewards aided by a few passengers. I can imagine a play like this among the rough sailors of our fast departing sailing ships, but it seemed undignified for a large passenger steamer. I am told, however, that this old custom is falling into desuetude. In some regards, it is a pity, and it may well be continued, provided no one be forced into the tank against his will. In these days, when the poetry of the sea is disappearing, it is refreshing to preserve some things that remind one of bygone days.

Before I close this chapter, I consider it a pleasant duty to mention our most courteous Captain Byrne, a gentleman in every respect. His afternoon "teas," at which he was accustomed to invite several of the passengers in turn, contributed their share, toward breaking the monotony of the voyage.

Chapter III

ARRIVAL IN BRAZIL

Brazilian Coast Line—First Harbingers of Land—Brazilian Ports—Harbor of Bahia—Entering a Port—Brazilian Money—Landing at Bahia—American Consulate—Modern Conveniences — Business — Religion — The Cathedral — Protestantism—Return to the Ship.

Our good ship the Verdi had sailed from New York almost in a straight line, passing the Bermuda Islands which were not sighted. At Cape S. Roque, the coast of Brazil deflects more toward the south. As we, too, turned southward, a long stretch of invisible coast line lay behind us. Far away to the northwest on the equatorial line, the great Amazon was pouring its waters into the sea, but we were now below the fifth parallel of southern latitude, nearing the coast. Brazil, the largest country in South America, has a coast line nearly 6,500 kilometers, or more then 4,000 miles in length, which extends from latitude 4° 20′ 45″ north, to latitude 33° 46′ 10″ south. Although the far greater portion of the country is in the tropics, it will be seen, by looking at the map, that no inconsiderable territory lies in the south temperate zone.

The first harbingers of land appeared on Sunday, May 1st, in the shape of a flock of boobies. They came, as though to announce that we were approaching the coast, nor were they followed by others. The sight

of land is most welcome, when one has spent weeks, or even days at sea, and no matter how much the ocean is loved, the land is always hailed with delight. We had seen only one ship, since leaving New York, and hence we were much pleased when, about this time, several vessels were sighted. This was another sign of land. Finally, on the morning of May 2d, the Brazilian coast lay to starboard to rejoice our heart. The first city of which we were to catch a glimpse in the distance was Recife of Pernambuco. Many of the European steamers stop at this port, but the Lamport and Holt line passes it.

North of this port, Brazil possesses several well-known harbors. Pará, also known as Belem, at the mouth of the Amazon, is the capital of the state of that name. Manaos, a thousand miles up the river, is the chief city of the state of Amazonas, and the center of the rubber trade. The largest steamers can come up the river to Manaos. Further down the coast, midway between Pará and Pernambuco, lies Maranhao, with a trade in sugar and cotton. The exports of Pernambuco consists principally of sugar, cotton, hides, skins, and rum.

There is, also, a great deal of fishing on the coast, to judge from the number of fishing crafts met with many miles out to sea. These vessels, if vessels they may be named, are rafts made of logs fastened together, known as "Jangadas." They carry a mast and sail. Seats are placed on the raft, but as the water splashes over the logs, the feet of the fishermen are always wet. They go out to a distance of twenty, or thirty miles from the coast.

The land remained in sight all day, sometimes low, and again rising into distant mountain ranges that

run parallel to the coast in eastern Brazil. At intervals smoke was to be seen, which, no doubt, proceeded from the sugar plantations. On the following day, long stretches of beach were often visible. The landscape was varied with very white cliffs, and with cultivated lands. We approached nearer and nearer to the coast, until we ran into the Bay of Bahia, a name which signifies "bay," and which is borne by one of the provinces of Brazil. The city itself, generally called Bahia, is really S. Salvador, although it is seldom designated by that name outside of Brazil. Bahia is about 400 miles south of Pernambuco. Our Verdi made a record run from New York to Bahia in less than thirteen days.

The scenery, upon entering the harbor, which is regarded as one of the best in the world, is splendid. First the hill, known as the Barra, at the entrance, becomes more and more distinct, crowned with the church of S. Antonio da Barra, until the panorama of the town, upper and lower, with its varied details, stands outlined before you.

Great is the excitement on board ship, on entering a port, after weeks at sea. Eyes are strained, and all are eager to seize upon every feature of the occasion. We cast our anchor a mile or two from shore, about four in the afternoon. The first incident of note was the arrival of the doctor and of the police authorities. They came in separate boats. The visit of the doctor is anxiously awaited, on entering a port, for no one may land, until he has given his *fiat*, and the yellow flag is lowered. He is received at the head of the ladder by the ship's doctor, who gives him his report, and the ship's bill of health. The police authorities were accompanied by a considerable number of colored men in sailor attire, with swords dangling

from their sides. They seemed to be quite aware of their importance.

Loading, and unloading now begins, and great lighters are towed alongside. At the foot of the ladder, a large number of boats, manned by colored men, are rising and falling on the swell, with the boatmen clamoring at the top of their voices for passengers. Before going ashore, you strike a bargain with your boatman. The most economical way is to form a party. There were six in ours. Agree for the return trip, and be sure not to pay until you have returned to the vessel, lest the boatman have you at his mercy. On landing, remember the name of your boat, and its position at the wharf, and designate the hour of your return. The usual fee for the round trip is two milreis, which at the rate of exchange then prevailing, amounted to about 62 cents. It is well to obtain a certain amount of Brazilian money from the purser, a day or two, before your arrival. At present the Brazilian currency is mostly paper, but it seems that an effort is making to accumulate a gold reserve in the treasury, and to issue certificates, with the withdrawal of the old, and dirty paper from circulation. As Brazilian money is rather puzzling to the uninitiated, it is well to learn something of it before going ashore. Our amiable, and obliging purser, Mr. R. A. Hulse, was always most willing to impart information, and I am especially indebted to him for the knowledge I acquired in this regard. The values of Brazilian currency are approximately as follows, but the fluctuation of exchange must be borne in mind:

Notes. One thousand milreis (1000$000) or one conto de ruo is valued at $315.00.

500$000	= $157.50	10$000	= $ 3.05
200$000	= 59.00	5$000	= 1.55
100$000	= 29.50	2$000	= .62
50$000	= 14.75	1$000	= .31
20$000	= 6.10		

Silver:

2$000	(old large; new small)	= $ .62
1$000		= .31
500 reis		= .15–½

Nickel:

400 reis		= .12–½
200 "	(old large; new small)	= .07
100 "		= .03–½
50 "		= .02

The copper coins are 40, 20, 10 and 5 reis.

One milreis is written 1$000. The figures 30$264 must be read 30 milreis and 264 reis.

Our boatman took us ashore for one and a half milreis for each person for the round trip. The boat was manned by two colored men, a sail was hoisted, and oars were also used. It took us three quarters of an hour, to reach the shore. French, German and Brazilian steamers lay in the harbor, besides a few square rigged vessels. Dodging lighters and small boats, we finally reached the wharf, and stepped on land. It was like dropping suddenly into a new world. By a pleasing coincidence, May 3, on which we landed is the anniversary of the discovery of the country. Of course it is a national holiday, and, therefore, official business was suspended, and the consulates were flying their respective flags. Although Vicente Yañez Pinzon had first discovered the northern coast of Brazil from Cape San Augustin to Cape Orange in

1500, it was Cabral who, sighting land on April 22, 1500, anchored at Porto Seguro in the state of Bahia, and first took possession of the country in the name of the king of Portugal. Brazil celebrates the anniversary on May 3. Bahia is the third largest city of Brazil, with a population which twenty years ago amounted to 200,000 and now is nearer 300,000. It immediately followed Rio de Janeiro, being equal to S. Paulo. A very large proportion of this population, some say 80 per cent., is of negro blood. This is the residuum of the slave trade that once flourished here. Hence it is that negroes and mulattoes are everywhere in abundance, though they do not give the same poverty-stricken impression as the negroes of the West Indian Islands.

The city is built against the hills with an upper and a lower town. To proceed from one to the other, you may follow the old time way of walking up, take the incline railway, or either of two elevators, constructed by the Otis Elevator Company.

On the wharf, as you land, you may purchase fruit, or other native products. Especially noticeable are the little marmosets or monkeys, hardly larger than a good sized rat.

After going up to the town above by an elevator, we set out in search of the American consulate, as the newly appointed consul to Bahia, Mr. B. F. Warner, was of our party. The sight of the American flag was most agreeable, and we received a hearty welcome from the vice-consul who remained with us, until our return to the ship. The people of whom we made any inquiries were invariably polite, though no one seemed to pay much attention to us, unless spoken to. It is evident, that the inhabitants of Bahia are quite ac-

customed to the presence of strangers. There was no obtrusion on the part of importunate venders, though we observed a few beggars seated at various points, and imploring alms in that pitiful tone of voice, so characteristic of the Latin beggar, who seeks your charity with a prayer on his lips.

Bahia may boast of a number of modern conveniences, besides its elevators, such as electric cars of Philadelphia construction, and electric lighting. In spite of these modern improvements, the city retains its colonial appearance, perhaps more so than other cities of Brazil.

Business seems here to be principally in the hands of Germans, though there are a number of English residents. Americans are very few. The tobacco trade is especially prominent here, but there is, also, commerce in coffee, cocoa, tobacco, skins and wood.

Among the many investments of capital in Brazil, railroads are especially prominent. The first railroad dates from 1856. It ran from the bay of Rio, to the foot of the mountain upon which Petropolis stands. Most of the early lines were built with the assistance of the government, though, at present, a considerable amount of foreign capital is invested in them. Toward the end of the empire, there were about 5,273 miles of railroad in operation, and since the beginning of the republic a great many more have been added. Several railway lines exist in the state of Bahia.

A casual visitor to the city, like myself, may gain much information regarding the life of the people by the careful perusal of a daily paper, like the *Jornal de Noticias*. The opinions of individuals in private conversation must be taken with caution, as they are apt to be biased by political, as well as religious prejudices.

The *Jornal de Noticias* deplores the decrease of intellectual life which was once a characteristic of the city. That it is not extinct, however, is evidenced by the public lectures that seem to be in favor. One was announced for the day of my visit to Bahia in the hall of the Italian Beneficial Society, on "A Journey across the Americas."

Although Church and State are no longer united in Brazil, as they were in the days of the empire, there being now no official church, the Roman Catholic religion is still the prevailing religion of the people. Bahia is full of churches, many of them being quite old. As the day declined, the sweet sound of church bells fell upon our ears, the summons, no doubt, to the devotions of the month of Mary, which were conducted, as I learned, in a number of churches and chapels, either in the morning, or at various hours of the day and evening. They, also, take place in private chapels, like that attached to the residence of Senhor Joao Taveres da Silva, where they were held with great splendor.

On the great square, known as the Praza de Palacio, stands the Cathedral. This church belonged to the Jesuits, before their suppression by the Portuguese Minister Pombal, toward the close of the eighteenth century. It is built in the style of the Jesuit Renaissance, and a statue of St. Ignatius on the façade still shows its origin. The large building adjoining it, now the school of the faculty of medicine, was evidently their college. Outside of the building, a memorial tablet keeps fresh the memory of the Jesuit, Father Antonio Vieira, one of the classic writers of Brazil whose centenary was celebrated two years ago. Born in 1608, Father Vieira came to Brazil in 1641 in the suite of Don Fernando de Mascarenhas. He was an

extraordinary man, says Southey, not only by his eloquence, but in all things.[1]

The interior of the cathedral is gorgeous. Like most Brazilian churches, it has two pulpits, opposite each other.

The monastery of the Franciscans in Bahia is especially noteworthy for its artistic work on Dutch tiles.[2]

I am told, that Protestantism which, a few years ago, was unknown in Bahia, is, at present, very active. Protestant propaganda is carried on by sermons on Sundays and Thursdays, and by the distribution of literature. Proselytes are won particularly among the lower white classes.

The Brazilian people, as a body, are surely attached to the old church, at least in form, but there is no doubt that there, as elsewhere, a spirit of rationalism prevails among certain classes.

On the occasion of my visit, the question of permitting cremation was agitated. As in the tropics generally, funerals take place on the day of death. In some cases, they are conducted with great pomp. Religious services are generally held, and, as with us, offerings of flowers are made.

It is quite strange that, while in Spanish America, universities existed everywhere, from Mexico to Chile and the La Plata countries, Brazil has never had a university up to the present. However, separate faculties, such as that of medicine, exist, the one in Bahia being quite well known.

As we wandered through the streets of the old city, darkness fell upon us with tropical swiftness. We

[1] Compendio de Historia do Brazil. Raphael M. Galanti, S. J., Vol. II, No. 304.

[2] See The New Brazil by Marie Robinson Wright.

descended to the lower town which was fast becoming deserted, it being entirely devoted to business. Our boat was waiting for us, and we shoved off from the wharf with myriads of celestial lights sparkling above us in the tropical sky. As the light of the city fell back into the darkness of the night, the hull of our good ship with its welcoming lights grew more distinct. With the old song "Home again, home again, from a foreign shore," we drew nearer. The curly head of a little boy, a great favorite on board, appeared at one of the port holes, and our fellow passengers who had remained on the ship, welcomed us on board. Within a couple of hours we had weighed anchor, and the Verdi, trembling in her whole frame, responded to her engines, and headed further to the south.

Chapter IV.

RIO DE JANEIRO.

Early Rising — Splendid Sky — The Moon, Venus, and the Comet—Wonderful Harbor—Our Flag—A Bit of History—Government of Brazil—Rio de Janeiro—Churches—Great Improvement in Religion—S. Bento—Breakfast at the Abbey—The "Jornal do Bresil"—The Monroe Palace—Influence of Mr. Root—Buildings—Prices in Rio—Petropolis.

Morning found us smoothly steaming off the Brazilian coast, and the fourth of May was spent in the pleasant anticipation of soon beholding what is known as one of the most beautiful, if not the most beautiful, harbor in the world. I utilized my time in conversation with a Brazilian gentleman who had come on board at Bahia, and whom I found to be thoroughly well informed.

From a fellow passenger who was to leave us at Rio, I learned that an office of the United Wireless Company was to be established in the capital of Brazil, and that their apparatus was to be installed on all the ships of the Lloyd Brazileiro line. Further, stations were to be established at Buenos Aires, Rio, Bahia, Pernambuco, Ceara, Para and Barbados, whereby a continuous chain would be formed to obtain communications from ships, and, thus promote their safety. The Brazilians are now in possession of several wireless stations.

At nightfall of Thursday, May 5, we were still steaming on; but a few hours later found us off the harbor of Rio de Janeiro, which, however, we made no attempt to enter, until after sunrise. Rio is 749 miles from Bahia.

I arose at four. The sky was magnificent, with the moon, Venus, and the comet forming such a splendid combination, as will never be seen again, by the present generation at least. As the light came creeping on, and the comet's tail seemed to fade into nothingness, a fog arose which was to mar our enjoyment of the entrance into the harbor of Rio de Janeiro.

It was January 1, 1502, that a Portuguese fleet first entered this bay, called by the natives Guanabara or Nictheroy, and to which, imagining it to be the mouth of a river, they gave the name of Rio de Janeiro, or River of January.[1] We may well imagine the delight of those early Portuguese, when in Midsummer of 1502, perhaps on a sunlit day in January, they entered a harbor which by its name was to perpetuate forever the memory of its discovery. It was a precious New Year's gift to the mother country.

Even today, in spite of the fog, the beauties of this wonderful harbor impress themselves upon us, though the memories of other lands and other ports may struggle in our fancy for the palm. One by one, the details of the long entrance to the harbor are unfolded to our wondering gaze, we know not upon which side of the vessel to fix our attention, we pass from one to the other. Then, lo! the great characteristic feature of the Bay of Rio looms up, the sugar loaf mountain. The harbor proper becomes more and more visible through the fog, and we discern the shipping, passenger

[1] Galanti. Historia do Brazil, Vol. 1, 43.

steamers of various European lines, merchant vessels, and men-o'-war. Far out toward the land, several Brazilian gunboats lie at anchor, then we notice the Don Carlos, the Portuguese warship which is stopping at Rio *en route* to Buenos Aires, and nearer to us, becoming more distinct as we advance, the new battleship, the Minas Geraes, recently built for Brazil, truly a beautiful vessel. The Brazilian navy consists of 31 vessels, among which are three battleships.[2]

And what is that grey-colored ship not far from the Minas Geraes? There is no mistaking the fact, we know her at once, she flies the stars and stripes. Cheers arise from our deck, as we pass the South Dakota. It is like catching a glimpse of home. Yet our hearts are not free from sadness, as we view this solitary American flag. We shall see it again, but always in its loneliness and, excepting a little cable steamer in Callao, only waving from warships. What has become of the flag, that once carried our trade to every port? All around us we shall see the British, German, French, Italian and Dutch flags, but for our own, the flag of our country, we shall look in vain upon the seas. The South Dakota will send her boat to the Verdi for mail, as soon as we anchor, then she will speed southward to Bahia Blanca, in Argentina, to add her share to the Argentine festivities of the centennial year.

With this passing memory of our far away land, and with these reflections, we once more turn our attention to the shore. Again the police regulations are complied with, the doctor's visit is completed; and the custom house authorities come on board, to stand guard, lest contraband articles are shipped ashore. We have

[2] Bulletin. International Bureau of American Republics, July, 1910.

BEIRAMAR AVENUE AND BOTAFOGO SQUARE, RIO DE JANEIRO

cast anchor, for, though Rio is building splendid docks, which will enable vessels to discharge their cargo directly to the land, they are not yet completed, and ships must still anchor far out from the shore. The arrangements for landing, and the fees are the same as at Bahia, but at Rio we have the advantage of the launch of the Lamport and Holt company which runs at intervals from ship to shore, and takes the passengers free of charge. Find out the hours, when the launch leaves the shore, and you may go on land without anxiety. Availing ourselves of the launch, we left the good ship Verdi for a few hours. The city of S. Sebastiao do Rio de Janeiro grew larger and larger, in that brilliant morning sun of the tropics, with the dome of the Candelaria church almost directly in front of us, and the fortress-like Benedictine abbey of S. Bento on an eminence to our right. In a short while, we found ourselves on Brazilian soil.

As we are now in the capital of Brazil, it must prove useful and agreeable to us to form some acquaintance with the history, and the present conditions of the country. To these I devote a passing word, before proceeding in our study of the first city of the land.

A very few years had passed, after the discovery of America by Columbus, when Europeans first beheld the coast of Brazil. In the meantime, King John II of Portugal, believing, as others did, that the lands found by the Spaniards formed a part of India, began to make war-like preparations, as he considered his rights invaded. The difficulty was smoothed over by the famous bull of Pope Alexander VI which drew a line of demarcation from pole to pole, giving to Spain all territory west, and to Portugal that which lay to east of it. This bull was dated in 1493, the year after the

discovery of America. Seven years later, on April 22, 1500, Cabral sailing at the head of a Portuguese fleet, sent out by King Manuel of Portugal to India, sighted Brazil to which he gave the name of Vera Cruz, later changed to Santa Cruz. On the twenty-fourth, they entered a harbor which they named Porto Seguro. The following year, another expedition sailed along the coast, and discovered the harbor to which the name of Rio de Janeiro was given. From this period on, the colonization of Brazil, as it came to be called, proceeded slowly, until, in 1549, a central government was appointed for the whole country. Three years later, the first Bishop was named at S. Salvador, in the person of Pedro Fernandes Sardinha. Toward the end of the sixteenth century, the country passed under the dominion of Spain, and went through a number of vicissitudes, owing to the wars with the Dutch and the English. In 1640 it returned to Portugal, and, in 1650, the Dutch who had occupied a portion of the coast, were driven out. Even to this day, evidences of this Dutch occupation are still visible in Pernambuco and Bahia.

The bay of Rio de Janeiro had, at first, been settled by the French, but these were driven out in 1567. The progress of Rio de Janeiro was slow, until, in 1763, it became the seat of the viceroy who governed the colony for the King of Portugal. During the Napoleonic wars, the royal family of Portugal removed to Brazil, thus making Rio de Janeiro a royal residence, and adding to its importance and splendor, until, in 1821, the sovereign returned to Portugal. Brazil that had tasted the sweets of independence and sovereignty, refused to be reduced once more to the condition of a colony, and declaring itself an empire, placed Don Pedro de Braganza, eldest son of the King of Portugal

AVENIDA CENTRAL, RIO DE JANEIRO

on the throne, as Pedro I. In 1831, Pedro I abdicated in favor of his son Don Pedro II whose reign continued until 1889, when a peaceful revolution put an end to it, and established a republic which still endures.

Brazil is a federal republic, modeled, more or less, on that of the United States, the separate states having their autonomy, and the whole being governed by a President and Federal Congress at Rio de Janeiro. After a few intestine struggles, the country appears to be moving rapidly on the road to prosperity with a population of between seventeen and twenty-two millions.[3]

Rio de Janeiro, the population of which amounts to about 800,000, is fast becoming a modern city, while its old and picturesque features disappear. The efforts of the Brazilians have been rewarded by the fact that Rio is now a healthy city and that yellow fever, the scourge of the tropics, has been banished from it.

Built in a semi-circle, at the head of the bay, it is not unlike Naples in appearance. The beautiful drive along the shore, the Beira-mar, may well be regarded as one of the finest in the world. The old, characteristic street, the Rua do Ouvidor is still there, but, most likely, it will not be long, before it will be entirely modernized. On the other hand, the modern Avenida Central is one of the finest in America.

The churches of the colonial epoch are built in the style of the Renaissance with a profusion of gold decorations. The most important of these, by its general appearance, and the magnificence of its decorations, is that of Nossa Senhora da Candelaria, built of marble, and founded in 1630. Its dome must invariably attract the attention of the stranger who approaches

[3] Bulletin Commémoratif de l'Exposition Nationale de 1908.

the shore from the harbor. The Candelaria belongs to one of the *Irmandades,* or brotherhoods of the city, associations of laymen that own ecclesiastical property, and serve as a link to bind men to the church, though their independence sometimes creates difficulties. The Candelaria is, also, a parish church.

Next in importance to the visitor is the cathedral which, in the days of the empire, served as a chapel to the imperial family. It is comparatively small, and hardly in keeping with the dignity of a see like Rio de Janeiro whose present bishop, His Eminence, Cardinal Alcoverde de Albuquerque Cavalcanti, is one of the two American archbishops occupying a seat in the Sacred College.

Among modern churches, that of St. Alphonsus, belonging to the Redemptorist Fathers, and built in the Romanesque style, deserves attention. The Redemptorists are among the many foreign priests now active in Brazil. They are scattered over South America, and deservedly rank among the most efficient and zealous of the South American clergy.

In the days of the empire, the church, united to the state, had fallen into a condition of decrepitude, and the morals of the clergy, secular and regular, were greatly relaxed; but in the last twenty years a wonderful reformation has taken place. The efforts of the late Pope, Leo XIII, and of Cardinal Gotti, who, as Nuncio to Brazil, began the reformation, as well as of Monsignor Guidi, have been crowned with success. Formerly there were few dioceses, while, at present, their number has been greatly increased to the immense advantage of the Brazilian church. The archbishop of Bahia is primate of Brazil.

As you ascend toward the Avenida Central from the landing place, you will observe a group of edifices with

CATHEDRAL, RIO DE JANEIRO

a large church on an eminence to your right. It cannot fail to draw your attention. It was to this church that I first proceeded. Ascending a lofty flight of steps, I found myself in an open space before the church, where a number of boys in uniform were drilling. Entering the sacred edifice, I at once recognized the style of the seventeenth century. I was not mistaken, for, before the altar, I found the tomb of the foundress, Dona Victoria de Sa, who died August 26, 1667. I was in the church of the old Benedictine Abbey of S. Bento.

In a magnificent courtyard, resplendent with the light of a tropical day, and surrounded by shady cloisters, I seemed to be in some far off monastery of the Orient. Massive doors, immense staircases, marble floors, beautiful ceilings with wood carving, a large choir behind the church, a long and silent refectory, all recalls days of monastic splendor. But the abbey had fallen into decay. Deplorable relaxation had crept into the monastic orders of Brazil, the government of Don Pedro had forbidden them to receive novices, and the orders were dying out. The abbey of S. Bento was reduced to one member, the abbot, who possessed its great wealth. But all that has been changed. With the general reformation of ecclesiastics, the old abbey began to revive. Benedictine monks were brought from the congregation of Beuron in Germany, and, today, the abbey is again peopled with a community of zealous monks who conduct a flourishing college, one of the best in Brazil. The Benedictines and the Jesuits are among the first educators of the country. In this, and in other military colleges, officers of the army are detailed to drill the boys, and sixty days of each year, for three years, spent in exercises, take the place of military service.

My first guide in Rio Janeiro was a Flemish Praemonstratensian Father, the Rev. José Carlos Boelaerts, of Minas Geraes, who happened to be in the city.

I must acknowledge the kindness of the good Benedictine Fathers at whose hospitable board I had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with the Papal Nuncio, Monsignor Bavona, who is dean of the diplomatic corps.

In the afternoon of the never-to-be-forgotten day, spent in the capital of Brazil, Dom Miguel Kruse, the Benedictine abbot of S. Paulo, devoted himself entirely to my service. How could I forget that tropical day, tempered by the approaching cool season of the southern hemisphere! It is a delightful memory, to look out of my window over the harbor, and see ferry boats reminding one of New York plying to and fro, to hear again the cannon of the Don Carlos, as she fires her parting salute before leaving for Buenos Aires, and to gaze upon the Brazilian gunboats, swinging lazily at anchor. I still see upon a distant hill the military hospital which, long ago, was a Jesuit college, before the suppression of the order.

Go with me to breakfast with the good monks, and, after a brief walk in the cloister, we shall proceed to view some points of interest in the city. It is about eleven o'clock. In all South American countries, as in Latin Europe, nothing is taken until then, but a cup of coffee and a little bread with butter. From eleven to one is the hour for breakfast, when a copious meal, consisting, with some variations, of soup, several portions of meat and a desert is enjoyed. In the Benedictine abbey, all is silent during the meal, and one of the monks reads from some useful work, in the soft language of Portugal and Brazil. It is generally

MONROE PALACE, RIO DE JANEIRO

known, that Friday, according to the rules of the Catholic church, is a day of abstinence, on which flesh meat is forbidden; yet, though today is Friday, we, at least the guests, are eating meat in this Benedictine refectory. The Holy See has granted a general dispensation in this regard to the whole of Latin America, excepting some few days of the year, upon which abstinence must be observed.

We have enjoyed our Benedictine breakfast and now, though it is in the heat of the day, we shall begin our excursions; but we shall take an automobile, for these machines in Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Aires are as common as in the United States. Flying along the beautiful Avenida Central, we pay our first visit to the new building of the *Jornal do Brazil.* There are two very prominent newspapers in Rio, the buildings of which are opposite each other, as the papers are opposed to each other in policy. They are the *Jornal do Commercio* and the *Jornal do Brasil.* The latter has erected a fine building, one of the highest in the city, consisting of ten stories, with a splendid view of the city from the summit. The machinery in this building is run entirely by electricity.

As we speed along, we shall be struck by the cleanly appearance of the new streets, so different from what older works on Brazil may have led us to anticipate There are asphalt pavements which, unlike those of Washington, do not soften under the influence of heat.

Perhaps we shall meet, here and there, with an automobile ambulance of the "Assistencia publica," the service of which, I understand, is excellent. This affords me an opportunity to mention the "Misericordia" hospital, one of the largest in existence.

As we drive along the Avenida Beira-mar, we shall pass the Monroe Palace which, built for the St. Louis

Exposition, was removed to Rio, named to honor the Monroe Doctrine, and inaugurated on the occasion of Mr. Root's visit. It is built in the classic style of the Renaissance.

No American of late has exercised such a marked influence in South America as Mr. Root. His name seems to be in benediction. This is especially true of Brazil, where American capital began to increase remarkably, a short time after he had been in the country, and where American influence is, perhaps, stronger than elsewhere in South America, with the possible exception of Peru. The electric cars, as well as the electric and gas lighting are financed and managed by American and Canadian capitalists.

From the Avenida Beira-mar, if your time permits, you may visit a number of other interesting sites, such as the garden of the *Praca Tiradentes,* with the statue of Don Pedro I in the centre. A number of other statues and monuments elsewhere add to the beauty of the city, such as the statue of the Viscount de Rio Branco in the public garden, known as the "Gloria," while Rio de Janeiro may boast of a considerable number of parks and public gardens. The botanical garden is open several days of the week, while, for admittance to the zoological garden a small fee of 500 reis, or a little more than fifteen cents is charged. Among the public buildings, those of the senate and of the chamber of deputies will draw your attention, for their importance in the economy of government, rather than for architectural beauty. To these may be added the buildings of the various secretaries of the cabinet, such as of foreign relations, of "Fazenda," or the Treasury, of industry, of agriculture, of the interior and justice, of the navy and of war, as well as the general postoffice, and the supreme court. The government

building is a square edifice, with two stories above the ground floor, constructed in elegant classic style, with five statues above the facade.

A visit to the National School of Fine Arts will give you an idea of the work of Brazilian sculptors and painters, and the beautiful new library, the best in South America, is worth inspection.

The municipal theatre in the Avenida Central is a beautiful Renaissance building, worthy of any modern city.

Among the stores, the Casa Colombo in the Avenida Central will surely draw your attention, if you go shopping. It is seven or eight stories high, occupying an area of 5,600 square metres, or somewhat more than 18,000 feet.

Brazil has the reputation of being one of the dearest countries in the world. By giving a few prices as they exist in Rio, I will let the reader judge for himself. Room and board at a first-class hotel will cost from ten to sixteen milreis, or from three to five dollars a day. In a boarding house you will have to pay from $31 to $68 a month. Houses rent from 19 to 160 dollars monthly, and a furnished house or flat can be obtained for a sum running from $31 up. As to food stuffs, milk sells for about 12 cents a litre, and butter from 90 cents to $1.40 per kilogramme. A chicken will cost from 31 to 62 cents. Meat brings from about 12 to 28 cents per kilogramme. For a suit of clothes made to order, you will have to pay from 12 to 50 dollars. A straw hat can be bought for prices ranging from $1.25 to $3.75.[4] With some exceptions, are these prices so very different form those prevailing in our own country? And how do wages compare with ours? A carpenter gets from two to two and a half dollars a day, and the

[4] Brazil in 1910. J. C. Oakenfull, p. 252.

same pay is given to a street-car conductor. A clerk makes from 30 to 60 dollars a month, and a bookkeeper or cashier from 60 to 80 dollars monthly, and so on. It will thus be seen that the average wages and prices are about the same as with us.

Still, it appears that certain articles are much dearer than in our country. For instance, not only in Brazil, but elsewhere in South America, I have paid fifty cents for a pint of Apollinaris water. Then the individual experience of travellers may account for the reputation that Brazil has acquired. Thus I was told, that a cap which could be bought at New York for twenty-five cents, was purchased for $1.50 in Brazil.

An interesting excursion from Rio de Janeiro, may be made to the aristocratic Petropolis, where the diplomatic corps resides. It is a short distance from the capital, and easy of access by railway. But, as our time is limited, and we must reach Buenos Aires in time to attend the opening of the International Congress of Americanists, the visit to Petropolis will have to be postponed until a more favorable occasion. Hence we go down to the wharf to meet the launch which will take us to the Verdi.

Chapter V.

SANTOS AND S. PAULO.

Harbor of Santos—Yellow Fever Banished—Coffee—Misericordia Hospital—Schools—Churches—Courtyard of Carmelite Monastery—Tomb of Bonifacio d'Andrada—Diogo Feijoo-Proposition to Abolish Celibacy—Influence of Rome—S. Paulo Railroad—History of S. Paulo—General View of S. Paulo—An Educational Centre—College of S. Bento—Mackenzie College—Climate of S. Paulo—Products of Brazil.

We did not leave Rio de Janeiro until the morning of Saturday, May 7, owing to a delay in discharging cargo, one of those unavoidable delays, so common in Southern ports. For this we were compensated by the advantage of steaming out of the harbor by daylight, so that we might once more admire its beauties. It was with a feeling of regret, that I turned my back upon Rio de Janeiro which to me had been like the quickly passing dream of some fairyland.

The whole of Saturday was spent at sea. We reached the entrance to the harbor of Santos, long after dark, and cast anchor. About sunrise we were again moving, to proceed up the long harbor, between mountains, the termination of the range running westward toward S. Paulo, known as the Serra do Mar. By degrees, the flats upon which the straggling outposts of Santos stand come into view; but, unfortunately, as in the bay of Rio de Janeiro, we had much fog to encounter. The city itself is built upon flat ground, beneath a tower-

ing hill, the summit of which is crowned by the chapel of Montserrat.

Santos, was, at one time, the terror of the mariner, and the pest hole of the Atlantic coast. Whole ships' crews were swept out of life by yellow fever; but, within the last few years, owing to extraordinary sanitary precautions, it has become quite healthy, and yellow fever has vanished. The land has been drained by a system of salt water canals, and though the smells at the dock are by no means agreeable, one need no longer fear to enter the harbor.

The city of Santos, with a population of about 60,000, is situated in the province of S. Paulo. Being the outlet for the principal coffee district, it is the largest coffee port in the world, and every flag is there seen. Unlike Bahia and Rio, Santos possesses a fine system of docks, along which ships may lie, to load, and unload by means of immense hydraulic derricks which are moved to and fro on wheels. Freight trains steam up along the docks, and the coffee bags are run on board on the heads and shoulders of the laborers.

Brazilian coffee is cultivated along the east coast in the states of Espirito Santo, Minas Geraes, and as far north as Bahia, but, especially in the state of S. Paulo.

Those that land at Santos may possibly visit the hospital "da Misericordia," but few will know that this institution, probably, gave its name to the town. It seems to have been built in 1537, by Braz Cubas, and dedicated to the Saints, while the town that grew up around it obtained the name of Porto de Santos, or simply Santos.[1] Braz Cubas is regarded as the founder of the city, and a statue, erected to his honor in the principal square, perpetuates his memory.

[1] Galanti. Compendio de Historia do Brazil, Vol. 1, 126.

REPUBLICA SQUARE IN SANTOS, WITH THE STATUE OF BRAS CUBAS

We were courteously treated by the authorities of the hospital which belongs to an old confraternity, and we had the opportunity of visiting it thoroughly, in company of Dr. Warden of the Verdi. There is a large chapel attached to this institution. The attendants and nurses are laymen and women, and though, in many respects, it deserves praise, one of the children's wards was greatly lacking in clanliness, while the flies were a pest. There is certainly much room for improvement in this regard.

Not far from the hospital, lies the prison, guarded at the entrance by soldiers. It may be visited with permission of the authorities.

As our ship lay several days in the harbor, I had the satisfaction of visiting one public school that appeared rather primitive, and one Brazilian private elementary school, of which the same may be said. The teachers, like Brazilians generally, were very polite, and they afforded us every opportunity to form an idea of the state of primary education in Santos, of which I might have availed myself, had time permitted.

We also found a private German school that we were allowed to inspect, and to the neat appearance of which I may testify. As it happened to be Sunday morning, the children were absent. German influence in southern Brazil is very strong, and all is done to keep up the old spirit of the Fatherland.

There are two churches in Santos, besides the chapel of Montserrat on the hill. The Mother Church, or Igreja Matriz, is served by secular priests. It is the church of the "Rosario." Here we attended services on Sunday morning, as soon as we landed from the ship. To a Roman Catholic, every church of the Latin rite is familiar the world over, and he at once feels at

home, whether in the United States, or in Brazil. I say, of the Latin rite, because there are a number of very ancient Oriental rites, such as the Greek, Maronite, Armenian, Chaldæan, and others, the observers of which, while subject to the spiritual jurisdiction of the Pope, differ greatly from the Latins in language, and in forms.

There were many people in church, and, to judge by their exterior appearance, as devout as anywhere else in the world. Yet, I have reason to believe, that the practise of religion in Brazil leaves much to be desired.

After Mass, I paid a visit to the sacristy. The old priest that had said Mass could speak neither French, English, nor Spanish, but the rather youthful parish priest spoke French fluently. He told me, that he had studied in the Pio-Latino college in Rome.

The other church of Santos is served by the order of Carmelites of the Ancient Observance. It seems to have always belonged to the Carmelite Order; but the old Brazilian province of the Carmelites, undergoing the same influences as other orders, had fallen into a state of decadence. Hence it is that very few of the old members survive, and their places have been taken by Carmelites from Holland who now have charge of the church at Santos. The institution dates from the seventeenth century, if not from an earlier period.

The most interesting object in this old, decayed, monastery is the small, but beautiful courtyard. In the centre, lies buried Bonifacio d'Andrada, the patriarch of Brazilian independence, who headed the revolution that put Don Pedro I on the throne. The tomb with its recumbent effigy, decorated with the masonic insignia, creates a fine effect. Freemasonry was, at one time, very powerful in Brazil, and if rumor is cor-

LOADING COFFEE AT SANTOS

rect, it was not only countenanced by some of the clergy, but clergymen entered its ranks. The fact is, that Bonifacio is buried in a monastery, in the shadow of a church, with masonic insignia. During a portion of the imperial regime, it is quite evident, that the influence of the central authority at Rome had waned. One prominent priest, Diego Feijoo, who, for a time, was regent of the kingdom, after the abdication of Dou Pedro I, believing that the marriage contract was an affair of the state, and not of the church, went so far as to propose the abolition of ecclesiastical celibacy in Brazil; but the law was not enacted by the legislative powers. There can be no doubt, that, before the separation of church and state, the influence of the government was, on the whole, unfavorable to the church, greatly hampering its freedom of action. This will, to some extent, explain the relaxation of morals, while it is quite sure, that the general reform began under the impetus given by Rome.

As there is comparatively little to detain us in Santos, and our ship lies here a couple of days, we shall run up to the far more interesting city of S. Paulo. To go from Santos to S. Paulo, you must take the picturesque S. Paulo railroad. From S. Paulo, you can go by rail to Rio de Janeiro. In fact, in a few years, railway travel will be possible from Rio to any part of the country, and to the neighboring republics of Uruguay, Paraguay, Chile and Bolivia. It has been proposed to build a bridge across the river Plate, and if this is effected, we will be able to proceed by rail from Rio de Janeiro to Buenos Aires.[2]

The S. Paulo railway, a marvel of engineering skill, is operated by an English company under concession

[2] Brazil in 1910. J. C. Oakenfull.

of the state, to which it will revert after some years It pays very large dividends. The cars are small, but very neat, and the trains carry first and second-class passengers. The railway cars throughout South America have adopted the American, and not the old European system, of *coupès*; in fact many of them are exactly like our cars at home.

The train mounts the Serra do Mar from Santos to Alto da Serra, where the descent toward S. Paulo begins. For a distance of several miles it is pulled up the mountain by cable. The scenery from Santos to Alto da Serra baffles description. You feast your eyes upon it, to be interrupted ever and anon, as you plunge into a dark tunnel. Then you cross long bridges over dizzy ravines. Looking out of the window, your vision plunges into the depths, frequently obstructed by dense clouds that float in space far below you. A wealth of tropical vegetation surrounds you, rising with the mountains above, or sinking with the valleys beneath. Several times the train halts on its way, and you have an opportunity to admire the beautiful stations that the company has built. We left Santos at 4.30 p. m., and, about half past six, we were at S. Paulo. During the latter part of the journey we were surrounded by darkness, for in that southern latitude, the days were growing shorter.

The railway station at S. Paulo is spacious and beautiful, comparing well with the prominent depots of our country, and surpassing a very large number of them. It is teeming with life and activity, and there is abundant evidence of a very active traffic.

As the hour is advanced, we take a carriage, and drive to the monastery of S. Bento, where our friend the abbot, who had preceded us by rail from Rio, will

extend to us a hearty welcome. After supper, and a short conversation, we retire to our comfortable apartments, and will employ our leisure moments with some general reflections on S. Paulo.

The early history of this city is intimately bound up with that of the Jesuits in Brazil. These Fathers had, for some time, been active in the country, when, in 1554, the celebrated Father de Nobrega founded a college on the plains of Piratininga. The first Mass was celebrated in it on the festival of the Conversion of S. Paul in the same year. From this circumstance the college took the name of St. Paul, and the city that grew up around it is the present S. Paulo.[3] Father José de Anchieta, so well known in the history of the Society, was one of the first professors in the college. To the seventeenth century belong the famous persecution and expulsion of the Jesuits by the Paulistas, into an account of which the nature and the limits of this book do not permit us to enter. The history of this time may be read in that of the Society, or in that of Brazil. Those that understand Portuguese will find it treated by the Jesuit author Galanti in the second volume of his *Compendio de Historia do Brazil.*

Since the days when S. Paulo beheld the light in the vicinity of the Jesuit college, it has grown to be one of the first and finest cities of Brazil, with a population of 300,000. Beautifully situated upon an undulating plain, it is made up of elevations and depressions. The houses are generally low, a very large proportion being only of one story, and very few containing more than two. Many of the streets, by the appearance of the houses, cause us to imagine what the old cities of Italy and Greece must have been like. Even in the fine

[3] Galanti. Hist. do Brazil. I . 176.

residential suburbs, along the Avenida, this lowness of the houses does not fail to impress the stranger.

S. Paulo is the educational centre of Brazil. Attached to the old monastery of S. Bento, the Benedictines conduct a flourishing college which may well hold up its head among the colleges of the world. The best families send their children to it. The professors are Benedictine monks, secular ecclesiastics, and laymen. One of the seculars, Father Caton, is an American. The cabinet of physics and natural sciences is a credit to the institution. Besides the gymnasium, or college proper, there is, also, a faculty of philosophy and letters in which the higher studies are persued, on the plan of a university.

This old abbey has, also, been raised up from its former degraded condition by the present Benedictine monks, and it is prospering wonderfully under the care of the abbot, Dom Miguel Kruse. The last abbot of the old regime lies buried in the cloister.

The provincial seminary of the diocese contained only about thirty students, for vocations to the Priesthood in Brazil, especially among the better classes, are few, though the bishops appear to be making great efforts to raise the standard of the clergy. The Spanish Fathers of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, a congregation founded by the saintly Clavel, Archbishop of Santiago de Cuba, conduct a house to which priests may repair, to make a retreat, and perform the spiritual exercises.

The Salesian Fathers, founded in Italy by the celebrated Don Bosco, are to be found all over South America. Their work is principally for poor boys, and as such a vocation meets a universal requirement, they will continue to succeed, as long as they adhere to it. They possess a splendid industrial college in S. Paulo.

Among the schools for young ladies, that of the Ladies of Sion deserves especial mention.

Another well-known educational institution in S. Paulo is the Mackenzie, also called the American, college. It was founded in 1870, by Rev. George W. Chamberlain, as an adjunct to the Presbyterian mission, later becoming independent under a charter from the state of New York, and endowed by funds given in memory of John T. Mackenzie of that city.[4] I was informed, that in this and other colleges in charge of Protestants, religion is no longer taught, owing to the objection of the Brazilian parents. Though instruction is chiefly given in Portuguese, the college is conducted on American models. Dr. Horace Lane is in charge.

As our time is limited, and we must return to Santos, having only one day, Monday, to spend in S. Paulo, we bid farewell to our Benedictine hosts. The abbot will drive me to the station, but I might, also, have taken an electric car, for the trolley system in S. Paulo is perfect. As in Rio de Janeiro, the cars are operated by Canadian and American capital, but the system is entirely American.

Before leaving S. Paulo, I should mention something of its climate. Although outside of the tropics, the vegetation here is quite tropical, but the heat is moderated by the altitude of 2,000 feet, so that the climate is very agreeable. In the Fall of the year, in Spring, and of course, in Winter, the mornings and evenings may be quite cool, and the nights even cold, though there is never frost.

At the station, I found some passengers of the Verdi, and together we returned to Santos. The journey was performed without incident save one, that was rather

[4] The South Americans. Albert Hale, p. 42.

disturbing. The rumor reached us, and passed through the car, that New York had been destroyed by an earthquake. Of course this interfered with our tranquility, though it did not appear probable. We afterwards discovered, that the news of the destruction of Cartago in Costa Rica had been cabled from New York. Some one misunderstood the message, and gave rise to the false report. We were fortunate in having a wireless apparatus on board. It was thereby that we found an explanation of the fact that, before we left Rio, the flags were at half mast. We then learned of the death of King Edward VII.

Arriving on board the Verdi, was like reaching home; but, owing to another delay, we did not leave port until the following day.

At Santos we took on a load of bananas for Montevideo and Buenos Aires. This reminds me that a word on the products of Brazil would not be out of place here. The principal products of this vast country are rubber, wood, and coffee, but there are many more of considerable importance. Beginning with the immense region of Amazonas, we find that, north of the great river, and directly south of the Guianas which are separated from Brazil by the Tumac Humac mountains, and by an impenetrable forest, the products are vanilla and sarsaparilla. The great valley of the Amazon, north of the river, especially westward toward Columbia, has been hardly touched. As we cross the river, we shall again find vanilla, with cocoa, while further to the east, in the state of Para, we meet with the Brazil nut from whence the country derives its name, and from which an oil is extracted. The great rubber country lies southwest of the Amazon, on the confines of Peru and Bolivia, or south and southwest of Manaos,

through which port the rubber is especially exported. East of the rubber district the great forests supply wood for building purposes. Directly south of these, in the state of Matto Grosso, lies a mineral district, where useful clays, porphyry, gold, iron, copper, lead and diamonds are found. Cotton is cultivated along the coast from Maranhao down to Bahia. Tobacco runs in a southwesterly direction from Maranhao through Bahia, to the headwaters of the Parana river, and coffee along the coast from Bahia to S. Paulo. The great maté region extends southward from the upper Parana to Uruguay. The maté is a plant which affords a much highly prized beverage to Brazil, Uruguay, Paraguay, Argentina, and Chile. It is to them what tea is to the European. Sugar is produced in various places along the coast, especially in Pernambuco, Rio de Janeiro and S. Paulo, while cocoa plantations also exist in Bahia. Cereals grow especially in the southern states, from Parana to Rio Grande do Sul. Different kinds of wood are scattered over the country. Gold and diamonds are, also, found, in various regions, but the latter principally in the state of Minas Geraes. The raising of cattle belongs to the eastern states, from Ceara southward, but it is principally found in Rio Grande do Sul, on the borders of Uruguay. There are minor products to which I make no allusion, but from what I have said, the variety of resources will allow us to form an idea of the immense wealth of Brazil.

These vast regions are peopled first by the aboriginies of various tribes who live in the river basins, and in the forests from Guiana to Paraguay, then by the descendents of the original Portuguese, and, finally, by immigrants and their offspring. The oldest immigrants are German and Swiss who came to Bahia and

Rio de Janeiro as early as 1818. Germans, Italians, and others have at various times emigrated to Brazil in considerable numbers, helping to swell the population, and by their labor increasing the wealth of the country.

We must now bid farewell to Brazil, with its mountains, and valleys, its forests, rivers and swamps, and, with no little regret, to its courteous people, to proceed on our journey to the lands further south.

Chapter VI.

MONTEVIDEO—LANDING IN BUENOS AIRES.

Steaming Down the Coast—Geography—Sources of Uruguayan Wealth—History—Harbor of Montevideo—Going Ashore—The Postoffice — Streets of the City — The Cathedral — Bishop Soler — The Church in Uruguay — Pocitos, the Fashionable Resort — Steaming Across the La Plata — Buenos Aires—The Docks—The Custom House.

It took us a long time to get away from the Santos docks, as our anchor had become entangled with that of a French liner, and it was with no little difficulty, that we finally succeeded in getting clear. The weather, as we left Santos, on May 10th, was cool and rainy, a reminder that we were leaving the tropics, and entering the south temperate zone. On the 11th and 12th, we steamed southward along the Brazilian coast, but out of sight of land. Owing to the heavy swells, such as are frequently encountered here, the Verdi pitched much, to the great discomfort of passengers inclined to be seasick. On the 13th, we were nearer to the coast, the sea became delightfully smooth, and flocks of birds began to hover around the ship, growing more numerous as we approached the river Plate. I am no naturalist, and though I frequently heard the names of the birds, I will not make an attempt to point out the innumerable varieties of those we saw both on the east, and the west coast of South America. The greater number on this particular day, very much resembled wild ducks. Some of our men wasted much

ammunition in a fruitless, and wanton attempt to hit some of them. We also noticed here and there, a seal or two, swimming some distance from the ship.

If you will look at the map of South America, you will observe, that three large rivers, flowing southward through Brazil, unite to form what is known as the Rio de la Plata, or River Plate. These are the Uruguay, the Paraguay, and the Parana. The first, forming an immense curve, becomes the dividing line between Argentina on the one side, and Brazil and Uruguay on the other. It flows directly to the sea. The Parana, after drawing its waters from numerous tributaries in Minas Geraes and S. Paulo, unites with the Paraguay between Argentina and Paraguay, to continue its journey southward, and meet the Uruguay, thus forming the River Plate, upon the northern bank of which, some distance from the ocean, Montevideo lies. The city is the capital of Uruguay, the smallest republic of South America, also known as the Banda Oriental, situated below the thirty-fifth parallel of southern latitude, with about 1,000,000 inhabitants.

The main wealth of the country should consist, it would seem, in agriculture, as the soil is fertile, and it may be cultivated all the year round, but cattle raising has hitherto been the principal industry of Uruguay. The land is owned by the native born, and, after them, by Italians, Spaniards, Brazilians, French, and English. It is generally low, but undulating, with hills, dignified by the name of mountains.

The La plata was discovered in 1516, yet the city of Montevideo was not founded until 1731, a century and a half after Buenos Aires, the seat of the government. Uruguay, coerced by Buenos Aires, declared its independence from Spain in 1814, but remained subject to

CUSTOM HOUSE, MONTEVIDEO

Buenos Aires, until 1821, when Brazil captured her, holding her until 1825. Finally, in 1828, after a struggle of three years, she obtained her independence. Since then, her history has been one of repeated revolutions. Beginning with 1860, the two parties of Colorados, or Liberals, and Blancos, or Conservatives, have divided the country, fighting, it would seem, for personal preference, rather than for principle. When I landed in Uruguay, peace reigned, yet no one seemed to know how long it would last.

As you approach the harbor, one solitary, pyramid shaped hill is seen. All the rest is flat. It is this hill which must have given its name to the city. *"Montem video,"* "I see a mountain," such may have been the exclamation in Latin of the first discoverers.

We cast anchor early in the morning of Saturday, May 14th, and the usual bustle began. The ship lay a long distance from the shore, although there are docks, at which vessels may tie up, and, in fact, several warships were then lying at them.

After breakfast, we took passage on a steam launch, paying one dollar for the return trip. Uruguay is the only country in South America where the dollar is worth more than ours, it being equivalent to about $1.02. It circulates in paper and in silver. The other coins are 50, 20, 10, 5, 2, and 1 cent pieces.

As you step on the spacious and solid wharf, you will find electric cars ready to take you to any part of the city. Here, as in other portions of South America, you will observe very large and conspicuous numbers on the cars. The same number follows the same route. The system is easily learned, and it greatly facilitates travelling. The abundance of cars will, with a little observation, and some inquiries, render the expense of

a carriage unnecessary in Montevideo. Your questions will be politely answered, for Uruguayans have a special reputation for politeness.

Let us proceed first to the post office, as we wish to send home some postal cards by the next steamer leaving for the north. Picture postal cards may be obtained in all important cities of South America. You may buy them in Montevideo in a little store, opposite the postoffice, which is easily found, as it is not far from the landing, and any one will show it to you.

The postoffice in Montevideo is remarkable for the conveniences it offers, and for the system that prevails in it. Go to one of the desks, touch an electric button, and an attendant will bring you paper and envelopes free of charge. I have not found this anywhere but in Montevideo. One of the employees, observing that I was a stranger, addressed me in English, and kindly volunteered to show me the building, besides conducting me to the store where postal cards were for sale.

Leaving the postoffice, we begin our wandering through the streets, to form a general idea of the city, and to gather, here and there, scraps of information. The population of the capital of Uruguay amounts to about 300,000 of which a considerable portion is Italian. Generally quite modern in appearance, it contains a number of houses in the Spanish style with barred windows. Occasionally you catch a glimpse of the characteristic patio or courtyard, that common feature of the houses in Southern Spain and Spanish America. Although lying in the temperate zone, Uruguay possesses a pleasing semi-tropical vegetation, and, notably, plants of the palmetto variety. As you pass from street to street, you will find one, by its name, quite familiar to Americans, for Montevideo has, like so many of our own

ZABALA STREET, MONTEVIDEO

cities, its *Calle Washington,* or Washington street. The thoroughfares are filled with people, bent on their several avocations, and you will meet the beautiful Uruguayan ladies, in groups or alone; for, during the day, the old-time dueña is not always in evidence. This will, perhaps, impress you, coming as you do from tropical Brazil where ladies live so much indoors, and where they are seldom or never seen, until the late afternoon.

Should your walk take you through the calle Bacacay, you will, probably, see the national museum, and if you happen to be of a literary turn of mind, you may, also, visit the National Library. Uruguay figures to a considerable extent in the literary history of Spanish America, with historians, like Magarinos Cervantes, and Demaria, and poets, like Adolfo Berro. One of the prominent literary men of the day is Dr. Sorrilla San Martin, orator, historian, and, of course, poet. A visit to the *Libreria Barreirro* will introduce you further to the reading public of Montevideo.

We now proceed to the Plaza de la Constitucion where, should you wish to prolong your stay in Montevideo, you will find accommodations at the Grand Hotel. There is, however, one building that will surely draw your attention, namely the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception and of Saints Philip and James. Built, like most Latin American churches, in the style of the Rennaissance, it was consecrated in 1804, becoming the cathedral in 1878. The façade is adorned with Corinthian pilasters. The vast and sombre interior, impressive by its solemnity, contains the tombs of three bishops. One of these holds all that is mortal of him whom I should so much have desired to know, the distinguished and learned Dr. Mariano Soler, first arch

bishop of Montevideo. A fellow member of the International Congress of Americanists, I had never had the pleasure of meeting him at its sessions, and, before the Americanists came to his own southern hemisphere, he had passed away. All that was left for me, was to stand beside his tomb.

Montevideo was not raised to the rank of a metropolitan see until 1897. Although, nominally, several episcopal sees have been created in Uruguay, there is *de facto* only one bishop in the Republic, as, up to the time of my visit, none had been appointed to the other dioceses. The city possesses a number of churches, but only four have the rank of a parish church. These are the Cathedral, San Francisco, La Aguada, and El Cordon. Among the many churches, that of *El Cristo Pacientisimo* which you will observe at a short distance on leaving the wharf, is worth a visit.

The Jesuit Fathers have charge of the Seminary, but here, as in many other countries of South America, there are few vocations to the priesthood. This scarcity of native ecclesiastics has rendered it necessary to accept the services of those from abroad, and hence it is, that so many foreign priests, French, German, Italian, and Spanish, are scattered throughout South America. In Uruguay we find, besides the Jesuits, the Capuchins, the Salesians of Don Bosco, the Oblates of St. Francis de Sales, the Franciscans, the Fathers of the Sacred Heart of Bayonne, the Mercedarians, the Pallottini, and German Redemptorists. Most of the members of these religious orders are foreigners, and they are always on the *qui vive,* not knowing at what hour an edict of banishment may be passed against them. In the meantime, they are working hard in the ministry. As a rule, the clergy of Uruguay is very

CATHEDRAL, MONTEVIDEO

good, though, to some extent, characterized by that inactivity and slowness, found in so many Latin countries. Educational work for boys is conducted in the colleges of the Jesuit Fathers, and of the Brothers of the Holy Family.

The Catholic Church is still recognized officially, but only the bishops and the seminary obtain a subvention from the government. In spite of the union of church and state, there seems to be an undercurrent of hostility to the Church which may break out at any moment. The public schools are neutral, and the teaching of religion is excluded, while the state university is said to be atheistic in its tendencies. Religion has no place even in the foundling asylum. Although there are Catholic organs, like *El Bien,* and prominent Catholic laymen, like Dr. Sorrilla San Martin, most newspapers are hostile to the Church. It is no wonder, that, with the elimination of religious prinicples, morality should be discounted. While influences for good are crushed to earth, French literature and the French theatre are permitted to corrupt the morals of the people, and they say, that licensed prostitution is widespread.

Before leaving Montevideo, we take an electric car to Pocitos, a beautiful suburb on the sea, where, in the season, one may enjoy a fine salt water bath. There are splendid modern residences here, but, at this time, they are closed, as well as the hotels; for Winter is approaching. Pocitos is a watering place, of easy access, where, in Summer, the fashion and culture of Montevideo are seen at their best.

Returning to the wharf, we find a large number of sailors of the Uruguayan navy, which is still in its infancy, performing their evolutions. As our launch was not ready, we made a visit to a steamer at the dock,

belonging to one of the two lines, plying between Montevideo and Buenos Aires. The Mahanovich line is the best. Its steamers run every night, carrying passengenrs to Buenos Aires for six dollars, which includes the stateroom, dinner with wine, and coffee in the morning.

We had now entered upon the last stage of our journey, for, on the morrow, we were to bid farewell to the Verdi. We weighed anchor at 5 p. m., to steam diagonally across the La Plata. Nothing is henceforth to be seen, but passing ships, and two long lines of lighted buoys that mark the channel. The morning found us off Buenos Aires. Several ships were anchored out in the stream, but the harbor, entirely artificial, is within a solid wall of masonry. As we enter, the long line of vessels at the docks stretches before us, and we take our place among them, near a large Italian steamer, that left Montevideo before us.

Not very many years ago, ships were obliged to anchor out in the stream; today all that can find room, and are not, like some men-o'-war, of too deep a draught, may come up to the docks. There are two entrances to the harbor proper, one on the north, opposite the Juncal and Santa Fe streets, and the other on the south, which is properly the mouth of the Riachuelo River, that forms the southern boundary of the city. The northern channel leads to a wide basin, the *Darsena Norte,* whence ships turn to the left to enter the docks which are separated from the stream by a long platform, in the figure of an irregular triangle. The harbor, with its wharves, is divided into four sections, from which you enter at an angle, into the *Darsena Sud,* and thence into the *Ante Puerto,* which first receives the Riachuelo as it flows into the La Plata,

through the southern canal. The docks will be continued to the north, and, also, southward, across the Riachuelo, along the district known as Avellaneda.

Shortly after docking, when the doctor's visit was completed, I took my baggage ashore. The whole of it consisted of a bag, and a dress suit case, into which I had managed to squeeze my entire travelling outfit. I had every reason to congratulate myself, that I had no trunk, for the transportation of trunks is one of the great hindrances to travel, adding, also, materially to the expense. When travelling abroad, take as little baggage as you can.

One of the worries a traveller experiences, on landing at any port is the passing of the custom house. In this regard, I was fortunate, for I merely exhibited my document from the Department of State, designating me as a delegate to the International Congress of Americanists, and I was allowed to pass. I afterwards learned, that the Argentine government had issued orders that the baggage of foreign delegates was not to be examined. In fact, mine was not disturbed once, until I reached New York. I had merely to mention the fact, that I had been a delegate of the United States in Argentina, and I was treated everywhere with courtesy, in the West Indies, as well as in South America.

Chapter VII.

ARGENTINA.

The International Congress of Americanists — Geography of Argentina — Climate — History — Aborigines — Descendants of Spaniards—Immigrants—Industrial Interests—Banks—Dealings with South Americans—Resources—Manufactories—Railroads—Government—Army and Navy.

Here I am then in Argentina: the goal of my journey is reached. For some time, I had wished to form a personal acquaintance with South America, principally in the interest of my work on the History of Spanish-American Literature.[1] Weeks of hesitation and uncertainty were spent, but my decision was taken, when the government designated me a delegate to the International Congress of Americanists, the seventeenth session of which was to be held at Buenos Aires, in May, and in Mexico in September.

The International Congress of Americanists is composed of scholars or other persons, more or less interested, from all parts of the world who meet in different places, every two years, to discuss scientific and historical matters, appertaining to the New World, and its inhabitants. A great deal of material is thus gathered which would, otherwise, be lost, and the *Reports* of these Congresses contain a veritable mine of information.

The first Congress was held at Nancy in 1875, with others following at Luxemburg, Brussels, Madrid,

[1] See Bulletin of the International Bureau of American Republics, May and September, 1910.

PLAZA HOTEL, BUENOS AIRES

Copenhagen, Turin, Berlin, Paris, Huelva, and Stockholm. The one that was first convened on this side of the Atlantic, met at Mexico in 1895. Since then, the custom has been established of alternating between the Old and the New World. In accordance with this custom, the Congresses that followed were held at Paris, New York, Stuttgart, Quebec and Vienna.

At that of Vienna, both Mexico and Argentina claimed the privilege of the next congress, and, as both these countries were to celebrate the centennial anniversary of their independence, it was decided that the seventeenth congress in 1910, should be held in two sessions, the one in Buenos Aires, and the other in Mexico.

Members are either delegates of governments, universities, or learned societies, or they assist in their individual capacity. The author of this work has been a member of the congresses of Huelva, Mexico, New York, Stuttgart, Quebec, and Buenos Aires-Mexico. At Stuttgart, he represented the United States, and the Catholic University of America, and, at the Seventeenth International Congress, he was a delegate of the United States, the Smithsonian Institution, and the Catholic University.

I will now beg you to accompany me to the Hotel Plaza, where I have taken up my abode for the first couple of days. In a quiet little nook, away from the noises of the great city, we shall, in general outlines, discuss Argentina. To facilitate our study, let us spread the map of the Argentine Republic before us.

You will notice, that a small portion of the country is situated north of the tropic of Capricorn, and the remainder in the temperate zone. The northern frontiers lie a little south of the twentieth degree of south-

ern latitude, while the extreme southern limit stretches far below the fiftieth parallel. Argentina, pear-shaped as it is, occupies almost the entire width of the continent from the Atlantic to the Andes, narrowing southward, until it dies away into the ocean at the eastern point of Tierra del Fuego. It is bounded by Bolivia and Paraguay on the north, by Paraguay, Brazil, Uruguay, and the Atlantic ocean on the east, by the straits of Magellan and the ocean on the south, and by Chile on the west. One-third the size of the United States, it has an area of 1,135,480 square miles. From the heights of the Andes, through which the boundary line runs, the land slopes down toward the sea. The only mountains are in the west, along the eastern slope of the Andes; but the rest of the country is a fertile plain, with about 500,000,000 of acres capable of cultivation, the whole being watered by numerous streams, especially in the north and south. The transportation of merchandise to the sea is facilitated by railroads, rivers, and wagon roads. The climate, except in the extreme south, is mild, though extremely variable, severe frost and snow being practically unknown in the best portions of the country. Tremendous storms, with fierce thunder and lightning, known as *pamperos,* occasionally come sweeping down to the river from the pampas, threatening lives and property, and menacing ships with destruction. They are to Argentina what hurricanes are to the West Indies, and cyclones to us.

The La Plata region was discovered in 1516 by Juan Diaz de Solis who never returned, as he was murdered by the Guarani Indians in March of the same year. These terrible aborigines, said to have been cannibals, inhabited the region of the Paraná and

Paraguay, as far north as the river Marañon, and westward to the confines of Peru.[2]

It was Don Pedro de Mendoza who began the colonization of the country on the Rio de Solis, or La Plata, landing, in 1535, on the spot where Buenos Aires now stands. Other expeditions, entering by the La Plata, extended the dominion of Spain along this river, as well as the Paraná, and the Paraguay, while the western portions of the country were colonized from Peru and Chile. The whole remained for a long time subject to the viceroyalty of Peru. Although the region known as Buenos Aires was occupied and governed since Mendoza's time, and several cities now belonging to the Republic had been founded, the foundations of the present City of Buenos Aires were not laid, until 1580, when Juan de Garay began it under the name of "La Trinidad," a name now completely forgotten, that of the region and harbor having taken its place.[3]

As the La Plata regions offered little inducement to adventurers, in the shape of gold and silver, objects so fiercely coveted by those that were coming to America, the progress of the country was extremely slow, when compared to other Spanish colonies. From the end of the sixteenth century, until their expulsion in 1767, the influence of the paternal domination which the Jesuits had established in Paraguay was felt in a large portion of the countries bordering on the La Plata, and as far west as the Andes. Shortly after the expulsion of the Jesuits, the separate

[2] Estudios Historicos, P. Federico Vogt, S. V. D., Buenos Aires, 1903, p. 12.

[3] El Escudo de Armas de la Ciudad de Buenos Aires. B. Aires, 1910. The Colonial archives of the Museo Mitre at Buenos Aires contain a splendid series of documents, extending from 1514 to 1810.

viceroyalty of the Rio de la Plata was established, and the colony entered upon a new era. Buenos Aires became the residence of the viceroy.

In 1806, the country was attacked by the English, but the combined colonial and Spanish forces repelled the invasion. In 1810, the spirit of revolution was abroad. Buenos Aires caught the fire, and on May 25 of that year, she declared her independence.

Like other South American countries, Argentina has, since then, passed through countless vicissitudes. Discord prevailed generally, until 1825, when war broke out with Brazil, as each nation claimed Uruguay. After the war, which lasted a few years, jealousy between the provinces and Buenos Aires appeared anew, resulting in the supreme power of the cowboy, or Gaucho, Rosas, who became dictator in 1835, holding the reins of government with tyrannical power, until 1852, when he was driven out, to make place for a continued series of disturbances, until 1862, when peace was restored in the triumph of Buenos Aires. Then followed the war against the Paraguayan dictator Lopez that decimated Paraguay, nearly destroyed its male population, and exhausted Argentina as well. Since then, Argentina has advanced with gigantic strides on the road to prosperity, owing to the great influx of foreign capital, and to the increase of immigration which she has encouraged. From 1868 to 1874, about 250,000 immigrants entered the country, and, from 1880 to 1892, their number was between seven and eight hundred thousand,[4] while the tide has gone on increasing, until today Argentina has a population of something like seven millions. This population consists of the aborigines in the northern dis-

[4] The South Americans. Albert Hale, p. 107, 108.

tricts and in the far south, of the descendants of the early Spanish colonizers, and of immigrants, and their descendants.

The aborigines, when the Spaniards first arrived, were the Kerandis, Charruas, Tupis, Agaces, Guayacurus, Guaranis, and Payaguas on the La Plata, and the Humahuacas, Calchakis, Lules and Juris in Tucuman which, at that time, comprised the whole northwestern portion of what is now Argentina. The descendants of these groups, either fullbloods, or halfbreeds, still dwell in the northern part of the Republic, having become, more or less, civilized in the course of centuries, although the savage condition of some continues. About thirty years ago, they were subdued by General Roca. Descendants of Indians in Argentina have, before the law, the same rights as others; they are citizens. The provinces and territories in which they are most numerous are Chaco, Tucuman, Catamarca, La Rioja, San Luis, Mendoza, Salta and Juguy, besides those between the Paraná and the Uruguay, namely Misiones, Corrientes, and Entre Rios, the scene of the labors of the early Jesuits.

The Patagonian Indians in the south are decreasing in numbers, smallpox having been one of their deadly enemies, while the original Fuegians still live in the extreme south of the Republic.

The descendants of the old Spaniards are the core of the country, upon which they have impressed their language that will never be superseded. They form a society apart, as the "bluebloods" of Argentina, and, socially, mingle little with the newcomers. A large proportion have made fortunes through their own, or their ancestors' pastorál operations. Of course there is a poorer class, and some very poor, scattered

through the country; but they are generally of pure Spanish descent, with perhaps, in some instances, a mixture of Indian blood.

Among the immigrants, we have to distinguish the old colonies, principally English, Scotch, and Irish. Many of these have amassed large fortunes in agriculture, and stock raising. Their descendants, born in the province of Buenos Aires, are known as *Porteños,* from *Puerto,* the harbor. In the southern part of the state, a number of old Scotch and English families still live. A considerable proportion of land owners in the province of Buenos Aires are of Irish descent, some being very wealthy. The Irish in general have not only preserved the English language, but they have kept it with a well marked brogue. At one time, especially in the country, their children could hardly speak Spanish. Today, however, the language of the land is prevailing more and more, especially with the younger generation. The Irish colony is very clannish, having kept together most remarkably in the land of exile.

The newcomers are, in the vast majority, Italians, and Spaniards. The others are Germans, French, Poles, Russian Jews, Syrians, and people of every other nationality. There is a Polish colony in Misiones and a part of Corrientes, devoted to agriculture, and a large Jewish colony in Entre Rios. Very few negroes are seen in Buenos Aires; and their number seems to be diminishing in the whole land.

There is no distinct Argentine type, as the population, very mixed, is in a state of transition.

The Italian and Spanish immigrants form the laboring population, the Gallegos, from Galicia in Spain, furnishing a considerable quota of domestics. The

great industrial interests, requiring much capital, are principally in the hands of the French, English and Germans, the last being prominent in commerce. Financial affairs and banking are, to a great extent, managed by English and Germans, the London and Brazilian Bank being quite prominent. However, the Bank of the Argentine Nation, *"Banco de la Nacion Argentina,"* is a very large institution about eighteen years old, and there are other Argentine banks, such as the Municipal, and *"El Hogar Argentino."* Among foreign institutions, are the Bank of Italy and Rio de La Plata, the Spanish Bank of Rio de La Plata, and the Transatlantic German Bank. The Bank of the Argentine Nation has three branches in the city, besides the main institution, namely at Boca, Flores, and Belgrano, and 118 branches throughout the Republic. The combined capital of these provincial banks amounted, at the end of 1909, to $98,000,000.

A good American bank in South America appears to be a desideratum. In fact, American influence in Argentina is still in its infancy, though trade between the two countries has been greatly developed. It will surely increase, if we convince the people of South America, that we are sincere and honest, and that we consider them our equals in civilization. The first thing we have to do is to teach them to trust us. We must of necessity lay aside the idea that "any old thing is good enough for South America." In our dealings with them it is essential, that we should adhere strictly to our contract, manufacturing their goods for them, according to their needs and wishes, and not in accordance with our own views. Besides, if our manufacturers and merchants wish to increase their South American trade, they will have to work

on the credit system, as South Americans have been accustomed to long credit, on the part of the English and Germans who have understood them better than we do.

The resources of the country, though less varied than those of Brazil, are of the greatest importance for the world at large, consisting, as they do, principally of foodstuffs, for Argentina is fast becoming a bread and meat market of the world. It is pre-eminently an agricultural and pastoral country, with comparatively few manufactures.

Argentina is a country of cereals, and wheat forms its greatest crop; hence the cultivation of this article is on the increase. A very important agricultural product is flax, though, like tobacco, it has a tendency to exhaust the soil. However, as it has been found to be more profitable than wheat, great attention is paid to its cultivation. In 1909, about 150 tons of flax were exported from Argentina to the United States.

In the province of Mendoza, the cultivation of the grape, and the manufacture of wine have increased to such an extent, since 1885, that Argentina now heads the list of the wine producing countries of America, Chile being second, and the United States third. The annual product of Argentina is 3,171,000 hectolitres, against 1,600,000 of the United States.

These wines are of numerous varieties, such as the native, the French, from an imported grape, the white wines, known as Semilon and Sauvignon, and wines resembling the Italian Barbera, as well as Marsala, Sherry, Port, and even Champagne. The one great drawback to the wine culture of Mendoza is the high freight charged for transit across the pampas. While from Europe to Buenos Aires twelve dollars silver is

paid, freight from Mendoza to the capital costs thirty-six dollars per ton.[5]

The sugar industry flourishes in the province of Tucuman, in the northern part of the country, between the twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth parallels of latitude south. Although Tucuman is the smallest of the Argentine provinces, it is in proportion, perhaps, the richest. As early as the 17th century, the Jesuits, from their college of Lules, had begun the cultivation of sugar cane, but the present condition of this branch of agriculture owes its initiation in 1821, to a distinguished patriot, Bishop José Eusebio Colombres, who became Bishop of Salta in 1858, and died the following year at Tucuman. He was one of the fifteen priests who had signed the act of independence on July 9, 1816.

In 1896, Argentina produced 163,000 tons of sugar, of which 141,000 came from Tucuman. This industry is becoming one of the most important, and, probably, before long, the supply will much exceed the figure of 200,000 tons, sufficient to meet the demands of the Argentine market for home consumption.

Another tropical, or semi-tropical, product of Argentina is cotton, plantations of which exist in Chaco in the northeastern section of the country.

Cattle raising divides with agriculture the great source of Argentine wealth. Immense cattle ranches, or *estancias,* are scattered over the land, especially on the pampas between Buenos Aires, and the province of Mendoza on the confines of Chile. These estancias are measured, not by acres, but by square miles, and you may travel for quite a distance, with nothing in

[5] For a detailed account of the wine and sugar industry of Argentina, see the Buenos Aires Magazine *Caras y Caretas,* May, 1910.

sight but the limitless plain, and herds of cattle, until you catch a glimpse of the residence of the *estanciero* in the distance. The raising of cattle created the wealth of the early Argentinians, as well as of foreigners who had settled in the country, making millionaires of not a few who are now living in splendor either in their country homes, or in their palatial residences in Buenos Aires. Cattle raising also created the *gaucho,* the cowboy of the pampas, who has figured to some extent in South American literature.

To cattle raising must, also, be added that of sheep. Immense flocks are possessed, and an Irishman is on record who, at one time, owned 500,000 head. Sheep raising, however, is gradually becoming superseded by agriculture in the province of Buenos Aires, though it is on the increase in the southern part of the republic.

It stands to reason, that the cattle industry is not without its difficulties. Sometimes the mortality is very great, and, of recent years, the *fiebre aftosa* has been carrying off hundreds of them. Besides, they eat a kind of thistle, called *cardos,* which, swelling them up, causes death. As you ride through the pampas, it is no uncommon thing, to see carcasses lying here and there, on your way.

Estates in Buenos Aires cannot be willed away indiscriminately at death. The law requires a proprietor to divide his property equally among all his children, with the exception of one-fifth, of which he may dispose by testament. This must, in course of time, have the effect of dividing the vast estates, and creating more numerous, if smaller, land owners.

The laborers on the estates, especially those engaged in agriculture, are the numerous immigrants that Europe has, of late, been pouring upon the Argentine

shore. Many of them rent land, while others work on shares, giving a percentage to the owners. In course of time, by dint of labor and industry, they go to swell the number of landed proprietors, extending thus the basis of the nation's prosperity. Labor is much needed, and, consequently, all who are willing to work may find room, and, eventually, prosperity in Argentina.

Outside of agricultural products, and meat, Argentina imports, at the present time, almost all that it needs, though the prosperity of the country is evidenced by the fact, that, on the whole, its exports exceed its imports. Commerce with the United States is on the increase, and a number of articles are brought from our country, such as machinery, iron, steel, and building material generally, besides hats and shoes to some extent.

A large proportion of the live stock and refrigerator meat, as well as wheat, is exported to England, and of wood to Germany. Great slaughter houses exist at Buenos Aires, where Armour & Company have a plant.

Among Argentine manufactures leathern goods occupy a prominent position, since skins are so numerous, while beer and cigars are manufactured for home consumption. The photographic, and typographic arts have, also, attained a condition of high perfection, besides some other industries.

The railroad system in Argentina is the highest developed in South America, although it is mostly in the hands of foreign capitalists, English and French. The province of Buenos Aires, and a portion of Cordoba and Santa Fe, are covered with a network of railways, connecting the capital with the outlying districts, while a few long-distance lines run north, south, west, and southwest. These railways have

opened the country to settlement, and though many of the places, marked on the map, are merely stations, still they will no doubt, in course of time, form centres of population. One of the principal railways is the Central Argentine which, besides a local traffic, runs to Rosario, Cordoba, Tucuman, Salta and Jujuy, and almost to Bolivia. It is to be continued northward, and it may thus finally connect the Atlantic with the railways on the west coast. The Eastern railway runs southward to Bahia Blanca, and the Pacific railway westward to Mendoza, connecting with the Trans Andean lines, while the Southern railway has already reached Neuquen, in the southwestern part of the state. A number of other companies, too numerous to mention, operate roads in Argentina. The tracks are laid in three guages, broad, middle, and narrow. By one or another, it is now possible to reach almost the extreme limits of the Republic, except the far south, and other roads are projected. The lines are owned either by the government, or by English and French companies.

The cars are of the American pattern generally, with sleeping, and dining cars, on the long-distance roads. The "sleepers" are either of the Pulman type, or they are built on the stateroom system, with a long corridor outside of the rooms. Each stateroom is made to accommodate two persons, with the necessary appurtenances for washing, as on board ships.

Argentina is a federal republic, with fourteen provinces, and ten territories. The provinces are Buenos Aires, Santa Fé, Entre Rios, Corrientes, Cordoba, San Luis, Mendoza, San Juan, La Rioja, Catamarca, Santiago del Estero, Tucuman, Salta, and Jujuy, and the territories, Misiones, Formosa, Chaco, Pampa Central,

Neuquen, Rio Negro, Chubut, Santa Cruz, Tierra del Fuego, and Los Andes.

The head of the federal government is at Buenos Aires, while each province has its legislature and governor, as in the United States. The complaint is heard, however, that the autonomy of the provinces is merely nominal, and that, in reality, everything is managed by Buenos Aires. The head of the federal government is the president, who, as well as the vice-president, is elected for a period of six years, and is ineligible for a second term that would immediately follow. There are eight cabinet officers, namely of the Interior, of Foreign Affairs and Worship, of Finance, of Justice and Public Instruction, of War, of the Navy, of Public Works, and of Agriculture.

As in other countries, one hears complaints in Argentina of corruption in politics, and fraud in the election. Votes are bought, and cases are spoken of where even the names of dead persons were registered for voting. Evidently, political Argentina has not yet reached the millennium. As a rule, the foreign population takes little interest in government affairs, which are left entirely to the men of the old stock, who love politics. That is where Argentina differs from us. Notwithstanding this, however, men of English, Irish, and German names have figured in the public life of South America, especially in the early days of the period of independence.

Throughout South America, the great parties are those of Liberals and Conservatives, the extreme liberals, or radicals, being generally opposed to clericalism, which means to all religion, and the latter favoring the Church. There are various political shades in Argentina, such as the Radicals, the Union Civica,

and the Mitristas, to understand which would require an elaborate, and, for our purpose, unnecessary study of Argentine politics.

The judiciary of Argentina enjoys, at present, quite a good reputation. As with us, there are federal, and provincial courts. The federal judges who are named by the president, with the consent of the senate, must be lawyers by profession. They are irremovable. The federal courts are the supreme tribunal, the court of appeals, and the lower court, besides judges of the peace, and other magistrates for minor cases. The provincial tribunals are organized on the same basis.

The Argentine military forces consist of the regular army, the National Guard, and the Territorial Guard. Since 1905, military service has been obligatory for all Argentinians, between the ages of twenty, and forty-five, that is from twenty to thirty in the service of the regular army, between thirty and forty in the National Guard, and, from forty to forty-five in the Territorial Guard. The regular army, and the National and Territorial Guards in the capital, and in the federal territories, depend on the central government of the Republic, while, in the provinces, the guards are subject to the several provincial governments. For the distribution of service, lots are drawn. Those that draw the highest numbers serve in the navy, then follows active service in the regular army for one year, then the reserve, and, finally, the national and territorial guards, according to the numbers drawn. Those that complete their year of active service, pass over to the reserve. The army possesses, also, a certain number of volunteers.

Excepted from military service are persons prevented by physical defects, those upon whom the family

is dependent, the sons of certain public functionaries, and members of the clergy of all denominations, as well as ecclesiastical students. It will thus be seen, that Argentina is not quite so *advanced* in this regard as France, or Italy. Pesons exempt from the service, must, nevertheless, compensate for their exemption, by the payment of a military tax.

The regular army numbers about twenty thousand in active service, and some 150,000 in the reserve. In the army, as well as in the navy, and the police force, the Indian type is very pronounced, as the nothern provinces furnish a large proportion of the men.

There are several military schools in the Republic, where young men are trained for various branches of the service.

The navy, which is the best in South America, consists of seven armored, and five unarmored cruisers, twenty torpedo boats, and six torpedo destroyers, in all thirty-eight vessels, besides an almost equal number of transports, despatch boats, and other auxiliaries. The navy is to be increased by two battleships of the Dreadnought type, the *Moreno,* and the *Rivadavia,* which are now in process of construction in the United States, and by fifteen torpedo destroyers. The battleships will be each of twenty-three thousand tons.

The naval school in Buenos Aires prepares lads for the service, and a fine schoolship, the *Presidente Sarmiento,* with its periodical cruises, adds to their practical training, the course lasting five years.

On the occasion of the centennial celebrations, the La Plata witnessed one of the finest naval demonstrations ever made. Nearly all the great nations of the

world had sent their ships, Great Britain alone being absent, owing to the recent death of the king. In the naval parade before the government building which was opened by United States sailors, France, Germany, Spain, Italy, Austria, Holland, Chile, Uruguay, Japan, and Argentina were represented, the long file of Argentine seamen making a splendid impression.

Chapter VIII.

FIRST DAYS IN BUENOS AIRES.

Rates for Carriages—Hotel Plaza—Population of Buenos Aires —Plan of the City—Rapid Transit—The Houses—Names of the Streets — Calle Florida — Postoffice — Telegraph — American Legation—Plaza de Mayo—The Avenida—The Anarchists—Student Demonstrations—The Club del Progreso—Palermo Park—Zoölogical Garden — An Argentine Breakfast—Museo Mitre—Hotel Albion—Opening of the Congress.

After passing the customs, I engaged a cab, and ordered the driver to take me to the hotel Plaza. Although the distance is very short, my coachman demanded three pesos, or about one dollar and forty-four cents, the Argentine peso, silver, being worth less than fifty cents of our money. Carriages are very plentiful, and extensively used in Buenos Aires, and they are, comparatively, cheap. My man demanded really too much, but, rather than have an altercation, I paid the price asked, while he comforted me with the assurance, that I could better afford to pay, than he to lose it. For future use, I will give you an idea of the rates established by tariff, although, during the celebrations, people were asking all kinds of prices. Bear in mind the value of the peso which contains one hundred centavos or cents, and that the prices here given are in Argentine currency, silver. For a single trip, not exceeding ten squares you pay fifty cents, and, for every additional ten squares, thirty cents more. By the hour, a carriage will cost you $1.30 for the first

hour, one dollar for every additional hour, and thirty cents for a quarter of an hour, or less. For the suburbs of Belgrano, Flores, Palermo, Chacarita, and the Hippodrome, the prices are higher, as two dollars will be required for the first, and one dollar for every subsequent hour, or fraction of an hour.

The hotel Plaza, the newest and, apparently, the best in Buenos Aires, is a large building of some ten stories or more, conducted on the system of our American hotels, on the European plan. English is spoken in it quite extensively, from the hotel clerks, to the chambermaids. I was coolly informed that there was no room, as all the available space had been engaged for the foreign admirals. However, on my promise to leave the next day, I was given a small room which would have cost me about a dollar and a half in New York, for four dollars and a half. I was fortunate at that, when the prices of hotels and boarding houses were doubled and trebled, and when I remember that the cheapest cigar I could get at the café down stairs was a *peso,* or fifty-cent cigar.

Buenos Aires has now a population of from twelve to thirteen hundred thousand, and it is at present one of the four largest cities of the New World. The increase in population will best be appreciated, when we reflect, that, in 1770, the inhabitants of the city amounted to twenty-two thousand.[1] About a hundred years later, the population had nearly reached the two hundred thousand mark, advancing by leaps and bounds. The immense increase belongs to the latest period.

The plan of this city is not unlike that of Boston. It has grown from the original rectangular town, with

[1] El Lazarillo de Ciegos Caminantes, 1773.

its narrow streets, to immense proportions, drawing to itself the outlying suburbs, such as Belgrano, Palermo, and the many *villas,* like Alvear, Mazzini, Santa Rita, and numerous others. Washed on the east by the Rio de la Plata, it is bounded on the south by the Riachuelo river, and on the west by the long Avenida General Paz which, extending from the Riachuelo, reaches the La Plata at the northern point of the city. The streets of the old town, built by the Spaniards, are very narrow. In consequence, the lines of tramways are laid, not in the centre, but along one side, near the sidewalks, so as to leave room for carriages. The streets cross each other at rectangles. This is also true, in the main, of the various sections that have been added; but, as the city has grown without a predetermined plan, it gives the impression of a large patchwork of geometrical figures. These are crossed in all directions by very long avenues, while in the more modern portions of the city, the streets are wide and spacious, and the car tracks are laid in the middle.

From the Plaza de Mayo, only a stone's throw from the docks, the beautiful Avenida de Mayo leads to the new Plaza del Congreso in a straight line. Directly north of this, runs in the same direction, Rivadavia street, until it strikes toward the southwest, becoming the Avenida Rivadavia, and, passing through the entire city, terminates at the Avenida General Paz, the city limit. This Rivadavia is, by its length, one of the most striking avenues of Buenos Aires. The city is filled with Plazas and parks, the largest of which is that of Palermo, in the northeast section.

An immense system of electric cars runs in all directions, and, for less than five cents, you may go to any part of the city. Buenos Aires has not yet adopted the elevated railroad, but an underground system of railway is in course of preparation. It is not likely, that this population, with its æsthetic sense, will ever agree to the unsightly and noisy "elevated," but the "subway" system must be introduced, the immense increase of the population rendering some form of rapid transit absolutely necessary.

The cars, as in Montevideo, carry large numerals, that can be seen at a distance which, to the initiated, indicate the route followed. If standing at a street corner, you signal to the conductor to stop, and he pays no heed to you, look to the top of the car, and you will see the sign *completo*, which means that every seat is taken. No one is permitted to stand within the car, and only a limited number may do so on the rear platform. On account of the immense crowds, an exception was made during the centennial celebration, and the cars were often crowded to their utmost capacity, with people hanging on to the straps, and standing on the steps, as they do with us. After you have paid your fare, the conductor will give you a little ticket. Keep it, for it is intended to serve as a receipt, and it must be exhibited to the inspector on demand.

The houses in Buenos Aires are, as a rule, quite low, even two stories being of comparatively recent date. Yet the modern system is beginning to prevail, and the skyscraper shows an inclination to develop, as, for instance, in the Plaza hotel. Along the water front, you will notice a considerable number of high grain elevators. The architectural features of the city are Spanish and French. In fact, Buenos Aires reminds

one greatly of Paris. American influence is seen only in some of the large new buildings in which the steel frame work, imported from the United States, tells us of home. The old Spanish stamp is still found, however, in spite of modern improvements, and there is no lack of barred windows and patios.

Argentina has adopted an excellent means of preserving, and popularizing the great events, and prominent names, not only of her own history, but of that of the world, in the names of her streets and squares, which serve as an abiding object lesson. The system exists, also, in other countries of South America, like Chile, and Peru, but it is especially striking in Buenos Aires.

Almagro, Alvar Nuñez, Balboa, are names that recall colonial history, while San Martin, Bartolomé Mitre, Rivadavia, and many more keep fresh the memory of Argentina's patriots, among illustrious names several of distinguished Churchmen figuring as well, like the priests, Anchoris, and Araoz, and the bishops, Arregui and Azamor. Ayacucho, Cachimayo, Cangallo, Rio Bamba recall victories or sacrifices of the war of independence. Some names, like Estados Unidos, California, Panama, Callao, Lima, Paramaribo, are merely geographical, while others remind one of great men of other nations, such as Monroe, Pasteur, and Byron. Buenos Aires has, also, its Washington street.[2]

One of the most interesting streets, located in the original portion of the city, is the calle Florida, extending from the Plaza de San Martin to the Avenida de Mayo, and becoming Peru on the other side of the Avenida. This is the great promenade of the people

[2] Razon del Nombre de las calles, etc., Adolfo J. Carranza.

of Buenos Aires. In the late afternoon it is crowded, like the calle de Alcalá in Madrid, or the Kalver street in Amsterdam. So great is the throng which extends the entire width of the street, no attention being paid to sidewalks, that carriages cease to run. In fact, it would be impossible for them to pass. During the festivities, the "Florida" was a dream of beauty, vieing with the Avenida by its myriad electric lights, that, stretching across the entire street, actually formed a canopy of brightness.

In San Martin street, you will find the *caja de conversion,* where worn out notes are exchanged for new, and foreign money for Argentine currency. To judge from the number of people, a great deal of business must be done here. One of our five dollar gold pieces was not accepted, because it was found slightly deficient in weight.

The Postoffice, which a visitor must needs find at once, is located at the corner of Corrientes, and Reconquista streets. It is hardly in keeping with a large city like Buenos Aires, either by its size or its general appearance, at least when we compare it with the elaborate buildings that our government is erecting all over the country. The service, however, is said, in some respects, to be superior to ours. Mail for the United States is forwarded, as soon as possible, by the quickest route, but the Argentinians complain that the same efficiency does not prevail as regards letters going from the United States to Argentina. It takes almost two months to receive an answer to a letter sent from Washington to Buenos Aires. The Postoffice in Argentina is a government institution, under the minister of the interior.

The telegraph is controlled by the government, but without a monopoly, as some lines belong to the provinces, and others to railways. Cables are operated by the Central and South American Telegraph Company, which sends its messages to the United States and Europe, via Colon and Galveston. Rates to the United States are a dollar a word, including address and signature. You may deposit your cablegram at a government office, whence it will be transmitted to the cable company, the office of which is at the corner of San Martin and Cuyo streets. In directing a cablegram to Baltimore, I had omitted to add Maryland, never dreaming that any other Baltimore could be taken for ours. Happening to drop in at the office, some time later, I found that I was just in time to prevent the message from being sent to a Baltimore, somewhere in the British Isles. It should be noticed, that "Baltimore, Maryland," counts as one word. I found the service otherwise excellent. Not receiving a reply, I began to doubt whether my message had been delivered. The company then cabled to Baltimore, without extra charge, and notified me at my hotel of the safe arrival of the message.

The afternoon of my first day in Buenos Aires was spent in driving, the assistant secretary of our Congress, Señor Santillana Velez, having kindly placed himself at my disposal. Our first visit was paid to the American Legation, where I met with a most courteous reception on the part of our minister, Mr. Sherrill. Whatever may have been the experience of others, I must say that, in my travels, both in Europe and America, I have never found anything but courtesy and kindness on the part of our representatives. The United States legation is situated

on the Plaza San Martin, diagonally opposite the Plaza Hotel, and only a short distance from the docks. Mr. Sherrill is deservedly popular among Argentinians, having done much to increase esteem for the United States.

Taking the Plaza San Martin as a starting point, we drive south, along the Calle San Martin, a distance of ten squares, and find ourselves in the Plaza de Mayo, which to Buenos Aires is what the Puerta del Sol is to Madrid. We shall, again and again, resort to the Plaza de Mayo, but while we are here this afternoon, before the great rush of the celebration begins, we may as well make a study of it. At one time, it was known as the Plaza Victoria, but the present name recalls the most important event in the history of the Republic, the cry for independence of May, 1810.

As we enter the Plaza, and turn to the left, the first building that attracts our attention is a massive edifice of Grecian style, the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, to which we return, on another occasion.

Following the calle Rivadavia in front of the cathedral, and the archbishop's residence, we reach the eastern side of the Plaza where, on the calle Balcarce, stands the Palacio del Gubierno, or the government building, a fine edifice in the Renaissance style. It is the official headquarters of the president and of the executive department. The large reception hall of the palace is especially noteworthy. On May 25, the president, and many dignitaries reviewed the military and naval parade from its balconies.

From this modern building, the seat of the present government, we turn to another, at the southwest corner of the square. It is the building of the *Cab-*

PLAZA DE MAYO, BUENOS AIRES

ildo, which, in colonial times, was a kind of civil government. This is the Independence Hall of Buenos Aires, for it was here, that, on May 25, 1810, the *junta* was named that put an end to the government of the viceroys, and established the independence of the country. From the balcony, Don Cornelio Saavedra addressed the multitude in the Plaza de la Victoria, exhorting them to unity.

From the Plaza, we may now proceed along the beautiful Avenida Mayo, as far as the Plaza del Congreso. As you drive along, you will observe a number of hotels, such as the Paris, the Splendid Hotel Frascati, and the Majestic. The government has rented the last named to entertain the foreign delegates to the centennial celebration, for Argentina does things in grand style. We now return to the Plaza Hotel, to rest; for, after dinner, there is to be a reception to the Americanists at the *Club del Progreso* on the Avenida.

Before proceeding to the Club, we take a walk through some of the streets. Darkness has now encompassed the city, and myriads of electric lights are pouring forth their radiance on the great thoroughfares. Suddenly we hear a loud noise on the Plaza San Martin, with shouting and singing, then a body of men emerge from the darkness. These are the students. Day after day, and night after night, they will parade the city, following the blue and white flag of their country, and singing patriotic songs, forcing those they meet to uncover in presence of the flag. What does it all mean? The students are making a demonstration against the anarchists, of which there is a large number in Buenos Aires. Some time before the festivities began, these had shown signs of

activity, and an intention to disturb the celebration. Notices were sent by them to the schools, that the Argentine colors would be torn from those who would dare to wear them. In defiance of these threats, the students are manifesting their patriotism. They even came into conflict with the enemy, by burning an anarchist newspaper office, and, in one collision, several lives were lost. We learned all this by rumor, for the newspapers, by superior direction no doubt, published nothing.

The government was not slow to act, and Buenos Aires was placed in a state of siege which, on the surface, could not be noticed, for it meant merely, that the *habeas corpus* was suspended, and that suspicious persons might be arrested without warrant. A large number of arrests were, in consequence, made, and the tranquility of the city was preserved.

The anarchists had been making capital of the discontent of the laboring classes, at the high rents prevailing, as well as of the dissatisfaction of the foreign element at the *ley de residencia,* or law of residence, which permits the transportation of undesirable foreigners. This general discontent has, of late, shown itself in frequent strikes, Buenos Aires now facing the same economic problems as the rest of the world.

The fear of the anarchists prevailed to such an extent, that dreading a repetition of the Barcelona horrors, some religious houses were preparing for defence, and resistance. Among others, the convent of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart is protected with double iron doors, and similar precautions have been taken elsewhere.

The student parades continued until after the great celebrations, which lasted about a week, nearly all

AVENIDA DE MAYO, BUENOS AIRES

business being suspended for several days. During that time, and long afterward, the city was most beautifully decorated with flags, those of Argentina and Spain being especially numerous. Italy, France and other countries, including some British, and an occasional American flag, were, also, represented.

For some days, there was strong feeling against Brazil which did not send a representative to the festivities, until the last moment. It became so intensified, that the students, taking matters into their own hands, sent delegations to the houses that had hoisted the Brazilian flag, with a demand that it be taken down. In several instances, that came under my notice, the demand was complied with.

A very pretty parade that was held one Sunday morning along the Avenida was one of boys and girls, led by young women with flags.

The national hymn of Argentina which was heard so frequently during these days, begins thus:

Oid, mortales, el grito sagrado
Libertad, libertad, libertad,
Oid el ruido de rotas cadenas,
Ved en trono a la noble igualdad.

Se levanta a la faz de la tierra
Una nueva gloriosa nacion
Coronada su cien de laureles
Y a sus plantas rendido un leon.

Come, mortals, hear the sacred strains,
The song of liberty,
While broken fall the captive's chains,
And reigns equality.

Mankind beholds a nation rise
Humanity to greet,
Its laurels lifted to the skies,
A lion at its feet.

The reception at the Club del Progreso was a brilliant affair. Intellectual Argentina had sent some of its best representatives, whose names I will not mention lest I omit any, and from Europe and the other American countries had come men with an international reputation as Americanists. These Americanist gatherings have the advantage of renewing old friendships, and of creating new ones, but there is, also, an element of deep sadness in them; for past years rise up before you, and, in the throng, you look for old, familiar faces, only to be reminded, that they have vanished forever. Of all the large numbers that had attended the congress at Huelva in 1892, I can only recall three or four persons that were at Buenos Aires, namely the illustrious Americanist, Dr. Seler, of Berlin, with his inseparable companion, Mrs. Seler, and Dr. Cordier, of Paris.

There was a man present, to meet whom I would have been willing to undertake the voyage to South America. Many, and many an interesting hour I had spent with his books, and it was a most glad surprise to shake his hand at this gathering. I speak of José Toribio Medina of Chile, that indefatigable worker, probably the most voluminous bibliographer that ever lived. With several other gentlemen, he was representing the government of Chile at this International Congress. We shall meet him again at Santiago.

Besides myself, there was only one priest at this gathering, namely the distinguished writer, Monsignor Toscano, Vicar General of Salta, and only two priests attended the Congress as Americanists. In fact, as I look over the past, I can recall very few clergymen among our members. I cannot remember

a single Protestant minister at any of the sessions I have attended. At Buenos Aires, the Russian priest represented his country, though I am not aware, that he took an active part in the proceedings. He was present in his regalia at the solemn opening, but I did not see him afterward, though I may have overlooked him. The only place where I can say that the clergy was well represented was the city of Quebec, where the Congress met, some years since, under the auspices of the University of Laval. Otherwise, only a few names occur to me, such as of the late Dr. Mariano Soler, Archbishop of Montevideo, that well-known Americanist Dr. Plancarte, now a bishop in Mexico, Monsignor Shahan, rector of the Catholic University of America, and the celebrated Jesuit, Father Fischer of Feldkirche in Austria. I know that there were others, but I cannot recall them now.

I have often thought it a pity that we do not take a greater interest in the development of modern science. Instead of contenting ourselves with bemoaning the decadence of faith, and the increase of infidelity, and sitting upon the ruins of Jerusalem, singing the Lamentations, we might usefully spring into the breach, as our great predecessors, whom we call the Fathers of the Church, used to do.

With this reception at the Club del Progreso, the courtesies of which were extended to us during our stay, the first day in Buenos Aires came to an end. I had ample opportunity to appreciate the culture and good manners of the gentlemen present. The forms of these receptions are, more or less, the same as in cultured circles all over the world. Two things, however, strike you in Argentina, namely the Champagne bottle, and the camera. Champagne flows

freely at every reception, though many present only sip at their glass. This is the only thing to do, if having to attend five or six receptions on the same day, you wish to keep a clear head. It is evident, that a good deal of money is spent at these receptions, but the Argentinians who make it easily, spend it freely. Whatever their vices may be, and all nations have vices, parsimony is not one of them.

The camera too is generally on hand, being found even at private receptions and dinner parties. The illustrated periodicals, such as *Caras y Caretas,* fill their pages with illustrations, containing portraits of individuals.

Bidding good-night to our friends, we return to the hotel where a good rest, after a fatiguing day, will prepare us for another round of sightseeing on the morrow.

The 16th of May found me prepared to accompany the Americanists on their automobile excursion to the suburbs. As I have before remarked, in Latin countries, nothing is taken in the early morning, except a little bread and butter, and a cup of coffee or chocolate. You may ring the bell and have this repast brought to your room in the South American hotels generally, without extra charge, or you may go to the dining room. At the Plaza, I followed the latter method. My *"desayuno"* which really means breakfast, in other words, my coffee and bread and butter cost me one peso, or about fifty cents. In Buenos Aires, they speak of the early morning repast also as *café con leche,* coffee with milk, but frequently it should be styled milk with coffee, for I have noticed, that if you let the waiter serve you, he will give you about two-thirds milk, and one-third, or less, of coffee.

Yet, with good, rich milk, and good, warm coffee, you will have a delicious morning beverage.

It was now the middle of May, and quite cool, as it might be about the middle of November in our southeastern states. Yet I ventured out, without an overcoat. It may have been this which brought on me a most severe cold, that caused me great inconvenience the first week in Buenos Aires.

The hotel Albion, on the Avenida Mayo, had been assigned to us, as the Americanist headquarters. Here we were the guests of Argentina. This was the first time in my Americanist experiences that our hotel bills were paid for us; but, I repeat, South Americans are generous. Later in the day, I moved from the Plaza to the Albion. At nine, we met on the Avenida before our hotel, and automobiles were assigned to the separate parties. Our excursion took us to Palermo.

This suburb, if such it may be called, as it is really an integral part of the city, is situated in the northeast section, where the Cordoba railway separates it from the Rio de La Plata. Directly southwest lies the beautiful district of Belgrano, where so many of the English speaking residents reside. The quarter of Palermo is made up of a series of beautiful parks, and driveways. First, there is the Palermo, or Third of February Park, to the south of which lies the zoölogical garden. West and southwest, are the famous race courses, the *Hipodromo Argentino,* and the *Sociedad Hipica,* at which, during the races, Argentine society may be observed *en masse.* Further to the west, along the river, you will not fail to see the spacious grounds of the Argentine golf club, with beautiful driveways, and the lake in the centre. Still more to the northwest, about eight squares from the

grounds of the golf club, the very large National hipodrome, or *Hipodromo Nacional* offers the pleasure of the races to thousands of Argentinians. As you drive through Palermo Park, you will, probably, also notice the cricket club almost in the centre.

The grounds which, particularly, deserve our attention are those of the zoological garden. We have left our automobiles, and, to go from one part of the garden to the other, we shall make use of a small railway running through it, for the convenience of the public, and moved by a naptha engine. Unless you have some one to enlighten you, as the Americanists had, it would be well to provide yourself with a copy of the *"Guia Oficial"* of the zoölogical garden which is distributed gratuitously. The director, Señor Clemente Onelli, also publishes the *"Revista del Jardin Zoologico,"* patronized by the municipality of Buenos Aires. This quarterly furnishes important data regarding the progress of the Buenos Aires "Zoo."

The "Garden" owes its origin to President Sarmiento who, in 1874, presented to Congress the project of a law for the establishment of the "Third of February" park, to which the zoölogical garden became an adjunct. The first animals were donated by Sarmiento, in the shape of three swans. Other donations following, the garden increased, until, in 1888, the park, with its "Zoo," was given to the municipality, and the "Garden" was separately organized.

From 1893 on, the public became more and more interested, until, in 1897, 1,135,730 persons were admitted as visitors, almost as many as the whole present population of the city. The price of admission is very little, being less than five cents of our money.

Besides the naptha train, originally intended for children, there are small carriages, ponies, llamas, and camels which may be obtained, at prices established by tariff. Refreshments are served, in the Aquila Pavilion, and, on Sundays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, visitors may enjoy a band of music furnished alternately by the minister of war, by the electric companies that run their cars to the garden which has four entrances, and by the chief of police.

Besides a fine collection of animals, like those found in all important zoölogical gardens, such as lions, Bengal tigers, elephants, hippopotami, bears, and other varieties of wild, as well as of domestic species, the garden may boast of a considerable number, indigenous to the New World, especially to South America.

Prominent among these is the American jaguar or leopard which is found from the southern part of North America to northern Argentina. One of the beasts at Buenos Aires has a bad reputation, for he is known to have killed a woman, an Indian, and two children. Several species of wild cats, notably the very rare *eyra* and *yaguarandi* are also found here, besides the puma, or American lion, which lives from North America to the straits of Magellan. Here too is the Argentine *carpincho,* the largest rodent in the world, with the Patagonian rabbit, quite a rare specimen. South America, particularly in Argentina, possesses more rodents than any other portion of the globe. The family of American toothless animals, such as anteaters, is abundantly represented, while a study of their habits is made by means of the cinematograph. Among them, the sloth, belonging to Brazil and Guiana, is of especial interest to the vis-

itor. Add to these the various kinds of American monkeys and other quadrupeds. The cameloids of South America, such as the guanaco, the llama, the alpaca, and the vicuña deserve special attention. The guanaco is found in great abundance in Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego, where it is killed for its wool, generally when a month old, to the extent of two hundred thousand a year. The llama belongs, as is well known, to the highlands of Bolivia and Peru. To the same regions belong the vicuñas and alpacas, the latter of which is valuable for its wool, having given its name to a well-known cloth.

To the bird species belong the *jabiru* of Paraguay, a storklike bird, the American ostrich, found so plentifully in Argentina, and the condor of the Andes. The best, and rarest bird in the pavillion of birds of prey, is the South American harpy, the only specimen, thus far, kept alive in the zoölogical gardens of the world, and, consequently, unique. It was caught on the frontiers of Bolivia and Brazil, whither it had been driven by a strong north wind. Its home is in the mountains of Brazil. When, in anger it ruffles its feathers, the head assumes features almost human, thus explaining the origin of the mythological harpy, with the face of an ugly woman.

The zoölogical garden of Buenos Aires was very fortunate in obtaining fourteen most rare specimens of the royal penguin, the fishlike bird of Patagonia, which has never figured alive in any zoölogical collection, as it is very difficult to preserve it in captivity, and it has not been able to live, thus far, in the temperate zone. Those in Buenos Aires are from the islands of South Georgia. It took two years to bring them to their destination.

PAVILLION FOR ZEBUS, ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, BUENOS AIRES

Add to the animals I have mentioned, the various species of the reptile world, and you will form an idea of the collection of American animals possessed by the zoölogical garden of Buenos Aires.

Besides the value of the collection itself, the garden is intensely attractive from the general appearance of the grounds, with their fine walks, and from the architecture of the buildings. There is an æsthetic touch about it all, with pavillions most beautiful, and appropriate. Take, for instance, the home of the lions which is a Renaissance building, like the lion house at Breslau, but larger. The residence of the elephants, designed by the municipal architect, Señor Virgilio Cestari, is a copy of the temple of a goddess of India of the period of Rajah Tirumal. The statues, bas reliefs, and inscriptions within are taken from the most celebrated religious monuments of the land of the Ganges. The condors are kept in an immense cage of iron, the summit of which can be seen from Belgrano, or from any high building of the city, but which appears so light and ethereal, that you would imagine you could blow it over. A portion of a building in the Moorish style is set aside for the giraffes, and the other portions belong to the zebras. The female buffalo, Torita, born in Montana, United States, presumably the Yellowstone Park, lives in an elegant little dwelling with two towers. Her companion, sent by Mr. Frank Baker of the Washington "Zoo," died, unfortunately, on his arrival, and Torita was left alone.

I would consume too much space, were I to dwell on all the elegant buildings of this beautiful spot. What I have written should, at least, give an idea, of the zoölogical garden of Buenos Aires, which is, certainly, one of the finest adornments of the city.

After a light refection, provided for us at the garden, we were driven home, having certainly enjoyed the fine excursion in this magnificent city of the southern hemisphere, and the delightful companionship of our fellow Americanists.

The languages heard most on this excursion, after Spanish, were German and French, as a considerable number of the foreign delegates spoke the former as their mother-tongue, and the latter is a universal language. A great deal of French is spoken in Buenos Aires, and it is safe to say that persons of any education all understand it. You will find English and German especially in commercial circles, while Italian is everywhere, although the immigrants from Italy seem to adapt themselves very well to the language of the country.

Breakfast was taken at our hotel. The Plaza will serve you *á la carte,* if you wish, but, as a rule, in the real South American hotels, *table d'hote* meals are served, breakfast taking place between eleven and one, and dinner in the evening. According to Argentine custom, the first course at breakfast consists of cold meats. The *menu* of a breakfast given to the Americanists by the University of La Plata, at the Hotel Sportsman, may serve as an example of such a meal. At a hotel you, of course, pay extra for wines and cigars:

Hors D'Oeuvres

Viande froide Panache (cold meat)

Sauterne Salade Russe

Potage (Soup)

Julienne

Poisson (Fish)

Chateau La Rose Filet de Sole Normande

Entrées

Filet Durham Richelieu
Villeroy au petit pois frais Parisienne
Roti

Dindonneau Broche au Cresson
Entremets

Gateaux de Noix
Fruits assortis

Champagne Cliquot — Café Cigars

In the afternoon of the day on which we visited the zoölogical park, we met by special invitation at the *"Museo Mitre"* in the Calle San Martin. This museum is thus called because it is established in the house occupied by Bartolomé Mitre, the contents of which are kept, more or less, as they were in his life time, together with his library.

Bartolomé Mitre was, surely, one of the great statesmen and literateurs of South America. His name is, perhaps, heard more than that of any other Argentinian, except San Martin who was the Washington of Argentina.

Mitre was born at Buenos Aires in 1821, and, from his teens, he began the double career of soldier and writer. Until 1852, he led a life of many vicissitudes in Bolivia, Chile, and Peru, returning, finally, to take an active part in the affairs of his country. When the dissensions between Buenos Aires and the provinces had been settled by the sword, Mitre, then governor of Buenos Aires, having gained the victory of Pavon, was elected constitutional president, an

office he held from 1862, until 1868, when he was succeeded by Sarmiento. It was during his administration, that the basis of Argentine prosperity was laid, in spite of the disastrous war with Paraguay that was waged during his time. The last years of his life were those of a scholar, and his library remains a monument to his studious habits. He died January 19, 1906.

Bartolomé Mitre was an indefatigable worker, and he will be remembered, not only as a soldier and statesman, but, especially, as an historian and a poet. Among other works, he has bequeathed to posterity the biographies of Belgrano, and San Martin. His large work *"Catalogo Razonado de la Seccion de Lenguas Americanas,"* gives him a place among Americanists, and serves as an evidence of his erudition, and varied acquirements.

The house he occupied in the Calle San Martin, and in which he died, is one of the old Spanish residences, with its traditional court yard. The rooms are, apparently, as when he lived in them. That in which he breathed his last is especially interesting. He departed this life a sincere Christian, in the shadow of the crucifix, whatever the sentiments and conduct of past years may have been.

A long, sombre, room contains his voluminous and valuable library. One of the most precious works in it, is that entitled *"Doctrina Cristiana y Cathecismo para la Instruccion de los Indios."* This is the first book printed in South America. It was published by order of the Council of Lima in 1584, by the printer Antonio Ricardo who had come from Mexico to Peru. The first book printed in America which appeared at Mexico in 1535 has completely vanished, while of the

first book that issued from the press in South America, only two copies are known outside of Peru, one that belonged to the library of Chaumette-Desfossés, and this copy of General Mitre.[3]

The "Museo Mitre" contains, also, a valuable collection of documents appertaining to the colonial history of Argentina, and covering the period from 1514 to 1810. Señor Alejandro Rosa, to whom the Americanists are indebted for his courtesy is the director of this museum. Under his care, the manuscript of the *"Catalogo Razonado"* of Mitre was published, in view of the Americanist Congress, to the members of which it was presented.

The day was brought to a close with a reception given to the Americanists by our minister, at which General Leonard Wood, special representative of the United States to Buenos Aires was present. The company consisted entirely of gentlemen, the best of the old Argentine society, men of the state and of letters, ex-ministers, journalists, poets, and historians, with a sprinkling of Americans. One of the distinguished persons present was the venerable founder of the city of La Plata, Dr. Dardo Rocha.

A gentleman with an Irish name, a member of the old Irish colony, and speaking English perfectly, introduced himself to me. In the course of our conversation, he informed me that he lived in the "camp." This was the first time I had heard the term, and, wondered what kind of a camp it might be. The explanation was soon forthcoming. The whole of Argentina outside of the cities, or you might say outside of Buenos Aires, is the camp, that is the

[3] Recordando el Pasado, Serafin Livacich, Buenos Aires, 1909.

country. The word camp has, clearly, been taken from the Spanish "campo," the field or country, or, as they say in French, "La Campagne."

The hotel Albion to which we returned after the reception is a typical South American hotel, though the proprietor is a Swiss. You pass from the street through a small vestibule where the "porter," an employe always found in European hotels, has his desk. The porter, or whatever other name he may bear, is the one to whom you generally resort for information. He is supposed to know everything, and, when you leave, he comes in for a good share of your tips. I willingly gave mine to him, as he was such an obliging, and good-natured Frenchman.

From this vestibule, you enter the lift, or elevator, which will carry you, if you wish, to the top of the house. The hotel is built in the form of a quadrangle with an immense open space between the four sides. The rooms generally open on to galleries overlooking this space. Except those on the Avenida, they have no opening but the door, and, consequently, they are dark and cheerless. To make matters worse, the electric current, as seems to be generally the case in South America, is turned off during the day. Winter was coming on, and, especially in the evening, it was very cold, but there was no heat in the house. The South Americans are no friends of artificial heat; most of them seem afraid of it. Except in the more modern houses, in the larger hotels, and in public buildings, there is no way of heating, except by small braziers, or oil stoves, which may be carried from room to room. This is true of Chile, as well as of Argentina, countries in which the cold may be severely felt. It is no wonder, that you hear such complaints

of colds. The consequence is, that you are forced to wear your overcoat at all times, indoors and out, and that ladies bring their wraps and furs into parlors and reception halls. In spite of the cold, however, they will attend public functions in full dress, for female vanity is very self-sacrificing the world over.

On Tuesday, May 16, the Americanists held their preliminary meeting in the building of the Faculty of Letters, situated at No. 430 in the Calle Viamonte, and belonging to the University of Buenos Aires.

At three of the afternoon, the solemn inaugural session was held, in the large hall of the Municipal Bank, in the presence of the ministers of Justice and Public Instruction, and of the Interior, of the Intendente or Mayor, and of other distinguished persons, under the presidency of Dr. Victorino de la Plaza, Minister of Foreign Affairs.

There was of course the usual speechmaking, with more or less eloquence, in the course of which, our minister politely referred to Argentina as "a young giant among the nations." The United States was everywhere alluded to with respect, and the Smithsonian Institution obtained its well-merited share of recognition. The United States and the Smithsonian had three representatives at the Congress, namely, Professor Bayley Willis, Dr. Hrlicka, and myself.

The whole of Wednesday was devoted to scientific work, and the reading of papers. As I did not attend the morning session, I determined to visit the Passionist Fathers whose church is situated at the corner of Estados Unidos and General Urquiza streets, and for whom I had a letter of introduction. This community was established from the United States, and, to the present day, a number of its members are Amer-

icans. I waited for a long time, at the Calle Venezuela, about four squares south of the Albion hotel, but, as no car arrived, I proceeded on foot. I had walked about thirty squares before I reached my destination, that is about one-fourth of the entire width of the city, reckoning from east to west. When the Passionists arrived in Buenos Aires, some years ago, they were at the outskirts of the city; now they are not even in the centre, for Buenos Aires has extended three times further to the west from the river. The immense growth of the city can thus easily be seen. My walk gave me the advantage of becoming better acquainted with the general appearance of this older portion of the city.

There are several large hospitals in the neighborhood of the Passionist church of Santa Cruz, namely the Spanish hospital at the corner of Belgrano and Rioja streets, the hospital of S. Roque on General Urquiza, between Venezuela and Mejico, and the French hospital, opposite the Santa Cruz church, on General Urquiza and Estados Unidos. Many more hospitals are scattered throughout the city. One square from the Passionists, the Irish Sisters of Mercy conduct a boarding and day school for girls, Irish as well as Argentine, and one for poor children.

Returning from the Passionist Fathers by electric cars, I found myself caught in a crowd on the Plaza de Mayo, and soldiers were lined up along the streets, for the Infanta Isabel had just arrived, to represent Spain at the centennial celebration. Years ago I had seen the Infanta at a bullfight in Saragoza, and I was to see her again at Lujan, before leaving Argentina. Time has told on her, as on her sisters of more modest condition in life, and she is now a portly lady with grey hair.

From now on, the army was to be in great evidence in Buenos Aires, taking part in the reception of dignitaries, as well as in general parades.

At the close of the Americanist Congress, or rather after the celebrations of May 25, I left the Albion hotel, to accept the invitation of the kind Passionist Fathers who wished me to spend a few days with them. It was, indeed, a relief to get away from the crowd, and breathe a purer air with such charming companions. Besides, it was like reaching home again, as my hosts were, nearly all, Americans, or Argentinians of English and Irish descent.

Bidding farewell to General Wood on the deck of the warship Chester, was another reminder of home. Immediately behind the Chester, lay the good old Verdi, that, in a few days, was to begin her return voyage. A parting cup of tea was sipped on board with my old friend, Mr. Hulse,, the purser, and, on leaving the docks, I seemed to bid farewell once more to my country.

Shortly after the celebrations, the foreign delegates began to depart to their respective countries. The Infanta Isabel was escorted to her steamer with great military display, and immense crowds. The sojourn of the late President Montt of Chile had been overclouded by a sad event, the sudden death of his young secretary in an elevator accident in the hotel Majestic.

Chapter IX.

PLACES—PERSONS—MANNERS—CUSTOMS.

Crowds—Night in Buenos Aires—The Teatro Colon—"Drug-stores"—The Building of Congress—The "Prensa"—Newspapers—Historical Museum—The Reservoir—Jockey Club—The Slums—The Working Classes—Public Charities—Architecture—Tea and "Maté."

Proceeding directly from New York to Buenos Aires, excepting the language and the architectural features of the city, you would find little difference between the capital of Argentina and one of our busy American cities. The same life is there, the same rush, and activity, and the same manifestations of industry characterize the great metropolis of the La Plata regions. The crowds, however, are less excited. People do not make a mad rush for cars, elbowing each other out of the way. Even when Buenos Aires was at fever heat, during the celebrations of May, and it was, almost, possible to walk on the heads of the people in the Calle Florida, and the Avenida, there was no evidence of disorder. No one seemed to lose patience, everyone took his time. I have never seen such crowds. At night, on the broad Avenida, carriages ceased making an attempt to run, for the multitudes absolutely filled the street. Argentina seemed to have poured its population into the capital. Yet the police handled the crowd admirably. I saw no clubbing, no forcing back of the people by men on horseback, not a sign of disorder. The gentle manner

of the police was admirable. Sometimes they would reason with an obstreperous individual; but, as a rule, they did their work, and said nothing. It was evident, that they were trained to the task, though the strain upon them must have been immense. Occasionally an arrest would be made, but in such a quiet, and matter of fact, manner, that only the immediate bystanders knew anything of it.

It is a wonder to me, that with the narrow streets of old Buenos Aires, and the numerous carriages constantly rushing through them, there are not more accidents. The busiest thoroughfares are the Avenida, and the narrow streets to the north of it, like Florida, Bartolomé Mitre, San Martin, Corrientes, and others where the banks, offices, and stores are, to a great extent, located.

The surging multitudes on these thoroughfares are intent on business during the day, in the evening they are returning home, and, at night, they are amusing themselves. Ladies, some on foot, others in their carriages, are visiting the stores, bent on that errand so dear to the feminine heart, "shopping." Sometimes you meet a group of Argentine beauties, with the Castilian accents undulating from their lips, and an occasional long accentuated *"ee,"* rising above the other tones, to denote, probably, one of those diminutives so much in favor in Spanish, like *Anita,* little Anne, *hijita,* little daughter, or even *cosita,* little thing.

In the evening, after dark, until a late hour, Buenos Aires, like Paris, is abroad. Unlike the cities of the west coast, where, at night, everything seems dead, the capital of Argentina is very much alive. A profusion of electric lights turns night into

day. If there is one thing in modern civilization that South America has adopted with a vengeance, it is the electric light, in the street, in churches, in hotels, in residences: everywhere. The dazzling splendor, during the festivities of May, on the Avenida, the Plaza de Mayo and del Congreso, as well as on the Calle Florida, baffles all description. Millions and millions of bulbs which are all imported from abroad, were strung up in these streets, to such an extent, that for some time it was not possible to light them all.

Surrounded by this radiance, people are moving to and fro in considerable numbers, some are taking a walk, others hastening to the cars. Equipages and pedestrians are wending their way to the theatres, and other places of amusement.

The most important theatre in the city is the "Teatro Colon," a splendid edifice, and, surely, one of the largest in the world. The Americanists, as guests of the municipality, heard, within its walls, the Italian opera Vesta. To judge from appearances, all that was fashionable in Buenos Aires was there. Between the acts, as is done elsewhere, there was a general survey taken of everybody by everybody. Gentlemen, standing with their back to the stage, would sweep the audience with their opera glasses, while, ladies in their seats, if they occupied a convenient position would imitate their example. At one intermission, the Americanists were ushered into a large reception room, and treated to the inevitable champagne.

Although moving picture shows exist, they are by no means so frequent as with us. In fact, I saw only a

few of them, and, on the Pacific coast they are still less in evidence.

A favorite way of spending time in the evening is to sit at table on the broad sidewalk of the Avenida, in front of one of the brilliantly lighted cafés, and sip sodas, lemonade, liqueurs, and so on. Numerous tables are ranged on both sides of the sidewalk, leaving room in the centre for pedestrians. This Parisian, or European, custom is of recent introduction into Buenos Aires.

On the other hand, you never see a soda water fountain in a drug store, or anywhere, for that matter. Argentina does not appear to have taken kindly to the custom. Drug stores, as we call the apothecary shops, are quite numerous, and some of them very elegant. Quite a number call themselves "English," "*Drogueria Inglesa;*" but I failed to see one with the adjective "American." The "English" drug stores, and, perhaps, some of the others, sell toilet articles, but they do not include stationery or cigars in their stock. Should an enterprising American undertake to establish a drug store on the American system, he will, no doubt, have to beat down much opposition on the part of those who have preëmpted the field. Drugs are, to a great extent, imported from France, although some of our American wholesale houses have, I believe, their agents in the field. By law, the druggists may not sell certain medicines, even such a remedy as calomel, without the prescription of a physician.

Doctors and dentists must make money in Buenos Aires, to judge from the prices they charge. A master in the dental profession who had me in his chair was quite surprised that a piece of work for which he

wanted to charge me $100.00 in Argentine money, could be done in the States for ten or twelve dollars, gold.

At the end of the Avenida Mayo, there is today a splendid Plaza, that of the Congress. About a year ago, this Plaza did not exist, and the space was occupied by streets, and houses. Within a few months, the entire place had been cleared, houses torn down, streets obliterated, obstacles overcome, and the Plaza was a fact, to the glad surprise of the people of Buenos Aires, who felt therein the vital energy of their young nation.

Facing this Plaza, stands the new Congress building where Argentina makes her laws. Divided into two wings, for the accommodation of both houses of Congress, the edifice is surmounted by a lofty dome, the whole occupying a commanding position at the foot of the Avenida de Mayo which connects the Plaza del Congreso with the Plaza de Mayo. A fine equestrian statue of Bartolomé Mitre, with symbolical statues, is to be erected on the Plaza del Congreso.

Before leaving this vicinity, it would be well to take a look at the beautiful edifice of the "Prensa" on the Avenida de Mayo, which is said to be the finest newspaper building in existence, especially for the magnificence of its interior, for its splendid reception rooms, as well as for its equipment. The *Prensa*, or Press, is the largest newspaper, not only in Buenos Aires, but, probably, in the Latin world. Its general make-up much resembles our great dailies. I have lying before me a copy every bit as large as the *New York Herald* or the *London Times*, and containing twenty pages. Nine or ten of them are covered with advertisements of all descriptions. The

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"help wanted," and "positions wanted," columns are in form precisely like those of the *New York Herald.* The illustrations, however, are very poor. A considerable portion of the paper is devoted to news, local, national, and foreign, with signed articles from correspondents.

La Nacion is an important paper of Buenos Aires, of which, at one time, Bartolomé Mitre was editor. Other papers in the city are *La Argentina,* rather sensational, *El Diario, La Razon, La Republica, El Correo del Sud, El Pueblo,* besides many more, while the provinces have, also, their local journals. Day after day, one hears the newsboys in the streets, the cars and everywhere, as with us, proclaiming their lists of papers, *Prensa, Diario, Nacion,* not so pithily, and briskly as our boys are wont to cry, but in that peculiar sing-song manner, to which the Spanish language lends itself more easily. Newsboys are newsboys all over the world. One morning, on the Avenida, I ran into a newsboys' fight, and found three or four of them striking a little Jew whose only defense seemed to be his tears. Siding with the "under dog," I took the little ruffians to task. Their excuse was, that he was a Russian. Everything that in the remotest manner savored of the anarchist was in those days in bad repute in Buenos Aires, and the Russian Jews were not in good odor.

There are many foreign journals in Buenos Aires, and several in the English language. The *Standard* is, perhaps, the best known of these. It is a large sheet of about fourteen pages, with news especially of interest to the English colony, and a good deal of local information of the same character. Equally good is the *Buenos Aires Herald* with readable edi-

torials, and a very gentlemanly, and affable editor, Mr. Finn.

The Southern Cross is a strong Irish paper, edited by a priest, Monsignor McDonnell, and, as its name denotes, the *Hiberno Argentine Review* is also devoted to the children of Erin. The Passionist Fathers have lately begun a monthly, entitled *The Cross,* which promises, from what is said of it, to be a success.

Although the art of printing had existed in Mexico since 1535, and in Lima from 1580, it was not introduced into Buenos Aires, until 1780, by the initiative of the Viceroy Vertiz. However the Jesuits in Tucuman had been printing a long time previously. The first paper ever published in the city, the *Telegrafo Mercantil,* had a very short life, from 1801 to 1802.

Return now to the Plaza de Mayo, and tell your driver to take you to the *Museo Historico,* in the Calle Defensa, or walk it, if you prefer, following the street some distance past the large churches of the Franciscans and Dominicans that you cannot fail to notice.

The historical museum is in charge of the well-known historian, Adolfo Carranza, and it is of the greatest value for the student of Argentine history. The house itself is a relic, as a well preserved edifice in that old colonial style which, in Buenos Aires, is fast disappearing. The old Spanish patio, with the well in the centre, remains intact, a memory of bygone days. Especially interesting is the furniture of the room in which San Martin died, that was brought over from Boulogne. The large and beautiful garden of this old residence is now converted into a public

VESTIBULE OF JOCKEY CLUB, BUENOS AIRES

park, giving an idea of what colonial wealth and elegance must have been.

Among the public buildings of Buenos Aires which you must, surely, not fail to see, is the great reservoir, east of the buildings of Congress, occupying a whole square on Riobamba street. You would never know its purpose, were you not told, for it looks like an immense palace, splendidly adorned on the outside with glazed tiles. The huge water tanks are within. A general filtration plant purifies the water used by the city. The sewerage system, especially in the older part of Buenos Aires, is perfect, and one is spared the dirt and filth of which we hear such complaints in some other cities of Latin America.

The modern and artistic *Jockey Club,* on the *Calle Florida,* can hardly be surpassed as a club building. Of very large proportions, splendidly equipped, it is a fine specimen of ornate Renaissance. At the close of the International Congress of Americanists, a farewell banquet was here tendered to the members by the President of the Congress, Dr. José Nicolas Matienzo, dean of the faculty of philosophy and letters of the University of Buenos Aires.

As you stroll through the streets of Buenos Aires, you will find, here and there, a poor man or woman, seated in a nook or corner, peddling cigars, cigarettes, stogies, or some other article. Occasionally you meet one imploring alms; but not frequently, although the crowds of the *May Days* seemed to draw out more beggars than ordinarily. Beggary is forbidden by law, and very few mendicants are seen at the church doors, as in Europe, or at Rio de Janeiro. One evening, walking along the Avenida, I beheld the pitiful sight of a poor creature, about seventy or

eighty years of age, huddled in a corner of the sidewalk, with a little boy by her side, the picture of the most abject misery. The sight was touching, as it formed such a striking contrast with the magnificence all around me, though the old woman may, for all I know, have been a professional, as, on another occasion, I met the same couple again.

As a rule, however, one sees very few signs of misery or wretchedness in Buenos Aires. There is poverty, of course, as there is everywhere, and the condition of the poor is, no doubt, wretched in a large city, where rents are high, and the struggle for existence has begun with all its concomitant evils; but this poverty and wretchedness do not force themselves upon you. Many of the poor live in those miserable, low, South American tenements, known as *conventillos,* yet they are, perhaps, a degree or more less wretched, than those of the unsightly tenements of New York, that reach up to the skies. The conventillo is a long, low, building, opening on the street, and stretching far back. As you pass along, you catch a glimpse of a passage, with rooms opening into it, the rooms of the poor, where, often, squalor and misery prevail. Each family occupies one or more rooms, according to its means.

Directly south of the city, in a district known as *Nueva Pompeya,* inhabited largely by Italians, a bridge crosses the Riachuelo to the Villa Alsina, on the other side. At this bridge, a great many skins are loaded on large boats to be floated down the river to La Boca for exportation. La Boca is the quarter at the extremity of the docks between the Darsena Sud, and the Riachuelo. In this Italian quarter, but, especially at the Boca, you will see the life of lower

Buenos Aires, of the hewers of wood, and the drawers of water. At the Boca, where sailors of all nationalities are to be expected, you must be prepared for the kind of life you will find in all large seaports.

In Argentina there is work for all; but wages are not so high as ours, though living is really cheaper. As with us, there is a great proletariat, an immense class that live by the labor of their hands, not only of men, but of women too. Although the employment of women in Argentina is far from being so universal as with us, and there is not such an immense multitude of factory girls, still women and girls find a considerable amount of employment. There are shop girls, "salesladies," telegraph office girls, girls that make and pack cigars, and cigarettes, girls in photographic establishments, besides many in other industries. I think that these are, nearly all, taken from the foreign population, the great army of bread-winners that have come from Europe, to seek their fortune in the New World, and who are obliged to begin at the foot of the ladder.

Ladies of the middle class are seen abroad, as in our country, well dressed, more or less active, attending to their several affairs on foot in the streets. Those of the "upper ten," and the wealthy generally drive around in their carriages.

One very useful occupation of the ladies of Argentina is the management of public charities, which is, generally, in their hands, and there are many charitable institutions throughout South America. Besides, although they take no direct part in the government, they make their influence felt, and it is, generally, for good, because the ladies of South America, as a rule, are religiously inclined. For

instance, when an attempt was made to introduce divorce into the country, it was the combined action of the ladies that nipped it in the bud. Together with the clergy, they have, also, been very influential in framing Sunday laws which are, fairly well, observed in Buenos Aires. That flagrant disregard of the sanctity of the Lord's Day that one sees in some cities in Europe is not generally noticed in the capital of Argentina.

In Latin countries, girls are kept more closely guarded than in those of the Tuetonic or Anglo-Saxon race; yet, in the more modernized countries of South America, far less so, than was the custom years ago. I think that the higher the class to which they belong, the more secluded they are, and that the original Argentinians have preserved more tradition in this regard, than the foreigners. It is not good form for young ladies to walk the streets alone, they are not left to "keep company" with young men, unless under supervision, and, in Spanish America, the vigilance of parents is sometimes very strict. On board a steamer, on one of my journeys, there were a father and daughter. It was quite evident, that he watched her with a vigilant eye. If some or other young man engaged her in conversation, the old gentleman was sure to make his appearance, a conduct in marked contrast to that of English and American parents abroad who take it for granted, that their daughters are old enough to care for themselves.

At public functions, and receptions, ladies appear to be less in evidence than in our lands, where a greater equality among men and women prevails. The ladies in South America are less masculine than ours; but they would possess still more grace, were

PRIVATE RESIDENCE, BUENOS AIRES

they to use less powder and paint, a disgusting custom that prevails generally.

From the old "blue blood" Argentine society, you must distinguish in Buenos Aires the *nouveau-riches* of which there are a great many. Some persons of this class, though they have made a great deal of money, and they live in fine houses, have not entirely weaned themselves from the habits of their earlier life, nor adopted culture and refinement. A gentleman of this description may still dress in the style of the "hacienda," and the old lady may come down to the parlor in a negligé costume, yet, apart from all this, it is a pleasure to meet them, with their simple, and unsophisticated manners.

Foreigners say, that even the old Argentines are careless in their own houses, and that the brilliancy and etiquette, shown in public, do not always find their counterpart at home.

The houses, built on the old Spanish-American system are, besides being low, at most of two stories, constructed around a patio, or courtyard, upon which the living rooms open. This is rather uncomfortable in bad weather, as to go, say from the parlor, or from your bedroom, to the dining room, you must pass through the *patio,* and be exposed to the rain, the cold, or the night air.

There is, also, a large number of houses of two stories, occupied by separate families, the one on the ground floor, and the other immediately above.

The newer residences of the wealthy are more modern in type, and some are quite palatial, being greatly influenced by French architecture, with decorations elaborate and rich. You will find in them large, well

ventilated bedroms, opening on the balcony and overlooking the street, splendidly furnished parlors and dining room, and a lift or elevator. Sometimes the kitchen is at the top of the house, so as to avoid the odor of cooking. Again the family may possess a smaller dining room for little domestic reunions, or an afternoon tea.

The four, or five o'clock tea has gotten to be quite fashionable in Buenos Aires, under the influence of English associations. Argentina consumes much tea which might supersede the old *maté,* were the latter not so deeply rooted in national habit. This herb, *yerba,* grows in Southern Brazil, Paraguay, and in Gran Chaco, Argentina. It is drunk from a gourd, the *maté,* through a tube, the *bombilla.* Some of these gourds are very rich, mounted, as they are, in silver and gold.

Put first the *bombilla* into the gourd, then the tea to which sugar must be added, and pour hot water over it. When the beverage is exhausted, pour in more hot water. The taste for *maté* must be acquired, but you will not be a full-fledged Argentinian, until you have learned to drink it. The Jesuits are said to have first discovered the properties of this South American tea. You may, also, use it in a cup with sugar and milk, as you would an ordinary tea, from which it will not differ so much in taste.

The custom used to prevail of passing the *maté* from mouth to mouth; but, under the influence of foreign influx no doubt, it is wearing away. It was even bad form to wipe off the mouthpiece, and the servant was the first to taste it, in order to clear the tube.

Argentina must be one of the great tea drinking countries, if one judges from the amount of teas advertised. These advertisements are especially prominent on long sign boards above the street cars, for much of the advertising is done from the top of the cars. Every now and then, you see a car with the sign, in big letters, of *Té Tigre, Té Magnolia,* or of some other kind of tea.

Chapter X.

THE CHURCH IN ARGENTINA.

Churches and Parishes—The Cathedral—Tomb of San Martin—Archbishop's Palace—Hierarchy in Argentina—The Cassock—Procession of Corpus Christi—San Francisco and Santo Domingo — Argentine Generosity — Funerals — The Friars in South America—Monument to Belgrano—Church of St. Ignatius—Admiring American Methods—The Passionists—Our Lady of Lujan—Reminiscenses of Pio IX—The Infanta Isabel—Irreligion—Protestant Churches.

It is impossible to write of South America, without referring to the Church, as you meet her, at every step. During the colonial period, she played a most important part in the development of the newly discovered countries, and, even today, she is so intimately bound up with public life, that it is impossible to overlook her. When the colonies won their independence in the last century, they were not prepared for the step that Brazil took, nearly a hundred years later, and thus Church and state remained generally united.

The numerous churches in existence today testify to the piety of past generations, while, as a consideable proportion of the population is made up of church-goers, especially among the women, the sacred edifices are still very much in use.

As I arrived in Buenos Aires on Sunday morning, I went in quest of a church. The one I found after some inquiries, was that of *El Socorro,* with an aristocratic congregation, consisting of a number of men,

and very many ladies. It was Pentecost Sunday, and a Solemn Mass was in progress. High Mass is sung generally on great feasts, or on special occasions, when sermons are, also, preached. The church was well filled, and it was noticed, that the ladies generally wore hats, having discarded the mantilla which is worn only by women of the lower classes, contrary to what one observes in other South American countries.

The *Socorro,* at 888 Calle Juncal, dates from 1783. It is a parish church. There are twenty-four parishes and two vice-parishes in Buenos Aires, but, besides these, the city numbers, at least sixty other churches and public chapels, and about seventy chapels that are known as semi-public. The parish churches are attended by a number of priests who are employed in the service of the church, and of subordinate institutions. Besides, it is customary in Buenos Aires for families to have a large number of Masses said at the same time, for which service many priests are required. You will notice that the churches of South America generally contain a large number of side chapels with altars. In Buenos Aires, these altars are frequently erected and maintained by private families.

After Mass, I repaired to the sacristy, where I became acquainted with a courteous young priest, Don Fortunato Devoto, of whom I had read, and whose portrait I had seen the day previously on board the ship in *Caras y Caretas,* a popular illustrated magazine. He was, at the time, temporarily in charge of the astronomical observatory of La Plata, and the magazine in question had been interviewing him on the comet which was fast approaching the earth. His words, no doubt, contributed greatly to allay the fears

and anxiety of his readers. I met him quite accidentally in the sacristy; but I was to enjoy his company a few days later at La Plata.

The church of *La Merced,* also a parish church, No. 203, Calle Reconquista, was formerly the church of the order of La Merced of the Redemption of Captives, an order of Spanish origin, once quite numerous, but limited at present mostly to Spanish America.

The cathedral, on the Calle Rivadavia, which separates it from the Plaza de Mayo is, of course, the most important church of the city. Its foundation co-incides with that of Buenos Aires, as its site was set aside for the parish church, on June 11, 1580. The first building, erected in 1622, was of adobe, with a thatched roof. This was, in course of time, improved upon and repaired, until, on May 24, 1753, it collapsed. The present edifice was begun in 1791. The façade, designed on the plan of La Madeleine, at Paris, owes its origin to President Rivadavia.

The Plaza de Mayo is, evidently, the original, and oldest square in the city, as it was the custom of the *conquistadores* to build their principal church on the *Plaza Mayor,* or great square, called also some times *Plaza de Armas,* square of arms, a kind of *Campus Martis.* In the vicinity of the cathedral, or mother church, the Franciscan, Dominican, Augustinian and Mercedarian Friars, with the later Jesuits, were accustomed to erect their churches. These religious men played always a most important, if less ostentatious, part in the history of American colonization.

Ascending a low flight of steps, you find yourself in a lofty Corinthian portico, surmounted by the ordinary triangular tympanum, filled with figures in re-

CATHEDRAL, BUENOS AIRES

lief. Entering through the middle door, you will be impressed by the sombre majesty of the interior, broken only by the gold and decorations of the main altar. Before the altar, on either side, in the spacious sanctuary, are ranged the stalls in which the canons at stated times of the day, take their seat to recite or chant the office. I have not observed in South America the old Spanish custom of having the coro or choir in the centre aisle, as one sees it at Cordova, and in other cathedrals of the Peninsula.

There are several tombs in the cathedral, but the most important is that of General San Martin, in a side chapel to the right, as you face the altar. José de San Martin was born in Argentina in 1778, and educated in Spain, where he served in the Peninsular armies. He had attained to the rank of colonel, when the revolution broke out in his country, to which he hastened back to offer his services that were gladly accepted. Henceforth he becomes one of the most prominent figures, not only in the history of Argentine independence, but in that of South America, being second only to Bolívar, if he did not equal him. His passage across the Andes was sufficient to immortalize him, and to give him a niche in the temple of fame beside Hannibal and Napoleon. Argentina, Peru and Chile profited by his military genius; yet, when the supreme glory of final conquest was in sight, he generously ceded all to Bolivar, and retired to private life. He was saved the bitterness of fraternal discord that was soon to devour the vitals of the new republics. San Martin died at Boulogne in France, on August 17, 1850. His grateful country brought his remains home, and erected his splendid mausoleum in the cathedral. Both Chile and

Peru have consecrated statues to his memory, and, during the centennial celebrations of the present year, the latter sent her cadet corps to visit his tomb. They were received on May 21 at the entrance to the cathedral by the archbishop, while one of the officers read an address, to which the vicar-general replied. The cadets of Chile and Argentina then marched into the cathedral, filing before the tomb upon which those of Chile placed a wreath. Both bodies of young men, the hope of their country, made a fine appearance, as they marched through the dim aisles of the lofty edifice.

The cathedral parish is divided into two sections, namely the vicariates of the Cathedral North, and the Cathedral South. The former is served by the church of La Merced, and the other by that of St. Ignatius.

To the left of the cathedral, stands the archbishop's palace. Entering through a large gateway, and somewhat obscure vestibule, you find yourself in a spacious courtyard of genuine old Spanish type, with offices and reception rooms on both sides. From the rear, you pass to the sacristy of the cathedral. A flight of stairs in front will lead you to the living rooms of the archbishop and his household, and to the large reception room, from which a balcony overlooks the Plaza de Mayo.

On one of the days of the centennial celebrations, the archbishop courteously invited the foreign delegates, and officers who were priests, to a breakfast at his palace. Among the guests, we noted the eloquent bishop of Serena, Chile, and a number of naval chaplains, notably the chaplain of the steamer that had brought the Infanta Isabel from Spain, the chaplain of the Spanish Corvet Nautilus, and Chaplain

MAUSOLEUM OF GEN. SAN MARTIN

Macdonald of our own South Dakota who appeared in the United States uniform.

There are nine dioceses in Argentina, namely Buenos Aires, Cordoba, Salta, San Juan, Paraná, La Plata, Santa Fé, Tucuman, and Santiago del Estero. The hierarchy consists of one archbishop, nine diocesan bishops, and a vicar-apostolic, besides several auxiliary bishops.

The diocese of Cordoba is the oldest in the country. It was established in 1570 as diocese of Tucuman, with the residence of the bishop at Santiago del Estero whence, in 1699, it was removed to Cordoba. The present dioceses of Tucuman and Santiago del Estero are of much later date.

When, in 1580, the parish church of La Santisima Trinidad, in Buenos Aires, the present cathedral, was established by Juan de Garay, founder of the city, the whole region of the La Plata was subject to the jurisdiction of the bishop of Asuncion in Paraguay; but, in 1620, Buenos Aires was made a diocese, its bishop becoming suffragan to the archbishop of Lima. The see remained vacant many years, after the separation from Spain, that is from 1812 to 1834. In 1865, it became metropolitan.

The present archbishop, Dr. Mariano Antonio Espinosa, born in 1844, and educated at Buenos Aires, and in Rome, was transferred from the see of La Plata to Buenos Aires in 1900. He is a courteous gentleman of conservative tendencies.

As Church and state are united in Argentina, the senate nominates the candidates to the episcopacy, and the names are forwarded to Rome. It sometimes occurs, that the candidate is rejected. The system is surely not the best that can be desired, as it naturally

renders bishops, more or less, subservient to the state, and timid, especially when they are subsidized by the government. This is one of those evils inseparable from a union of Church and state which, in the past, has caused no end of trouble to the Church.

There are over three hundred secular priests in the diocese of Buenos Aires, besides a very large number of others belonging to religious orders. Each diocese, except La Plata and the small diocese of Santiago del Estero, has its own seminary in which young men are trained for the priesthood. The students of La Plata are educated in the Pio-Latino College in Rome, and at the seminary of Buenos Aires, which is in charge of the Jesuit Fathers.

The clergy of Argentina, as a body, bear a very good reputation for conduct, though the general complaint one hears in South America is that many of the foreign secular ecclesiastics, led to America more by self interest than by zeal, have proved themselves worthless. For this reason, the bishops have become more cautious in admitting strangers.

In Argentina, as throughout all of South America, ecclesiastics always wear the cassock. I am, however, aware of the fact that, in Buenos Aires at least, there is a decided wish on the part of some of the clergy to discard it as a street costume; but they are, naturally, opposed by the older conservative element. There is no doubt, that in a city like Buenos Aires, seething with elements hostile to the Church, the ecclesiastical garb is somewhat of. a hindrance. Though it may protect the respectability of a priest, it also hampers his freedom of action, and must necessarily dampen his zeal. In the United States, priests clad in secular garb, go anywhere and every-

where. They penetrate, unhampered, into every nook and corner of their parish, they learn to know their people. I am afraid that this personal work of the ministry that brings the priest in touch with the people is a great desideratum in South America, for the most useful part of a priest's life does not lie in the routine work between four walls, but in seeking out the lost sheep of Israel. It is clear, that in a large, modern city, like Buenos Aires, where the cassock is exposed to constant ridicule, and where a very large proportion of the foreign element hates the very sight of it, a priest becomes timid, and must, of necessity, lack that fearless temper which would lead him to brave every obstacle, and go into the enemy's camp, if it is necessary.

A priest's life in Argentina, especially in the "camp," is a very lonely one. He visits little, and must always be on his guard among a people who watch his every action. Hence a condition of great isolation.

This animosity manifested toward the clergy, on the part of a portion of the foreign element, has, as far as I am aware, never gone to the extent of interfering with the public exercise of religion. I attended, on May 26, the Corpus Christi procession on the Plaza de Mayo, and saw no evidences of disrespect. On the contrary, there were many signs of genuine piety, in spite of the fact, that, owing to the great crowds, perfect order could not be observed.

Before the procession, Bishop Jara of Serena, Chile, delivered an eloquent discourse, filled with patriotism; and, at the completion of the ceremonies, the people, wishing to hear him still further, began to clamor for Jara, until he came out upon the balcony

of the archiepiscopal palace, and delivered another patriotic oration.

The procession was accompanied by a detachment of soldiers, with military music, and some of the most prominent gentlemen of the city took part in it, with candles in their hand.

In spite of the obstacles which union of Church and state produces, there is consolation for the former in the fact, that she has a standing, and that, officially, she is held in honor. State celebrations are, as a rule, accompanied by religious ceremonies, and the bishops are great dignitaries. For instance, on May 25, the great anniversary, and culminating day of the festivities, the celebrations began with a Te Deum in the cathedral, in presence of the authorities of the Republic, the Infanta Isabel, the president of Chile, and the foreign delegates.

As you proceed southward from the Plaza de Mayo, along the Calle Defensa, you will meet with two large churches, to each of which a monastery is attached. The first is that of St. Francis, the other of St. Dominic. With the exception of the Benedictine monks, that spent some time in Hispaniola in the days of Columbus, the Franciscans and the Dominicans were the earliest missionaries of the New World. We find them everywhere in the colonies.

Franciscan Friars, it is supposed, came to the La Plata with Mendoza, and, a few years later, they accompanied Cabrera to the same region. In the latter half of the sixteenth century, Franciscan religious settled in the vast region known as Tucuman, now comprised in the Argentine Republic, a region which was, afterward, evangelized by that great Franciscan Friar of Lima, San Francisco Solano. We find the

Franciscan monastery in Buenos Aires in the very beginning of the seventeenth century. Their second church was erected in 1602 on the site where their chapel of St. Roch now stands, and the present large edifice, forming an angle with the chapel of St. Roch, was dedicated on May 25, 1726. The large and splendid Renaissance church has recently been renovated by the donations, as I am told, of a wealthy Argentine lady.

In our country, as we know, churches are built by the contributions of the faithful. Whence comes the money for the same purpose in Argentina? First, we must remember, that many of the churches date from the Spanish period. For what concerns the building of new, and the reparation of old edifices, some have been put up by the government, while the work is done, to a great extent, by private individuals, as well as by general contributions. Although priests generally are not supported by the government, I don't think that, in Argentina, they have any difficulty to live, for Argentine Catholics are generous. As a rule, the Church bears the mark of material prosperity, without the struggle for existence it has in some countries.

As an instance of Argentine generosity, the fact was related to me that when the *Liga Social,* a society on the order of the Young Men's Christian Association, had been established, one lady promoted its interests with an annual donation of something like $15,000.

The priest's ministry is in itself a means of subsistence, not only from collections but, also, from the offerings of the people for baptisms, marriages, and interments.

Funerals in Buenos Aires take place usually from twenty-four to thirty-six hours after death. Embalming is rare, except in the case of prominent individuals. As a rule, it is now cheaper to bury the dead, than it was at one time, owing to increasing competition among *impresas funebres,* that is burial companies, or, as we should say, undertaking establishments. A fairly good funeral, with services in the church, hearse with four horses, and half a dozen carriages would cost about $300.00 Argentine money. Some funerals are conducted with great pomp, much money being expended, among other things, for the choir. It is, also, customary to have many Masses said, at the time of the funeral, and, also, on the anniversaries. Sometimes every altar in the church is engaged for Masses for the same person. Not only funerals, but, also, anniversaries are announced in the newspapers, the friends of the family generally assisting.

The proceeds of a public lottery, authorized by the government, are employed, among other charities, for the building of churches.

The Franciscan church in Buenos Aires glories in the possession of the body of Father Luis Bolaños, one of the early missionaries who died in the odor of sanctity, and whose canonization is in process. In one of the courtyards of the monastery, a tree is shown which is said to have been planted by Father Bolaños. He died early in the seventeenth century.[1]

The Friars in South America, though by far not so active with the pen as their predecessors of the early colonization period were, still have men dis-

[1] Dos Heroes de la Conquista. Fray Pacifico Otero. Buenos Aires, 1905.

tinguished by their learning and writings. In their convent at Buenos Aires, one of the number, now in the prime of life, is Fray Pacifico Otero, a man distinguished as a preacher, and for his historical knowledge. He is the author of numerous works, dealing with the early history of the La Plata countries.

The other church to which I have referred is the Basilica of the Holy Rosary which belongs to the order of St. Dominic. The Dominicans who were the earliest friars in Peru, passed from that country to Chile, whence those came who, in 1604, founded the monastery in Buenos Aires on the present site. The church is of later date. When Rivadavia was president of Argentina, in the third decade of the nineteenth century, a number of religious orders were expelled from the country, and, with them, the Dominicans, and the Mercedarians whose old monastery may still be seen, near the church of La Merced. Whatever may have been Rivadavia's motive, it appears that the vicar-general of the diocese was in harmony with him. This was the period, following the revolution, when the see was vacant. The old library of the monastery was scattered, and it is said that some of its books are now in the *Museo Mitre* while others, no doubt, are in the national library. The Dominicans afterward returned to Buenos Aires, and a portion of the old monastery is still occupied by them. They possess ten conventual establishments in Argentina.

On the little square, outside their church, stands a splendid monument to the Argentine hero, Belgrano, who, in 1806, commanded the city militia that helped to expel the British from Buenos Aires. Having taken part in the war of the revolution, figuring as one of its greatest heroes, he died at Buenos Aires in 1820,

in his fifty-first year. His name is among the Argentine immortals, and preserved by an important suburb of the city.

The present church of Santo Domingo was constructed in 1776. The canon balls fastened into the walls of the towers are relics of the British invasion of 1807.

The church of St. Ignatius, 203 Calle Bolivar, belonged to the Jesuits before their expulsion, toward the end of the eighteenth century, when they were driven out, in the most cruel manner, from all the Spanish possessions. It is now the parish church of the "Cathedral South." The present pastor, Canon José Pacifico Alcobet, has been attached forty years to this church.

A fine old cloister runs along the church, which is built in the Jesuit Renaissance style; but the interior has undergone much restoration. The building back of the church, now the University of Buenos Aires, and in a part of which the national museum existed until quite recently, formed a portion of the old Jesuit college. The other portion has been destroyed, to make room for an educational institution.

All these churches, Franciscan, Dominican, and Jesuit, with that of La Merced, and a number of others are in the old part of the city.

Another old Jesuit church is that of San Telmo in the Calle Humberto I., of which a priest of Irish descent, Monsignor MacDonnell, is the actual pastor. When the Jesuits had been expelled, it passed over to the Bethlemites, an order founded in Spanish America. These were expelled by Rivadavia, and San Telmo is now a parish church. The clergy house was the monastery of the Jesuits, and, later of the Bethlemites.

Other parish churches in old Buenos Aires, dating from the colonial period, are the *Concepcion* in the Calle Independencia, No. 904, Monserrat, *Calle Belgrano,* 1152, and *San Nicolas de Bari,* Calle Pellegrini, 404. The well-known Monsignor Orzali, cura of *San Miguel,* is a progressive man, and an admirer of the United States which he visited in 1903, while chaplain of the school ship Sarmiento. He has given up his impressions of our country in a little volume, published in Buenos Aires in 1904 as *Cuarto Viaje, etc.*, "Fourth Voyage of Instruction of the School-Frigate Sarmiento." Mgr. Orzali has introduced into his church our American custom of preaching five-minute sermons at the Masses on Sundays.

Another priest who much admires the methods of the Catholic Church in this country is the Rev. Sebastian L. Monteverde, cura of the church of the Immaculate Conception of Belgrano. This edifice, a rotunda, is one of the finest in the city.

The Jesuit church of San Salvador, attached to a large college, is one of the great centres of piety, and, as Jesuit churches generally are, quite popular.

The Fathers of the Divine Word, belonging to a religious congregation founded at Steyl in Holland, have erected a large, and beautiful Byzantine church at Palermo where they minister to a congregation which is largely Italian.

The little church of the Passionists, whose hospitality I enjoyed for nearly two weeks, was originally intended for English speaking Catholics, but, as the centre of population has shifted, it is now employed for all, though sermons are still preached in English. The Passionists, like the Redemptorists and others in South America, devote themselves greatly to the

work of giving missions throughout the country. On Sundays, priests from the Passionist monastery, deliver discourses in English at a few churches, like San Miguel, San Nicolas, and the church of Belgrano.

One of the finest churches in Argentina, in fact I am not sure, but that it may rank as the finest, is that of Our Lady of Lujan. Lujan is for Argentina what Lourdes is for France, and Guadalupe for Mexico, the place of pilgrimage, with the national shrine. A small, provincial town, it lies about an hour and a half from Buenos Aires on the Western railroad. It is the Mecca of pious Argentinians.

Among the many distinguished persons who have visited Lujan, none is more so than Pope Pius IX. When, in the early part of the last century, he accompanied the nuncio to Chile, as auditor, his route took him from Buenos Aires westward across the Andes. In those days, a delegate from the Holy See was not a welcome visitor to Argentina, and the nuncio, with his suite, was obliged to move on. They stopped over one night at Lujan on their westward journey.

The old, Spanish sanctuary, built in 1754 has in part disappeared to make room for the present magnificent Gothic edifice, the corner stone of which was laid in 1887, and which is far from being completed. The front is temporarily enclosed with boards, and the work is continuing. Unlike most South American churches, that of Lujan is built in the purest Gothic style. Its massive and austere interior transports you in imagination to one of the grand, Old World cathedrals of the Middle Ages. A unique, and original feature is the Lady Chapel, where the miraculous image is preserved. Built on immense columns,

it rises above the sacristy, behind the main altar, an aerial sanctuary, to which a double flight of broad stairs admits. The Lazarist Fathers who live in the adjacent monastery have charge of the basilica.

It was a rainy Sunday morning, when in company with Father Dominic of the Passionists, I arrived at Lujan. A short drive from the station brought us to the church. It was a gala day for the place, as the Infanta Isabel was expected.

On a recent visit to Europe, Bishop Jara of Serena, Chile, had taken nineteen banners from South America to Rome, to be blessed by the Pope, afterward presenting them to the shrine of Our Lady of the Pillar at Saragoza. In return, the Infanta was the bearer of a beautiful banner of Spain sent by the archbishop of Saragoza to Our Lady of Lujan. This was the morning of the presentation.

Buenos Aires had sent its pious, or curious crowds to attend the ceremony, and the side aisles were gradually filling up, people seizing upon every vantage ground, and standing upon the seats, to obtain a good view.

The Infanta arrived about eleven, with the archbishop of Buenos Aires, the bishop of La Plata in whose diocese Lujan is situated, the bishop of Serena, a Spanish general, the minister of Spain, a lady in waiting, and a number of other persons. On arriving at the church, the Infanta and her suite occupied seats immediately in front of the sanctuary, and the Mass began. After Mass, the eloquent Jara delivered a discourse, to accept the banner for the sanctuary of Lujan. It was brief, as, owing to a severe cold, the bishop had nearly lost his voice. As I stood near him, in the sanctuary, I distinctly caught, among other things, the following sentence:

"Should ever a nation that is not of our race attack that banner, let us all rally to its support."

Official Buenos Aires was conspicuous for its absence on the occasion. There were no soldiers, nor even policemen, as far as I could see. The Infanta was received, and escorted to the station by a primitive local band of music, and, as she walked down the aisle to leave the church, the crowd pressed around her so closely, that I wondered why so few precautions were taken. In spite of the fact, that a representative of one of the most punctilious courts of Europe was the central figure of the occasion, the affair was quite democratic. There was no admission to the church by ticket. All God's children were admitted to God's house, and, though there seemed to be a lack of order, the poor were not made to feel that they were nobody, and the confusion was without disturbance.

After the ceremony, the Infanta repaired to the house of the Lazarists, where she registered her name as "Isabel de Borbon, Infanta de España." Thus passed into history one of the features of the Argentine celebration of the anniversary of independence.

Besides their work in the parochial ministry, in teaching, and in giving missions, priests in Argentina, especially members of the religious orders, labor, also, for the Indian tribes. Thus the Salesian Fathers devote themselves to Patagonia, one of their number being Vicar-Apostolic. The Fathers of the Divine Word are in the north of the country, in the provinces of Misiones and Corrientes, as well as in Paraguay.

In spite of all the churches in Buenos Aires, and of the labors of the priests, in Argentina, and in South America generally, there is much irreligion. A considerable number are actually hostile to the

Church, while a very large proportion, though professedly Catholic, are indifferent, as far as the practice of religion is concerned. The infidel literature of the eighteenth century, secret organizations, bad example, and many other causes have produced this result.

We must, however, give credit to the Argentine clergy for not compromising with the irreligious spirit, even when it manifests itself in high quarters. As an instance, I may cite the *Revista Eclesiastica del Arzobispado de Buenos Aires,* an official, and very clever review, published under the auspices of the archbishop. In one of its numbers, among its ecclesiastical notes, it cites the *Pueblo,* to show the anti-Catholic spirit of a high public official, who, when a committee of ladies called upon him, to petition for the establishment of a bishopric in Rosario, told them that he would in every way oppose the measure, because Rosario progressed better without a bishop and "the plague of clericalism."

Among the many societies, religious, social, and charitable, that witness to the activity of the Argentine Church, mention should here be made of the *Circulos de Obreros,* or Workingmen's Societies, founded by the Redemptorist, Father Grote, and spread throughout the Republic. The object of the society is to promote the material and spiritual welfare of the working classes, on the principles of Christian social economy. The means employed are mutual succor, in the case of sickness, the foundation of primary schools for children, and of night schools for adults, the creation of employment agencies, the promotion of useful recreation, and the convening of workingmen's congresses. From what I could learn, these circles are very flourishing, with the encouragement of the clergy, under the spiritual direction of Father Grote.

There are, at least, thirteen circles in the capital, and fifty in the provinces. I understand, also, that the order of Knights of Columbus, so flourishing in the United States, had been established at Buenos Aires with the sanction of the ecclesiastical authorities, but that the permission was, afterward, withdrawn, so that the attempt came to naught.

There are a few English, American, and German Protestant churches in Buenos Aires, for, in spite of the official character of the Catholic Church, all religions are permitted in the Republic, and no one interferes with the exercise of any. The opinion in Catholic circles throughout South America is, that the Protestants do not make sincere converts out of the Latins, but, that, by drawing them away from the Catholic Church, they make them bad Christians, and indifferent to all religion. From what I could see, the South American clergy pays little heed to the activity of the Protestants. The Methodist Church in Buenos Aires calls itself the American Church.

Among Protestant activities, I may also mention the American Bible Society, the Young Men's Christian Association, and the Salvation Army. There are, also, at least two homes for seamen, under Protestant auspices, the one German, and the other English.

Chapter XI.

EDUCATION IN ARGENTINA.

Education in the Colonial Period—Public Schools—Secondary and Higher Education—University of La Plata—The Museum—Astronomical Observatory—Cordoba—Catholic Education—Parochial Schools—Catholic University—Protestant Educational Work—Schools of Rev. C. Morris.

In the colonial period, education was mainly in the hands of priests, the Jesuits being especially prominent. Schools, colleges, and universities arose in every country of Spanish America, for the natives, as well as for the children of the Spaniards, under the patronage of Spain, and of the Church. With the expulsion of the Jesuits, Spanish America lost its greatest educators, and some of its most learned men.

With the independence of the colonies, the state, as far as constant revolution would permit, began to take an interest in the work of education, and, today, especially in Chile and Argentina, that interest is decidedly great.

The Argentine government, as well as other South American countries, has done much for education, and public schools are spreading everywhere, besides many normal schools for teachers. Between the ages of six and fourteen, primary education in Argentina is compulsory, and gratuitous. In 1909, the federal government maintained 4,744 primary schools with 168,534 pupils, and 18,061 teachers, while the provinces supported a great many more. The entire number of

children of school age in the Republic amounted to 1,200,212.

Secondary education is almost gratuitous, only a small fee being charged for registration. There are sixteen lyceums, and thirty-five normal schools in the larger cities.[1]

Centres of higher education are in the university of Buenos Aires, in that of Cordoba, founded in 1612, in the National University of La Plata, and in the provincial universities of Santa Fé and Paraná. I shall here especially refer to the University of La Plata, as I am better acquainted with it. In doing so, I must write of the city itself.

The city of Buenos Aires is the capital of the Argentine Republic, but not of the province of that name. As New York is the most important city of the United States, and yet not the capital of the state of which it bears the name, Albany having that distinction, thus the province of Buenos Aires has its own capital. The name Buenos Aires is older than the great city on the Rio de La Plata, for it was given by the early Spaniards to the region as "Santa Maria de Buenos Aires," "Our Lady of Good Climate," in memory of a far-off shrine in Spain.

However, it is only of recent years, that the province of Buenos Aires has had its own capital, in the city of La Plata. La Plata, unlike so many other places, in the New World, proceeded Minerva like, full-fledged from the head of its founder, about twenty-five years ago. Buenos Aires was declared the capital of the Argentine Republic in 1880. On November 19, 1882, La Plata was founded, to serve as the capital of the province, and, two years later, the provincial

[1] Bulletin American Republics. July, 1910, p. 23.

authorities moved to the new city. The original ground was within the limits of a large *estancia,* or cattle farm, donated by the owner for the purpose. The founder, who is still alive, and whom I had the pleasure of meeting in Buenos Aires, is Dr. Dardo Rocha.

La Plata is about eighteen miles southeast of Buenos Aires, with a population of 90,000, and completely modern, with exceedingly wide streets. It has the distinction of being the first city in South America, to introduce electric cars, but, owing to a financial crisis, I think the one that struck the whole country on the bankruptcy of Baring Brothers, the service was suspended, and when I visited La Plata, only horse cars were running. As the seat of government, and of a university, it is not commercial, but rather academic in tone. Quiet prevails throughout, and, after dark, it is dead. For business, and for amusement, people must resort to Buenos Aires.

La Plata is filled with splendid public buildings, that give an air of distinction to the city. Though laid out on a different plan, and being only the capital of a province, it may be called the Washington of Argentina, on a small scale.

The first of these buildings is the government house, like the rest, built, more or less, in classic style, modified by later Renaissance features. The central part of the building projects outward between two wings, with an arched entrance, beneath an elevated Ionic portico. The governor of the state who received the Americanists in the large reception hall was Colonel José Inocencio Arias.

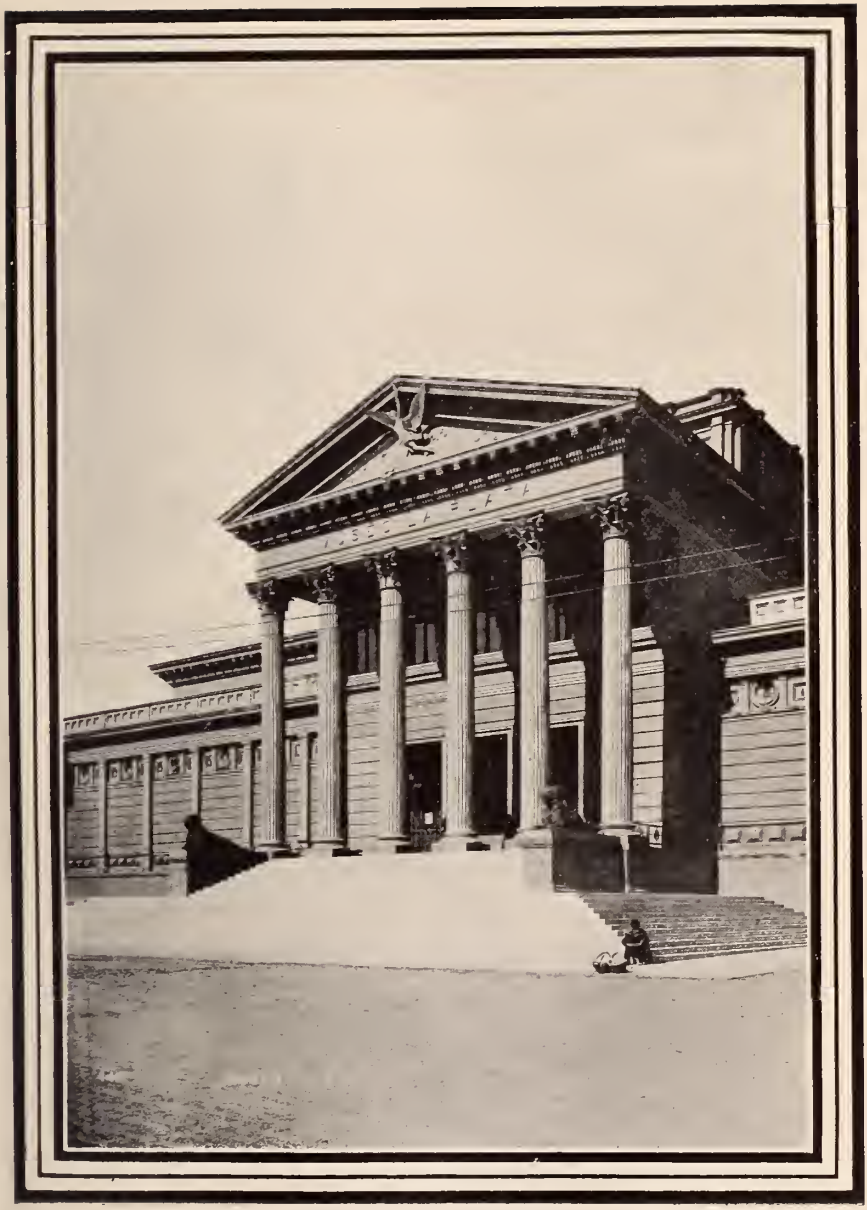
The palace of the legislature is an imposing building in the same style, with its two beautiful legislative halls, one for the house of delegates, and the other

for the senate. Other imposing buildings are the court house, the city hall, and the residence of the governor, besides several large schools.

The most important edifices in La Plata, and those which will particularly interest the visitor belong to the University, which was founded in 1905, at the time, when Dr. Manuel Quintana was president of the Republic. The courses were inaugurated in March of the following year, with 1,012 students. That number has since been increased to over 2,000. The buildings of the university, with their adjacent grounds and gardens, are scattered over the city. They were put up at a cost of nineteen million Argentine dollars. Their number is, at least, eleven, devoted, as they are, to the sections of social and juridicial science, pedagogy, philosophy and letters, mathematics, physics and astronomy, natural sciences, with geography, chemistry, and pharmacy, besides agriculture, and veterinary science. The university has, also, a school of design.

To the preparatory department belong a national college, with over 500 pupils, a college for young ladies, with over 200, and a graduate school, belonging to the section of pedagogy.

The buildings are all in the Renaissance style, the large patio in the main building being particularly noticeable. With a beautifully tiled floor, it is surrounded by a tower, and upper gallery, with columns respectively of the Doric and Ionic orders. The spacious, and elegantly furnished reception hall of the president breathes an air of academic tranquility, inspired by classic taste. In this building is, also, the main library, with 40,000 volumes which is, at the same time, for the use of the public. The various departments have their special libraries, with about 30,000 volumes.



MUSEUM, LA PLATA

One of the most æsthetic of the buildings, by the chaste lines of the centre, and its rather unique semi-circular terminations, is the one devoted to the natural sciences, and design. The museum is, also, in this building. A beautiful, and shady walk between tall, slender trees, clustering forest-like together, leads up to it.

The first floor of the building is devoted to the splendid museum, while one wing of the upper floor contains the library, and the other, the section of the fine arts. The vestibule is a circular hall, beneath a graceful dome, surrounded by slender pillars.

The collection in the museum consists principally of geological, paleontological, anthropological, and ethnological specimens, with a department of zoölogy. Its main interest lies in the fact, that so many of the specimens are South American, a fact that renders it invaluable for a study of the anthropology, and ethnology of the La Plata regions. The collection of skulls must be one of the best in the world. Dr. Robert Lehmann-Nitsche, curator of the anthropological section, was the secretary-general of the International Congress of Americanists. To the small department of archaeology, or rather history, belongs an interesting collection of relics from the Jesuit missions in Paraguay. This beautiful museum, undoubtedly, reflects great credit on Argentina.

From the museum, we may proceed to the astronomical observatory in charge of Rev. Fortunato Devoto, whom we had the pleaesure of meeting, at the church of *El Socorro* in Buenos Aires. The grounds of the observatory contain a considerable number of buildings, wherein a variety of instruments assist the astronomers in their study of the heavens. The two most striking, are the circular edifices, the one serv-

ing for the reflector, and the other for the great equatorial telescope. The meridian instrument, with a diameter of sixty centimetres, was made by Gautier of Paris for the Sultan of Turkey, Abdul Hamid, in 1889. As the Ottoman government failed in its payments, the instrument was put on exhibition at the Paris exposition, and, finally, purchased by the province of Buenos Aires.

An interesting instrument is that intended for the study of seismology, or the science of earthquakes. It is kept in a subterranean apartment.

Besides this observatory of La Plata, Argentina possesses another that is well known, at Cordoba. Both are under the direction of Americans, Señor Devoto having had charge of the one at La Plata, only during an *interim*.

Before bidding farewell to the University, I wish to mention the gymnasium, a tasteful building in Grecian style, in the form of a temple, around which runs a Doric colonnade. On the grounds you will, also, find a field for ball games, and a swimming pool.

The system of co-education exists at the university of La Plata, and a certain number of ladies follow the courses, and take degrees.

Undoubtedly the institution serves greatly to advance the cause of science in the Republic, but I doubt whether it will advance the cause of religion. Our universities of today, unlike those of the Middle Ages, have a tendency to ignore revealed religion, if they are not absolutely hostile to it. However, at La Plata, as elsewhere, much depends on the men at the head, and on the teaching corps.

The city of La Plata was erected into a diocese in 1897, when it was separated from Buenos Aires. The

first bishop was Monsignor Espinosa, at present archbishop of Buenos Aires, and the present incumbent of the see is Dr. Juan Nepomuceno Terrero, whom I shall always remember, on account of his gentle manners, and his exquisite politeness.

The province of Buenos Aires is the most populous, and the most important of the whole country, for which it is, naturally, the railroad centre, with nearly 6,000 miles of railroad. The northeastern section, as far as Rosario in the north, and for some distance westward, toward Cordoba, is dotted with railroad stations, and villages; but the southern portion of the province is comparatively uninhabited, except along the railroads. The cities of greatest importance are Buenos Aires, La Plata, and Bahia Blanca in the extreme south, with its seaport.

Argentina also possesses a number of agricultural colleges, and various other special institutes.

It is striking, that in a country where the great majority of the people profess, nominally at least, one faith, religion should be excluded from the curriculum of education, and yet such is the case in the public schools of Argentina, although the clergyman, with his catechism, is tolerated after school hours.

If the Catholic Church in the Argentine Republic wishes to prevent its children from growing up in religious ignorance, the parochial school system will have to increase. To its credit it must be said, that Catholic education is widespread, and that serious efforts are made to increase the education facilities for the poor. The number of colleges and schools for both sexes, in charge of religious orders, or of other Catholic teachers in the capital, as well as in the provinces, is too great for me to count them. The Jesuits, Christian Brothers, Salesian Fathers, Fran-

ciscans, Dominicans, Fathers of the Divine Word, Ladies of the Sacred Heart, Sisters of the Sainte Union des Sacrés Coeurs, Sisters of Mercy, and others conduct educational work throughout the country. There are three parochial schools for boys, and one for girls in the city of Buenos Aires, but this is far from being the extent of Catholic instruction which is given gratuitously, a number of free schools being connected with other colleges, or carried on independently. Besides the many orphan asylums for both sexes, there are, at least, twelve gratuitous schools for boys, and thirteen for girls in the city; while it is likely that a considerable number of schools, mentioned in the Ecclesiastical Directory of Buenos Aires as *Colegios,* also afford free instruction.

In the provinces, there are about twenty-one parochial schools, besides others, in which instruction is given gratuitously. There is no doubt, that the Church is working hard in the right direction, but the needs of an ever increasing population are great, and it is not an easy task to supply them. The societies of workingmen, the *Circulos de Obreros,* to which I referred in a preceding chapter, give great promise in this regard. One of their ends is to establish schools, and, at the present time, they are supporting at least seventeen in different parts of the country.

Outside of the seminaries, the work of higher education is still in its infancy; but it will, surely, increase. A Catholic university has been established in Buenos Aires, with a faculty of law and social science, under the direction of Monsignor Luis Duprat, which will, no doubt, become a nucleus of greater things for the future.

Protestants, too, are more or less active in the work of education. A Protestant minister, the Rev-

erend C. Morris, has established a number of private schools, especially among the poor, with teachers brought from Spain. Last year he is said to have had 3,000 children in his schools, nine-tenths being Catholics, at least nominally. Once a week, he distributes gifts to the parents. The government helps his work, by giving him $3,000 dollars (silver) a month. Besides, he collects among the banks, and railroad companies, and elsewhere. He is said to have thus gathered about seventy thousand dollars. I admire his zeal; it would be well to follow his example. As far as the numbers of his children, and the amount and source of his collections are concerned I have this merely on the authority of others; but it is a known fact that he carries on schools, the *Escuelas Evangelicas Argentinas,* for boys at 1810, Guemes, and 1830, Nicaragua streets, and, for girls, at 1830, Guemes. It is, also, known that his schools are supported by contributions.[2]

[2] Almanaque del Mensajero, p. 195.

Chapter XII.

FROM BUENOS AIRES TO SANTIAGO.

Choice of Route—Paraguay—Overland Route to Bolivia—Purchasing a Ticket—The Old Coach Journey—Discomforts—The Pampas—Line of the Railroad—Mercedes—Chacabuco—Mendoza—Transferring to the Narrow-Gauge Road—Sunrise on the Andes—The Ascent—Puente del Inca—Aconcagua—Mountain Sickness—Las Cuevas—The Christ of the Andes—The Tunnel—Old Method of Crossing the "Cumbre"—The Descent—"The Soldier's Leap."—Los Andes—Santiago.

The time had now arrived to bid farewell to Buenos Aires, and proceed on my journey to the lands of South America on the Pacific coast. I had two routes to choose from, the one lasting about ten days, around the continent through the Straits of Magellan, and the other across the continent by railroad.

For the former, I might proceed to Montevideo, and take one of the transatlantic steamers of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company which go through the straits, and up the coast, as far as Callao, or I might engage passage by a German steamer of the Kosmos Line. By this route, I would have an opportunity of beholding the magnificent scenery of the Straits of Magellan, and, should I take the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, of making a stop at the very interesting Falkland Islands. But the voyage is long, and, to some extent, rough. Besides, at this season of the year, it is very cold in the regions of the straits. For these, and other reasons, I decided to travel by rail. Had I come last year in winter, I

would probably have been obliged to go via the straits, for the Trans Andean route was generally closed from May to October. Now, however, the new tunnel facilitates the transit of the Andes. The president of Chile, delegates from the West Coast, and the Chilean cadets had recently passed through it, therefore I had no reason to hesitate.

There was one country of South America on the East Coast, I should have wished to see, but my time would not permit it. I refer to Paraguay. The Republic of Paraguay lies directly north of Argentina, and south of Brazil, between the Paraguay and Paraná rivers, the smaller portion being in the tropical, and the larger in the temperate zone. This country, with one of the finest climates in South America is, probably, less known than any other, and yet it has immense wealth which needs only to be developed. It received a terrible setback in the war which, from 1864 to 1870, was waged against it by the combined forces of Argentina, Brazil, and Uruguay, in which about half a million people perished. Since then, it has been slowly recovering, with cattle raising as the principal industry. Paraguay has no seaport, and must ship its produce down the river to Buenos Aires, or Montevideo.

To go to Paraguay, I would have had to take a steamer to Asuncion, the capital, a journey which would have consumed at least four days. A portion of the journey, however, can be made by rail, as two Argentine railways reach almost to the frontiers, the one, on the right bank of the river Paraná, terminating at Resistencia, in the territory of Chaco, and the other, on the left bank, at Corrientes. It will, probably, not be very long before the Paraguayan railroad, now running from Asuncion to Pirapo will be extend-

ed to the river, opposite Posadas, on Argentine territory, which will, sooner or later, be connected with the line, now terminating at Concepcion. It will then be possible to go from Buenos Aires to Asuncion by rail.

A student of history is amply repaid for a journey to Paraguay by the ruins of the old Jesuit missions, scattered over the country. During my stay in Argentina, the Spanish Jesuit Father, Astrain, had just gone up there, in the interest of a history of the Society for which he is gathering material. The ethnologist, and philologist will also find much room for study in the Indian population, still quite numerous.

The Falls of Iguazu, on the river of that name, between the Argentine territory of Misiones and Brazil, are said to rival those of Niagara, but they are of difficult access. The Iguazu is a tributary of the Upper Paraná, and the nearest railroad ends at Concepcion, about 150 miles south.

Owing to my limited program, extended enough as it was, I found myself obliged to sacrifice the advantages to be derived, artistically, as well as scientifically, from a visit to Paraguay and northeastern Argentina. It is true, I had a splendid opportunity of becoming better acquainted with the northwestern portion of the Republic, but I should have been obliged to sacrifice Chile, which I could not bring myself to do, as Santiago was of too great importance for my studies in literature.

Several of my fellow Americanists availed themselves of the opportunity, to perform this difficult journey through Argentina to Bolivia which had been organized especially for the members of our Congress, with the joint co-operation of the two countries, both giving free transportation on the railroads in their

territory, over which they had control. The route lay along the Central Argentine railroad from Buenos Aires to Cordoba, thence by narrow guage, via Tucuman, to Jujuy, and the confines of Bolivia. Hence a long journey of a week or more was to be made by coach, with the poorest of accommodations, until the Antofagasta and Bolivia railway was reached at Oruro in the Cordilleras, at an altitude of over 12,000 feet. From Oruro, you go by rail to La Paz, the capital of Bolivia, and thence by steam and electric railway to Guaqui on Lake Titicaca.

I felt that, besides the time consumed, the journey would have been too arduous, especially as I expected to reach La Paz from the Pacific, an expectation, in which, as we shall see, I was disappointed. The advantage of the expedition consisted mainly in the fact, that it afforded a splendid opportunity to become acquainted with the Indians of the interior of Bolivia and Peru, and to study the Inca, and Pre-Inca ruins of both countries.

However, I consoled myself with the expectation of contemplating the magnificent scenery of the Andes, between Argentina and Chile, and of making an historical and literary study of Santiago.

On deciding as to my route, I set about obtaining information. It took me a whole afternoon to find out where I might purchase a ticket. On being told, that there was an agency on the Plaza de Mayo, I sought for it in vain. Then, by direction, I went to the station on the *Plaza Once* of the Western railroad, only to be sent further on. Finally, on arriving at the *Retiro* station, I concluded that I was right, but soon discovered, that though this was really the terminal of the Pacific railway, they did not sell tickets to Chile which, I was informed, were to be purchased

at the Villalonga Express, the offices of which are located in the vicinity of the Plazo de Mayo, on the Balcarce street. I had had my labor in vain, and a long tramway journey which, however, served to extend my knowledge of the city.

At a department of the Villalonga, the great express company of Buenos Aires, which has charge of the Trans-Andean route, I purchased a first-class ticket directly for Santiago, for thirteen pounds and a half, or $67.50 which includes the sleeping berth, but not meals. This is a good deal for a journey of only thirty-six hours, or a little more than 892 miles, but then, we must remember that railroads in South America are comparatively new, and that traffic is small. The English sovereign in South America, I may remark in passing, is generally worth five dollars of our money.

Long distance trains in Argentina do not always run every day, and for Chile, you can obtain one, only three times a week, on Sundays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays.

As far as baggage is concerned, you may take into the cars only small hand baggage; the rest must be registered, though fifty kilos are transported free. The check system prevailing with us does not exist anywhere, as far as I know.

All the preliminaries being arranged, I parted from my good friends, the Passionists, and boarded my train at the Retiro station, to leave for the west, at 8.20 a. m. of June the seventh. This schedule was announced to continue, until the end of June, after which it would depend on circumstances, namely the amount of snow on the mountains. At all events, I was fortunate.

The journey from Buenos Aires to Chile is indeed paradise, compared to what the coach voyage must have been in the olden times, for instance when Monsignor Mastai Ferretti, the future Pius IX., performed it, early in the last century. Yet, for one accustomed to railroad travel in the United States, it is not without its discomforts. First, it was cold, with that damp, raw, penetrating cold, that eats into the marrow of your bones, and chills your blood, colder on the plains, than on the mountains where the air was more dry. During the day, in the sunshine, the temperature was not disagreeable, but, in the morning, and at night, it gave one unaccustomed to it no rest. To make matters worse, there was no way of getting warm, for the cars were not heated. All you could do was to wrap yourself up in a blanket, be philosophical about it, and forget that your feet were freezing. There was little means of raising your temperature by moving about, for, in the narrow corridor, you were sure, every now and then, to come into collision with some unfortunate pedestrian, trying, like yourself, to get warm, or passing from one part of the train to the other. Your sitting room was your little stateroom, unless you wanted to pass over to the dining car, which was used all day as the common lounging room, where you might eat, drink, chat, and smoke as you liked. As far as smoking is concerned, there were no restrictions, you could smoke anywhere. The dining room, when it had been occupied for several hours, as you may imagine, stood in great need of a thorough cleaning up, for it was not precisely like a North Holland drawing room. Further, the train was crowded with passengers, many of whom were returning from the Argentine festivities. Some few were English or Americans.

It was in these surroundings, that we spent nearly twenty-four hours, leaving Buenos Aires at 8.20 a. m., and arriving at Mendoza the following morning at 6.15. I need not say, that the night was a restless, shivering one, but, like all nights, it passed away, to usher in a morning, no less cold. Add to the discomfort of the cold, that of the dust. It was a fine, all penetrating dust, that dust of the pampas, which, piercing the crevices, covered you all over, as well as everything else in the train, so subtle that you could not see it in its action, yet most obvious in its results.

Before I leave the stateroom, I wish to draw your attention to the fact, that the berths are not fixed, but movable, as in our Pullmans, so that the lower berth serves as a seat, during the day. The little compartment is much like the staterooms on our Pullmans.

For the present, we may as well forget our discomforts, and direct our attention to the country. Until the Andes come into view, as you approach Mendoza, there is no scenery. All that you will see during the day can be summed up in a few words: boundless pampas melting away toward the horizon; an occasional pond or stream; here and there a solitary house; a few towns; some railway stations; great herds of cattle, left to wander free over the estates; troops of long-legged ostriches; multitudes of rabbits, sporting with the cattle; and some carcasses left to the birds of prey.

Traveling from east to west, until you reach the eastern slopes of the Andes, you will find Argentina an immense plain; but, from Tucuman, where the elevations rise to an altitude of 15,000 feet, southward, you pass through an undulating region of mountains,

and valleys. On the present journey, however, you will enjoy no view of anything like mountains, for, during the day, the train crosses the pampas. It is better thus, as the passage of the Cordilleras is reserved for daylight.

It is these immense plains that offer a home to the immigrant who may make a fortune, if he have courage enough to overcome the loneliness of the pampas. The wealth of the plains lies principally in their great herds of cattle; they are the regions of the gauchos, the Argentine cowboys. Ostriches become quite numerous a few hours after leaving Buenos Aires, and, as to the rabbits, they are a plague of the country.

The line of the *Ferro Carril del Pacifico,* the Pacific Railway, runs west, with a slight tendency toward the north, until it reaches Mendoza. Crossing the entire provinces of Buenos Aires, Cordoba, San Luis, and Mendoza, it passes about eighty stations along the line, one of them, somewhat more than half way to Mendoza, bearing the name of Washington. The railway does not approach nearer to the city of Cordoba, which lies directly north, than about 140 miles. In course of time, this whole country will be built up, as the prairie regions of the United States have been, with the railroad stations becoming towns, and cities. At present, the most important towns one passes on this road with populations ranging from four to ten thousand or more, are Mercedes, Chacabuco, Junin, Castellanos, and La Paz.

Mercedes lies about sixty miles west of Buenos Aires, with a population which, in 1895, was over five thousand, but which must have greatly increased since then. One of the older towns of the Republic, the parish having been established in 1825, it belongs to the diocese of La Plata, with a parish church, and

a number of chapels, several colleges, a hospital, and an asylum. Among the public chapels, we find one, dedicated to St. Patrick, with the Rev. Thomas O'Grady in charge. The Palottini Fathers are especially active in Mercedes.

Chacabuco, smaller than Mercedes and of much more recent growth, lies further west, also in the province of Buenos Aires. Junin, in the same province, still further to the west, is somewhat larger than Chacabuco, and comparatively modern. Castellanos seems to be a growing town, in the region of the pampas.

At Justo Daract, the line separates into two divisions, the older and more circuitous one passing through the city of San Luis, and the shorter route on the south, through La Paz. A short distance, west of La Paz, the lines unite again, to continue on to Mendoza. La Paz, with a population of over five thousand, is situated in the province of Mendoza.

You pass Mercedes, Chacabuco, and Junin during the day, but Justo Daract, the junction, is not reached, until nine at night, and La Paz, not until three in the morning. You arrive at Mendoza about three hours later.

This city, with a population of between twenty-five and thirty thousand, is the capital of the province of the same name which was given to it in memory of Don Garcia Hurtado de Mendoza, Marquis of Cañete, one of the earlier viceroys of Peru who commanded the expedition against the Araucanians of Chile, in which took part the soldier-poet, Ercilla y Zuñiga, author of *La Araucana*. Mendoza is a little more than 713 miles from Buenos Aires.

This province is the principal wine growing district in Argentina and, in fact, in America. Lying at the

foot of the Cordillera chain, which, with its snow-crowned peaks, forms a picturesque background, Mendoza enjoys a cloudless sky and a dry atmosphere. It possesses several health resorts, where medicinal baths may be had, such as at Cacheuta, in the department of Lujan, Villavicencio, department of Las Heras, Los Molles, in San Rafael, and Puente del Inca, Lujan, which we shall pass, as we ascend the mountain. The province possesses, too, some oil wells, and, also, coal which may be worked in course of time.

The railway by which we have traveled, beginning at Buenos Aires, and culminating at Mendoza, was completed in 1886, thus uniting the capital with the western limits of the Republic, and with one of its most important cities. Mendoza is older than Buenos Aires, the mother church of the parish dating from 1561. Besides this one, the city possesses churches of the Franciscans, Jesuits, and others, two colleges, a hospital, a penitentiary and several fine school buildings. It belongs to the diocese of San Juan.

At Mendoza, nearly 2,471 feet above the sea, the traveler who is to cross the Cordillera, changes from the Pacific broad-gauge, to the Argentine Transandean which is a narrow-guage. You have three quarters of an hour, and you may take your coffee at the station or, if you prefer, wait until the train starts, and sip it in the little dining car.

It was cold and dark, when I made the exchange, walking some distance from one train to the other with my heavy bags; but I was no worse off than the others, laden down as they were with valises, satchels, boxes, and baggage of all description. No one seemed to bother about the regulation, forbidding all but small hand baggage in the passenger coaches, and, in a corner of our car, luggage was piled up, almost to the

ceiling, mine having had the misfortune of getting in at the bottom. Seats were at a premium, the number of passengers being so large. You may thus imagine the discomfort of this mountain journey. Ahead of us, went a second-class coach with three or four passengers, including a priest, although priests in Argentina generally travel first class. Then followed the dining car which might also be used as a sitting room, if a seat could be obtained. Behind the diner, came our car, with a kind of observation compartment, and a diminutive platform at the rear. As far as comfort went, the second-class coach, having so few passengers, was, surely, more comfortable than ours. The little metal platforms between the coach and the dining car were hardly more than a foot and a half in width, and it required a certain amount of skill to spring from one to the other, as with the movement of the train, they were playing "hide and seek" with each other, while we toiled up the mountain.

When the day began to break, we caught our first view of the Cordilleras, with the long snow line above them, though little fresh snow had fallen. There are few things so beautiful, as the effect of the increasing morning light, upon the snow-capped mountains. Years ago, I looked out of the windows at the Rigi-Kulm on the summit of Mount Rigi, at the light, as it came creeping down the mountain sides, coloring the snow with the purple and pink of the morning. First, the peaks were gently tipped with gold, then the day descended slowly, until a long straight line divided it from the receding shades of the dawn.

And here arose before me a mountain chain, far wilder, far more colossal, than the Alps, and again I saw the day break upon the heights, the snow purpled with the light of dawn, the peaks tipped with

SCENE ON THE TRANSANDINE RAILWAY

gold, and the day descend to chase back the darkness into the precipices between the rocks. Such pictures are never forgotten, they rest and refresh the mind, wearied with the moving pictures of modern activity.

At seven o'clock, we began the ascent, leaving the picturesque old town of Mendoza with civilization behind us, to plunge into the mountain wilderness of the Argentino-Chilean Cordillera. At first you observe a scant vegetation, then only tufts of mountain grass, scattered here and there, and, finally, nothing but rock, lifeless rock, above, around, below you. All seems dead. No animal may start from the clefts, as your train puffs its painful way through the pass, no bird may circle through the air, even insects appear to be absent. The condor makes its home here; but condors are rare. Yet there is much animal life in the Cordillera, if one knows how to look for it, and the hunter and naturalist are repaid for their trouble. No towns, no villages exist on these inhospitable mountains. Only the oven-shaped little houses which once served for shelter against the mountain storms, in the days of foot travel, and which still serve, with the isolated railway stations, and scattered settlements, tell you that men pass this way. It is said, that no lone traveler could ever cross the Cordilleras, as they are infested with robbers; hence foot travelers between Argentina and Chile, if they cannot afford to take the train, generally go in groups.

The railroad follows the old mountain pass which you see winding its way up, at some distance off, and which is said to date from the time of the Incas, those old mountaineers of the Peruvian uplands who extended their dominion, and their influence over these regions as well.

Shortly after leaving Mendoza, with the white peaks towering to the right, and in front of you, your train crosses the Mendoza river which comes pouring down from the summit of the mountains, and flowing to the north, unites with the river system that finally loses itself in the great Saline Lake in the territory of La Pampa to the south. About fifteen kilometers further on, you pass through a tunnel, and reach your first station at the Baths of Cacheuta, at an altitude of 1,200 metres. These thermal baths are used principally for rheumatism, and certain forms of uterine disease. Between Cacheuta and San Ignacio, you go through another tunnel, and, after leaving the latter station, cross the little Rio Blanco, an affluent of the Mendoza which must not be confounded with two others of the same name that you will meet further up the mountain, the one on the Argentine, and the other on the Chilean side. From now on, you will pass through several tunnels, before arriving at the highest point of your journey.

Your next stations will be La Invernada, and Uspallata. At the latter, the railway, following the course of the Mendoza river, makes a great curve, and striking the old highway from Mendoza to Chile, deflects to the southwest, until Punta de Vacas, at an altitude of 2,350 metres is reached, when it turns to the west. At Uspallata, you are directly north of the Cerro del Plata which rises to a height of nearly 14,000 feet. Before ariving at Punta de Vacas, the train crosses the second Rio Blanco, and the Zanjon Amarillo, both of which flow into the Mendoza. Here the ascent becomes more steep, and the system of cogs between the tracks begins which will continue, until you reach the great tunnel, to be resumed on the other side, and to last far down the deep descent on Chilean

territory. To your right, on the other side of the river, the old mountain road continues to ascend, sometimes making a curve, or, again, to avoid a steep grade, zigzagging in a series of V-shaped angles. The telegraph lines, crossing the mountains, fixed to slender iron rods, accompany you on your way, but there is no telephone yet between Argentina and Chile.

At Punta de Vacas, the volcano Tupungato is seen on your left, to the southwest. It is one of the highest peaks of the Cordilleras, with an altitude of 22,000 feet. You are now at a height of nearly 7,800 feet; but you have to rise much higher, before you reach the tunnel.

On the left hand you will, also, observe, if you are attentive, some time after leaving Punta de Vacas, the interesting group of rocks, known as *Los Penitentes.* The principal pile resembles an old cathedral, and the smaller rocks look like dark-robed figures, advancing toward the church, on their knees. One of the many legends of the Andes is connected with these rocks, and, from it, their name is derived. According to the legend, the "Penitentes" are members of a degenerate community who, repenting too late of their misdeeds, and pleading, in vain, for mercy, were turned into stone.

Your next point of interest is Puente del Inca, at an altitude of over 8,800 feet. If your train is on time, leaving Mendoza at seven, you should arrive at Puente del Inca at thirty-five minutes after one.

There is very little snow in the mountains now, except above the perpetual snow line, but, a few weeks later, the train was snow-bound for a considerable time, to the great inconvenience of the passengers who, as food had given out, were condemned to a long fast of twenty-four hours. Fortunately, the

train had managed to reach Puente del Inca, where the hotel was opened for sleeping accommodations for which no provision is made on the little narrow-gauge road. Against such accidents, it is not always possible to provide, even with the large snow ploughs that the company employs, to keep the road open.

Although there was little snow, when we crossed, it was freezing, but, as the sun was shining brightly, and the air was dry, I did not feel the cold, as much as I had done, on the pampas. At this altitude, the climate is very fine in summer, and Puente del Inca, possessing very famous thermal baths, is quite a popular summer resort. The long, low hotel may be comfortable enough for all I know, but there is very little splendor about the place, to indicate anything like a resort of fashion. There are three baths, designated "Venus," "Mercury, or Hornita," and "Champagne," the last being the strongest.

A Brazillian traveler, visiting the spot in 1900, speaks thus of them:

"I went from the snow into the bath "Venus," the most moderate of these baths, in spite of the high temperature of nearly 30° Centigrade, receiving several shocks, as the water bubbles out in colossal proportions. The odor is very disagreeable, owing to the existence in it of sulphuric acid in no small quantity. . . ."

"As for 'Champagne,' it is enough to approach the bath, to feel as though you were being asphyxiated."[1]

The *Puente del Inca,* or Inca Bridge, is a natural bridge of rock, formed by the impetuous waters of the Rio Mendoza which pouring down the mountain side have made an excavation, leaving the rock above to form a bridge, at a height of more than sixty-five feet.

[1] Viagens pelo Interior da Republica Argentina. Dr. Antonio Carlos Simoens da Silva, p. 21.

ACONCAGUA

From a number of stalactites the water oozes drop by drop, and the baths situated beneath the bridge, face the river bank. Here the train crosses the river for the last time, before arriving at Las Cuevas. Since leaving Mendoza, it has followed its course in an opposite direction, crossing it about eleven times.

There is a rock in the mountains, somewhere in this vicinity, known as "Inca Stone," and tradition has it, that the Incas were wont to bring their sick to this place to take the baths.

A little beyond Puente del Inca, you catch sight, on your right, of Aconcagua, more than eighteen miles away from you, the highest peak in the Andes, raising its snow-crowned summit to a height of 23,000 feet. Three travelers, Sir Martin Conway, Mr. Rankin, and Mr. Fitzgerald, have made the ascent of Aconcagua.

By this time, if you are at all susceptible, you may have begun to experience a little of the mountain sickness, by accelerated breathing, heart palpitation, and a certain lassitude, rendering exercise, more or less, difficult. However, I do not believe, that on this pass, the *soroche,* or mountain sickness, is ever experienced to such a degree, as in the higher altitudes of Peru and Bolivia, where it is apt to be accompanied by violent headache, vomiting, nose and ear bleeding, and, where, in the case of a weak heart, it may prove fatal. On the coast of Peru, a traveler who had just come down from Lake Titicaca told me of a lady who, hastening to the lowlands to put an end to the mountain sickness from which she had been suffering, fell dead, as she reached the steamer on the lake. Even here, the climate is very trying to one not accustomed to it, for at the altitude of Las Cuevas it is

cold all the year round. One of my fellow travelers, Mr. George Kaldager, who had, for some time, been station agent at Las Cuevas, was so broken in health, that it became necessary to remove him, and put a native in his place. Add to the climate, and the rarity of the air, the unbroken solitude, and unvarying monotony of the place, and you will form some idea of the dreary existence that one leads there. In the winter months, the cold is intense, with severe frost, of which the water pump is a constant reminder, as it is a pillar of ice. Las Cuevas, the last station in Argentina, is at an altitude of over 10,300 feet.

We were due there at forty minutes past two, but we did not arrive till about four o'clock. Formerly, at Las Cuevas, passengers for Chile were obliged to take mules and coaches, to cross the *Cumbre,* or highest point of the pass which, in a zigzag line, winds up the heights. The coach road extends from Las Cuevas to Caracoles, where the Chilean train was taken for the descent of the mountain. The highest point of the *Cumbre* is 14,500 feet.

The dividing line between Chile and Argentina crosses the *Cumbre,* and here stands a large statue of Christ, the "Prince of Peace," erected by the initiative of South American ladies, as the emblem, and a guarantee of peace between the two countries. It was inaugurated in 1903. Unfortunately, it cannot be seen from the train, and to obtain a view of it, you must ascend the *Cumbre.* At the time the statue was erected, the question regarding the point of the compass toward which it should face threatened to bring about an unpleasant complication, not at all in keeping with the character of the statue. Should it face east or west, its back would have been turned either to Chile, or to Argentina, and neither country would agree to this. The matter was, there-

fore, compromised, by having the statue face the north.[2] Let us hope, that, looking toward the northern republics, it may be for them an incentive to peace, as well as to the Argentine Republic, and Chile.

Mr. William Jennings Bryan, whose lecture on the "Prince of Peace" is famous, was one of the last of the travelers from Chile to Argentina, to cross in the old-fashioned way, as the tunnel has been opened since. A photograph of his group was taken at the highest point. Mr. D. H. McMillen, the American in charge of the mule transport over the Cumbre, who had taken Mr. Bryan across, was my fellow passenger on the Oravia, from Valparaiso to Callao. He was returning home, as his business was at an end.

At Las Cuevas, you now change for the Chilean narrow-gauge road, *Transandino Chileno,* which, to a large extent, if not entirely, is operated by American capital, under American management. Here, too, the standard time changes, Chilean time being forty-four minutes behind that of Argentina. The official time of Chile has recently been set exactly five hours behind Greenwich time.

The famous tunnel through which you now pass is nearly two miles long. The railroad from Santiago was built in 1874, as far as Los Andes, where the Chilean-Transandine road begins which, as late as 1906, did not proceed further than Rio Blanco, where it was met by the mule train, coming down from the Cumbre; then it was extended to Juncal, and, finally, to Caracoles. When Rio Blanco was the terminus, the traveler from Chile went by wagon to Juncal, where in one of two fairly good hotels, he might rest a few hours. Between three and four in the morning, he took the mule train across the Cumbre, arriving at

[2] Whright, Republic of Chile, p. 303.

Las Cuevas at seven, to take the train for Mendoza. It is difficult to cross the Cumbre, after ten in the morning, owing to the strong winds that prevail.[3]

In the days, about 1903, when Salto del Soldado in Chile was the terminus of the road, connecting with those from Santiago or Valparaiso, it took nearly 58 hours, or three days and two nights, to make the trip to Buenos Aires, for which, at present, only one night and two days are required. There has been, thus, a steady improvement. It is a pity, that the Transandean gauges differ from the others in Argentina, and Chile, requiring three changes between Buenos Aires and Santiago, but, to alter the gauge now, would entail very great expense that would practically amount to the construction of a new railroad.

At Caracoles, the first station in Chile, after leaving the tunnel, you are about 12,400 feet high, but here the splendid descent begins. If the scenery on the Argentine side was grand, here, as you go down, it is awe inspiring, bewildering, tremendous. Sharp, needle-like peaks tower above you, dizzy ravines yawn beneath you, and your diminutive train goes rolling down the mountain along the edge of formidable precipices. As you gaze into the depths, you behold the slender lines of railway, over which you are destined to pass in your descent, hundreds of feet beneath you. The cogs will continue to support your train, until you reach *Salto del Soldado.*

At Caracoles, you meet with the Aconcagua river, which you will follow for a long distance down the mountain, along which it flows to pour ultimately its waters into the Pacific Ocean. After leaving Caracoles, the railway will depart from the mountain highway, making an oval curve to the north, toward the

[3] Chile; G. F. Scott Elliott. New York, 1907, pp. 317, 318

STONE REFUGE HOUSE, IN THE ANDES

Lake of the Inca which lies northwest of Caracoles. Recrossing the Aconcagua, the road makes a long detour to the south at Juncal station, returning to the highway to continue its route to *Salto del Soldado,* past the stations of *Glardia Vieja,* and *Rio Blanco.* At the latter, you pass the river of that name which flows into the Aconcagua.

As you descend the mountains, you will observe, here and there, small stone houses, built like an oven, with no opening but a door. These, known as *casuchos,* were used by foot travelers, especially the mail carriers, in the days before the trains were running, as a place of shelter in a storm, or over night, and they are, probably, still employed for the purpose. They were built by the Irish *Chileno,* Ambrose O'Higgins who, from a very humble beginning, rose to be viceroy of Peru and whose son became the great patriot of the Independence.

The route we have followed, by the pass of Uspallata, and the Cumbre, is, I believe, approximately, the one taken by San Martin, when, after organizing his army in the province of Mendoza, he crossed the Cordillera to invade Chile in 1817, an invasion that culminated in the battle of Chacabuco, and the independence of the country.

On this side of the mountains, though, from a distance, the rocks appear to be as barren, as on the other, there is some scattered vegetation, from the summit of the Cumbre down, with a large number of beautiful and rare plants that would repay the labors of the botanist.

One of the places we pass, on the descent, is *Salto del Soldado,* the "Soldier's Leap." Here is a perpendicular cleft through the mountain, into which the

[4] Chile; Scott Elliott, pp. 320-21.

Aconcagua river has forced its way down to the sea. It has its name from the tradition, that, during the war of independence, a patriot soldier, bearing important despatches, leaped his horse across the chasm, at the imminent risk of his life, rather than fall into the hands of the pursuing Spaniards.

After leaving Salto del Soldado, the train passes a couple of more small stations, and, finally, arrives at *Santa Rosa de los Andes,* where the last change is made. Here you take the Chilean state railway, a broad gauge, either for Santiago, or for Valparaiso. Should you desire to break the journey, you may spend the night at Los Andes, leaving your train at the first station. You will here find a comfortable, and quite up-to-date hotel, where you may rest from the fatiguing journey, to continue on to Santiago the next morning.

Los Andes is somewhat more than 2,700 feet above sea level, or about 856 feet higher than Santiago. The town is litle more than a hundred years old, and the parish which exists since 1660 had first its seat in the old town of Curimon, about ten kilometers further west on the line to Valparaiso. It has three churches, and several chapels, a hospital, an asylum, and a convent of Discalced Carmelite nuns.

Should you wish to continue your journey to Santiago the same night, you may have some time to wait, and you will be able to find a good meal at the second railroad station. Our train was due at Los Andes at 5.15, but it was much later, and quite dark, when we arrived.

On leaving Los Andes, you may take a train directly to Valparaiso, or to Santiago. Both trains follow the same track for a distance of about thirty kilometers, as far as Llai Llai, where the Santiago train turns

SALTO DEL SOLDADO, THE SOLDIER'S LEAP, IN THE CORDILLERA

to the south. On the way you pass the station of Curimon, and, further on, the town of San Felipe.

Between Llai Llai and Santiago, you pass a number of small stations, and, if your train is on time, you arrive in the capital of Chile at half past nine. Ours did not get there, until eleven, on the night of June 8.

Taking a carriage, I drove to the Hotel Oddo, one of the best, if not the best in Santiago. The rates here are 12 pesos a day, for your room, breakfast, and dinner. The Chilean is worth little more than half an Argentine peso, and 12 Chilean pesos amount to about $2.90 American money. Your coffee in the early morning will cost you sixty cents (Chilean) extra.

As the hour was far advanced, and the night cold, I retired to rest. Before we begin to study the city of Santiago tomorrow, we shall first take a bird's eye view of Chile, past and present.

Chapter XIII.

CHILE.

Geography and Climate—Minerals—Forests—Agriculture—Stockraising—Industries—Aboriginal Population—History—Population—Transportation—Government—Army and Navy—Cities—Punta Arenas—Valdivia—Coronel—Concepcion—Chillan—Talca.

The Republic of Chile, according to its present dimensions, stretches from Cape Horn to 70° 57′ latitude, south, occupying the western slopes of the Andes. Its coast line from north to south is of 2,625 miles, while its widest portion, which extends along the tropic of Capricorn, west of Antofagasta, and south of the great Bolivian plateau, does not exceed three hundred miles, its average width being ninety miles. In fact, some portions of the coast, below the fortieth parallel, are hardly forty miles from the Argentine border.

The entire country is mountainous, a double chain of the Cordilleras running through the whole length of the land. The eastern, and highest range, that of the Andes proper, begins in the southern portion of Tierra del Fuego, and, with a strong bend, stretches northward, until, between the 25th and 30th parallels, it curves strongly to the east to form the great plateau of Bolivia. The western range, beginning in the islands to the south of Chile, follows the coast, extending northward to Peru. Between these mountain ranges, lies the great valley of Chile.

The climate is extremely varied, owing to differences of altitude, as well as of latitude. On the extreme south of the west coast, from Tierra del Fuego, to the 40th parallel, strong winds are almost constant, with much rainfall, and torrential streams, flowing to the Pacific. As you proceed inland, the Patagonian desert becomes dry, while in the south, from the 50th parallel to the Straits, and the islands beyond, antarctic conditions prevail.

The next variety of climate is found from 36° to about 29°, where it is quite moderate, being in winter agreeably warm during the day, and quite cool at night, as well as in the morning, and after sunset. Snow never falls north of 36° S. Lat., below an altitude of from 600 to 700 feet, while, further north, say at Santiago, which is at an altitude of about 1,800 feet, it is hardly known, except in the surrounding mountains. In summer, this climate is delightful, with a blue, cloudless sky, and a dry, transparent, and exhilarating atmosphere, with brief showers falling occasionally. Sometimes, however, there is a period of long continued drought, as, for instance, when I visited Santiago, it had not rained for eight months, until the eve of my departure. Further, there was no snow on the mountains, a fact that occasioned no little inconvenience to the city that depends on melted snow for its water supply. The cold, about the same as we might have in our latitude in November, was said by the inhabitants to be the severest they had experienced for many years.

On the other hand, northern Chile, from about the 29th parallel, corresponding with the nitrate region, is a dry, waterless desert. The rainfall increases southward as you go from about 24° to below 40°,

while there are periods of drought, lasting several years, between 24° to 27° S. Lat.

The principal source of mineral wealth in Chile is to be found in her rich nitrate fields in the northern portion of the Republic, a considerable part of which formerly belonged to Peru. It is from these fields that the fertilizer known as nitrate of soda is procured. Copper, gold, silver, and iron also exist, with a quantity of coal. The production of coal in 1909 amounted to 939,836 tons. This, however, is not sufficient for home consumption, and over 1,000,000 tons are imported annually. There are extensive coal fields in the province of Arauco, south of Coronel, which have not yet been worked.

Lota, in the province of Concepcion, with a population of over fifteen thousand, is the centre of coal mining operations. The property where the principal mines are located was purchased by Don Matias Cousiño, in 1852, and here the Cousiño family made their fortune. Doña Isidora Goyenechea de Cousiño, widow of Don Luis Cousiño, was regarded as the richest woman in the world, her fortune being estimated at seventy millions. After her death in 1898, it was divided among her children.[1]

The Arauco company is another important coal mining association in the south, with several mines in operation.

Chile has been a gold producing country from time immemorial, as mines were worked by the natives before the arrival of the Spaniards. In the sixteenth century, from Valdivia's time, the production of gold was very great, until the war with the Araucanians came to interfere with it. About ten years ago, the

[1] Whright; The Republic of Chile, p. 318.

old *Madre de Dios* mine of the early colonial period was reopened, and other mines are now worked. There is a prospect that gold mining will increase in Chile which is said to have been, at one time, the principal gold-producing country of the world.[2]

Silver is obtained from a number of mines scattered through the country, some of which were worked in the eighteenth century, while new ones have been discovered. Among the amalgamating and smelting works in which silver ore is handled, mention may be made of those of Playa Blanca, the property of the Huanchaca company of Bolivia, but leased and operated by the firm of Guggenheim's Sons of New York.

The production of copper has been more profitable than either that of gold or silver, and a number of mines are in operation. Iron and manganese mines are, also, worked, while petroleum and natural gas have been discovered about 500 miles from Valparaiso.

The forest district of Chile covers the southern portion of the country, extending northward beyond the Bio-Bio river, but there are woods in the clefts of the mountains, all along the range, even north of Santiago. These, however, are fast disappearing, as so much is cut for firewood. In the sixteenth century, the forests of Chile were more extensive; and, unless something is done to prevent it, they will, sooner or later, vanish from the land. Forestry for some enterprising investor might in course of time prove to be a profitable business. At the present time, the forests still furnish wood for various industrial purposes.

The central and southern portions of the Republic are devoted to agriculture, and kindred pursuits, in which last year, there was a marked increase, while

[2] Ibid, p. 332.

the government irrigation system promises still further developments. Wheat is among the principal agricultural products, Chilean wheat carrying the highest quotations in the English market. Chile is, also, second on the list of the wine making countries of America, most of it being produced in the central districts, principally in the neighborhood of Santiago, although the region of the vine, extends from the province of Atacama in the north, to the country of Arauco.

Stock raising is on the increase, affording a promising field, especially in the territory of Magellan, with its 48,000,000 of acres. Immense flocks of sheep of from 60,000 to 90,000 head are kept here, and great fortunes are made. It has been calculated, that 450,000 cattle, 600,000 sheep, and 140,000 hogs are annually slaughtered. The exportation of frozen lamb carcasses was almost trebled from 1898 to 1899, and that of hides obtained, also, a remarkable increase.

The industries of Chile are, principally, food supplies, leather and shoes, with cement and a beginning of steel works, besides metals, clothing, paper, and so forth. Cotton mills, cloth factories, breweries and ship building must, also, be enumerated among the industries of this flourishing Republic.

The prehistoric races of Chile and their descendants are of varied types. In the far south, in Tierra del Fuego, we find the Yaghans, the least developed of the Indian races of America, living their precarious, and unstable life on such sea-food as they can gather. They dwell on the western coast of Tierra del Fuego in constantly decreasing numbers, there being at present hardly more than 200 of them left.

The western portion of the straits, and the sounds and channels south of the mainland, are inhabited by

the Alakaluffs, a fishing and hunting tribe, numbering about 800. They are noted for their short stature, and light color.

Further to the north are the Chonos Indians, and Chiloe Islanders, probably all half-castes, and, more or less, civilized. To the Fuegians belong, also, the Onas.

The principal inhabitants of the mainland were of the famous Araucanian race, the descendants of whom still live in the more southern portion of the Republic. There are about fifty thousand Araucanians left, but they are diminishing, alcohol being their greatest foe, more deadly than their old enemies, the Spaniards, and threatening them with extermination. The Araucanian is whiter than other American Indians, and the women are, often, beautiful. They are devoted to agriculture, and they make good farmers, though, imbued, as they are, by the traditional aversion of the Indian to labor, the work is left to the women, or to hired hands. They are forbidden to sell their lands, owing to the many advantages taken of them by unscrupulous speculators.

Sometime about the last quarter of the fifteenth century, the Inca, Tupac Yupanqui, invaded Chile, and conquered the country, as far south as the Maule river, where the Araucanians held their own, as they, afterward, held it for a long time against the Spaniards.

After the conquest of Peru by Pizarro, Diego Almagro crossed the Cordillera, and, like the Inca, advanced as far as the river Maule, which flows near where Concepcion now stands, but he was forced to retreat. Some time later, in 1540, the Spaniards, under Pedro Valdivia, again entered the country. Advancing down the valley, Valdivia halted in a beau-

tiful spot, and fortified an eminence in the centre, the present Cerro de Santa Lucia. Here he founded the city of Santiago. Valdivia being killed by the Araucanians, a war of extermination broke out which has been immortalized by an actor in it, the poet Ercilla y Zuñiga in his "Araucana," and which has figured prominently in Spanish American literature. In vain did the Spaniards endeavor to crush the Araucanians, and, in 1640, they were forced to conclude a treaty with them, by which the Bio-Bio river was declared the boundary line between the Spanish, and the Indian territories.[3]

During the colonial period, forming part of the viceroyalty of Peru, the country was governed by a captain-general, residing at Santiago.

In 1810, Chile, taking part in the general insurrectionary movement, cast off the yoke of Spain, but the Spaniards again reconquered it, until, in 1818, they were defeated by San Martin. Since then, it has been advancing on the road to prosperity.

According to the census of 1907, the population of Chile amounted to 3,249,279. The bulk of this population is of Spanish descent, either pure or mixed. It is so easy to detect the strain of Indian blood in the people, that the lines can be clearly drawn between the pure whites, and the half-breeds. Even the most casual observer cannot fail to notice the difference between the ladies of the better classes, with their fine, white complexion, and the dark-skinned women of the people.

Immigrants are comparatively few, and, in this regard, there is no comparison between Chile and Ar-

[3] For the early history of Chile, see among other Chilean writers, "Seis Años de la Historia de Chile," Crescente Errazuriz.

gentina. Years ago, there was a considerable German immigration to the southern part of the country, but this has greatly diminished. On the whole, however, immigration prospects seem to be brightening, with an increasing tide from Spain and Italy. The government, to encourage immigration, holds out many inducements.

Transportation facilities are on the increase, for Chile is in possession of a railway system which, in a comparatively short time, will cover an area of 4,000 miles, about 2,500 of which will be owned and operated by the government. At the end of 1909, 2,244 miles were in operation. The railways from the coast to the interior are generally in the hands of private companies, while those running parallel to the coast, or connecting important cities with the rest of the country, are owned by the government.

At present, you may travel by rail along the coast from a considerable distance south of Valdivia to La Serena, north of Valparaiso, while shorter roads lead from the principal seaports on the north to the interior. To these, as well as to the Antofagasta railway to Bolivia, I will refer on another occasion.

The present constitution of Chile dates from 1833. O'Higgins had governed the country, as supreme Director, from 1817, until his abdication in 1823. Then followed a period of transition, during which several systems of government, with two constitutions, were tried and abandoned, until a fight broke out between liberals and conservatives, ending in the victory of the former, at the battle of Ochagavia, where an agreement was made which proved to be of short duration, as the liberals again resorted to arms. This time they lost, at the bloody battle of Lircai, which was fought on April 17, 1830. Diego Portales, minis-

ter of the interior, of war, and of the navy, Ovalle being president, now becomes the prominent figure in Chilean affairs, though he resigned in 1831, retiring to Valparaiso. However, he did not lose interest in affairs of state, and the constitution which established the government upon a solid basis was largely due to his influence.

According to its constitution, Chile has a single, non-federal, republican form of government. The president is chosen by electors, who are elected by direct vote. His office-period lasts five years, and he cannot serve two consecutive terms. The council of state consists of eleven members, directly responsible to Congress, to which body the six cabinet ministers are, also, responsible. The ministries are of the Interior, Foreign Affairs, Justice and Public Instruction, the Treasury, War and the Navy, and Industry and Public Works. The Congress consists of a senate and chamber of deputies.

The judiciary is made up of the Supreme Court at Santiago, six courts of appeal, at Santiago, Valparaiso, Tacna, Serena, Talca, and Concepcion, and of several minor courts in the provinces and districts. There are twenty-three provinces, and one national territory, divided into departments, districts, and municipalities; but the whole government is centralized at Santiago.

The army is made up of somewhat more than 17,000 men under arms, but the war strength of the Republic is estimated at about 150,000 men. A military academy and four military schools provide instruction for the service.

The navy consists at present of three armored battleships, five cruisers, four torpedo boats, seven torpedo-boat destroyers, and a number of auxiliary ves-

sels, with a personnel of more than 6,000 men. Chile has, also, its naval academy, and other schools for marine education.

Service is compulsory on all persons born in Chile, even though of foreign parentage. One year is spent with the colors, and the rest of the time, up to the age of forty-five, in the reserve.

The principal cities of the Republic, beginning with the south, and following their latitude, are Punta Arenas, Puerto Montt, Valdivia, Coronel, Concepcion, Chillan, Talca, Santiago, Valparaiso, Serena, Coquimbo, Copiapo, Taital, Antofagasta, Iquique, and Arica. The next chapter belongs entirely to Santiago, and, later on, as we travel along the coast, we shall devote our attention to the cities lying north, beginning with Valparaiso. A few words may be said here of those in the south.

Punta Arenas, on the Straits of Magellan, is the most southern city in the world, 1,200 miles further south than Cape Town. Its population is 20,000, and it is the capital of the one territory in Chile, that of Magallanes, which comprises about one-fourth of the total area of the country, with 48,000,000 acres, more or less. Placer mining, and sheep raising are the principal indutsries of this territory. The raising of sheep has made Punta Arenas a great wool, hides and tallow market, and a large proportion of the frozen meat exportation also goes from here, while it has, besides, a considerable fur trade. Many of the business men are of Scotch origin. The climate is cold, and windy, though not unhealthy.

Puerto Montt is the capital of the province of Llanquihue, a stock raising and agricultural district, of which it is the principal seaport. The most important steamboat lines call here. It is the seat of one of

the earliest German colonies, bearing the name of President Manuel Montt, to whose encouragement the colony was largely due.

Valdivia, named after the first colonizer of Chile, is the capital of the province of the same name, with a population comparatively small; but the city is of increasing importance. It is situated at the mouth of the Calle-Calle river, a few miles from Coral which is its seaport. Although it was founded in 1552 by Valdivia who gave to it his own name, and though it became for a time the second city of the country, as late as 1850, it was a wretched town of wooden huts. German immigration completely transformed it, and it soon became a clean, and prosperous town. The climate is habitually damp, with a dry season lasting only a few months, and occasional rains. Yet in summer it is so agreeable that Valdivia has become a summer resort.

Coronel is the great coaling station, and a port of call for steamers. The tourist who travels by the Magellan route from the east coast to Chile, would do well to stop at Coronel, and proceed by rail to Concepcion, where he may take the train for Santiago, passing through the Araucanian country, and the central valley of Chile. The distance from Concepcion to Santiago is about three hundred and fifty miles, and the journey lasts a day.

About thirty or forty miles north of Coronel, Concepcion is situated, with a population numbering some sixty thousand. It is the capital of the province which bears the same name, and it is regarded as the commercial centre of southern Chile. The original Concepcion, founded by Valdivia, lay a short distance from the present site. It was destroyed by an earthquake toward the middle of the eighteenth century,

and in 1754, the present Concepcion was built ten miles from the mouth of the Bio-Bio river which had been established as the dividing line between Spanish and Araucanian territory. It is well built, with block-paved streets, plazas, and electric lighting. The Haran Hotel in Concepcion is regarded as the best in southern Chile. The site of old Concepcion is now occupied by the town of Penco which is connected by rail with the new city.

The seaport of Concepcion is Talcahuano with about fifteen thousand inhabitants, about half an hour's run by rail. This is the naval station for the Chilean fleet.

About a hundred miles northeast of Concepcion, lies the city of Chillan, the capital of the province of Ñuble. Old Chillan having been destroyed by the earthquake of 1835, it was rebuilt a short distance to the south, on the present site, in the heart of an agricultural district. A visit may be made to the ruins of old Chillan by street car, and for one interested in South American history, it cannot fail to prove attractive.

The city was founded in 1580, by the governor, Don Martin Ruiz de Gamboa, under the name of San Bartolomé, but, as in many other instances in American nomenclature, the aboriginal name prevailed. In the last half of the eighteenth century, Chillan became the headquarters of the Franciscan missions for the evangelization of the natives, from the Bio-Bio, down to the Straits of Magellan.[4] It was in old Chillan, that Bernardo O'Higgins, the hero of independence was born.

[4] Historia de las Misiones del Colegio de Chillian, P. Roberto Lagos, 1908.

The present Chillan is renowned for its *Feria,* or Fair, at which there is an exhibition of horses and cattle, and the sale of many articles of interest. It is one of the greatest industrial centres of Chile. From the city, the Cordilleras are in full view, and, a few leagues away, are the baths of Chillan, near the volcano of the same name. Chillan lies on the central railway.

About a hundred miles further north, on the same line, we find Talca, like Chillan, an inland city, with a population of forty-five thousand. Founded in 1692, it had fallen into decay, when, in 1742, it was rebuilt on ground donated by the Augustinian Friars, thus reappearing, as San Augustin de Talca. It is one of the most beautiful cities of Chile, and renowned for having been the birthplace of a considerable number of eminent men, foremost among whom I should mention José Ignacio Cienfuegos, who, in 1790, became parish priest of his native city, an office that he filled for twenty-three years. Taking an active part in the revolutionary government, as member of the Junta, he was exiled by the Spaniards to the island of Juan Fernandez off the Chilean coast, whence he returned after the success of the revolution, to become arch-deacon of the cathedral of Santiago. Some time later, we find him acting as minister plenipotentiary of his government at the Papal court. He became bishop of Concepcion in 1832, resigned six years later to retire to private life in Santiago, and died in 1845, leaving the memory of a zealous ecclesiastic, as well as of a public benefactor to his native city, and to his country. He breathed his last at Talca, where he was born.

Chapter XIV

SANTIAGO

Topography—Santa Lucia—Plaza de Armas—Electric Tramways—Women Conductors—Intendencia—Ambrose O'Higgins—The Congress—The "Moneda"—National Library—Andres Bello—José Toribio Medina—Quinta Normal—National Museum—Alameda—American Legation—Modern Residences—Santiago Society—Drunkenness in the Lower Classes—Cousiño Park—House of Pius IX—Costume of the Women—Newspapers.

Santiago is the capital of Chile, with a population of about 400,000. To form a good idea of its topography, ascend to the summit of the hill of Santa Lucia, an eminence in the centre of a vast plain, upon which Santiago is built, surrounded by mountains. Originally the fortress of the Incas, and later of Valdivia, it is now the pleasure resort of the Santiago people, to which pedestrians have free access, a small fee being charged for carriages.

You reach the summit of the hill, whence the best view is obtained, by a series of beautiful steps and terraces. A finely chiseled stone, about four or five feet in length, fixed upright in one of the walls is worthy of notice, as it contains the arms of Spain, with the Bourbon lilies. It was found, during the course of excavations for the construction of a private dwelling.

In the immediate vicinity, are several stone benches that adorned the Alameda, the fashionable street of Santiago, at the time, early in the last century, when

it was customary for the politicians of the day, to gather there. One of them bears an indentation, said to have been made by the famous Portales with his cane, when striking it, in the heat of argument.

On the side of the hill, the restaurant occupies the site where, for a long time, the Spaniards had a fort.

In the early part of the nineteenth century, the Cerro de Santa Lucia was used as a burial ground for Protestants, and in 1849, an American scientific expedition, in charge of Lieutenant James Gillis of the United States navy, erected there an astronomical observatory that was, later, purchased by the Chileans, and removed to another site.

The one to whom the "Cerro" owes its present beautiful aspect is the well-known historian, and literary man, Benjamin Vicuña Mackenna, who, as Intendente of Santiago, about 1872, began to convert the hill into the beautiful park it became, devoting the whole of his private fortune to the enterprise.

As you stand on the summit of this characteristic eminence, rendering the topograhpy of Santiago so absolutely unique, your eye wanders toward the east where the snow line of the Cordillera fades into the sky, and, on the other side, you behold the coast range, running parallel. Down below in the plain, the city lies on all sides at your feet. You will observe here, that the architecture of Santiago is far more Spanish than that of Buenos Aires, and less modernized. The majority of the houses are low, with the traditional court or *patio,* and from the height where you stand, you can look down into a number of them with their trees and shrubbery which, in summer, give to Santiago the appearance of a vast garden. There are, also, many beautiful modern dwellings, especially on the Alameda, and, into some the system of heating

PLAZA DE LA INDEPENDENCIA, SANTIAGO

the house which, generally speaking, does not exist, has been introduced. The streets, long and narrow, cross each other at rectangles; but the beautiful, wide, Alameda, divides the city, through which, also, flows the little Mapocho river. The light yellow color, so universal throughout, as well as the similarity of architecture, would impart to the city an air of monotony, were it not for the trees, the churches, and the larger edifices that rise above the rest

The first object to draw your attention, as you stand on the Cerro de Santa Lucia, will, probably, be the hill rising above the town, with a very large statue of the Immaculate Conception upon it. This is the hill of San Cristobal, the property of the large Dominican monastery, the gardens of which stretch toward its base. The statue on the summit is over thirty-six feet high, and, on the pedestal, it reaches to a height of more than seventy-two feet. An American university owns an observatory on this hill.

At a short distance from the foot of the Santa Lucia, you will observe the great square, or *Plaza de Armas,* known, also, as *Plaza de la Independencia,* surrounded by buildings, prominent among which are the cathedral, the archbishop's palace, the palace of the *intendente,* or mayor of the city, and the postoffice. The large, white building, with a spacious garden, beyond the plaza, is that of Congress, and to the left, some distance away, you will see the government building, in which the president resides.

The church, outside of the square, on the right, belongs to the older Dominican monastery, where the Friars of that order first settled. Nearer to you, back of the square, you will see the convents of the Augustinians, and Mercedarians, while on the long Alameda, you will observe the church of San Francisco,

the oldest in Santiago. As your eye wanders over the city, it will meet with convents, churches, hospitals, and institutions of all kinds. The large group of buildings behind you in the distance is the seminary of the diocese.

I would advise the tourist to pay at least two visits to the hill of Santa Lucia, one, as soon as he arrives at Santiago, to conceive a clear idea of the topography of the city, and the other, in order to harmonize with the general plan the details he has studied.

We may now descend from the hill, to visit the principal points of interest. Of course, we first direct our steps to the great square, which is only a short distance away from the hotel Oddo. The existence of this plaza must be traced back to the earliest period of the conquest, though the buildings upon it are all of much later date. These are especially the cathedral, to which we return on another occasion, the archbishop's residence, the palace of the intendente, or the municipal building, and the postoffice.

The electric street cars, or tramways, pass around this square to spread to various parts of the city. A distinguishing feature of many of these vehicles is that they consist of two sections, an upper, and a lower, connected by a flight of steps, like the London omnibuses, or the old Parisian tramways, the lower being first, and the upper second class. Another feature of the Chilean tramway which is, perhaps, noticed in no other country, is, that a large proportion of the conductors are women, who step lively along the sides, climb the steps, and collect the fares, with all the *sangfroid* of the ordinary male conductor. What they would do if it came to the point, that one or

the other man should have to be put off the car, I am unable to state.

At the revolution of 1891, when so many of the men went to war, women took their place in the tramways, until all the conductors were of the female sex, quite young and pretty, with attractive uniforms. Of course, these young lady conductors proved a bait to the Santiago young men, and the street car service became a matrimonial centre, the conductors passing from the tramway to the hymeneal altar.[1] Then the uniforms were taken away, less attractive women were chosen and, at present, men are again conducting cars, though a considerable proportion of women remains.

If you face the cathedral, you will have the postoffice on your right. The postal system of Chile distributes more than 100,000,000 letters, cards, and postal packages a year. The postoffice of Santiago employs a number of women as postal clerks.

Next to the postoffice, is the *Intendencia,* or municipal building, in which the principal offices of local administration are to be found. It was here, that, in old colonial times, the captain-general used to reside. Among those who held this office we find the name of the Irishman, Ambrose O'Higgins, who was, afterward, viceroy of Peru, and whose son, Bernardo, was to be the hero of Chilean independence.

The beginning of Ambrose was of the humblest, but fortune favored him, when his uncle, a Jesuit, called him to Cadiz, where he enjoyed the benefit of some education. It was through this uncle that he went to Peru, whence he passed over to Chile where he obtained employment as civil engineer, to build the little houses destined to shelter the mail carriers on the

[1] The Republic of Chile. Marie Robinson Wright, p. 73.

Cordillera. While thus occupied, a rebellion of the Araucanians occurred, that caused the captain-general to organize a company of foreign volunteers to be commanded by O'Higgins. This was the making of him. He rose step by step in the military service, until, in 1785, he was promoted to be captain-general of Chile.

Leaving the *Plaza de Armas* by the street running before the postoffice, and along the outer wall of the cathedral, you will soon arrive at the building of Congress. It occupies the site of the old Jesuit college, which, for the illustrious memories clustering around it, must be regarded as of the first importance in the religious, and literary history of Spanish America. The garden, to the rear of the building, is the site of the church that was destroyed by fire, in 1863, with a loss of about two thousand lives. A statue of the Immaculate Conception now stands upon the spot.

The Congress building, in classic Greco-Roman style, with beautiful porticos on the sides, is the legislative hall of the Republic. Unlike the older buildings of South America, it is comfortably heated. The circular halls on either side are, one for the senate, and the other for the house of deputies, with thirty-two members for the former, and ninety-six for the latter. Senators are elected by direct vote, for a term of six years, in the proportion of one for every three deputies, the senate being partially renewed every three years. Deputies are, also, elected directly for a period of three years, there being one for every thirty thousand inhabitants, or fraction not less than 15,000. As elsewhere in South America, the two main political parties are the conservatives and liberals. Public men in Spanish America are, as a rule, men of edu-

NATIONAL CONGRESS, SANTIAGO

cation, and, frequently, writers of no mean ability who mold public opinion by the pen, as well as by the living voice. I might mention, for instance, the venerable senator, and university professor, Abdon Cifuentes, who is a prominent member of the conservative party. As an orator, he has been compared to Donoso Cortés. His discourses, published in two large volumes were pronounced, not only in Congress, but before various societies on a variety of interesting topics. The proceedings in Congress appear to be characterized by a certain pleasant air of informality, to judge from a session of the senate that I once attended, when the speaker delivered his discourse seated, with a cigar in his hand.

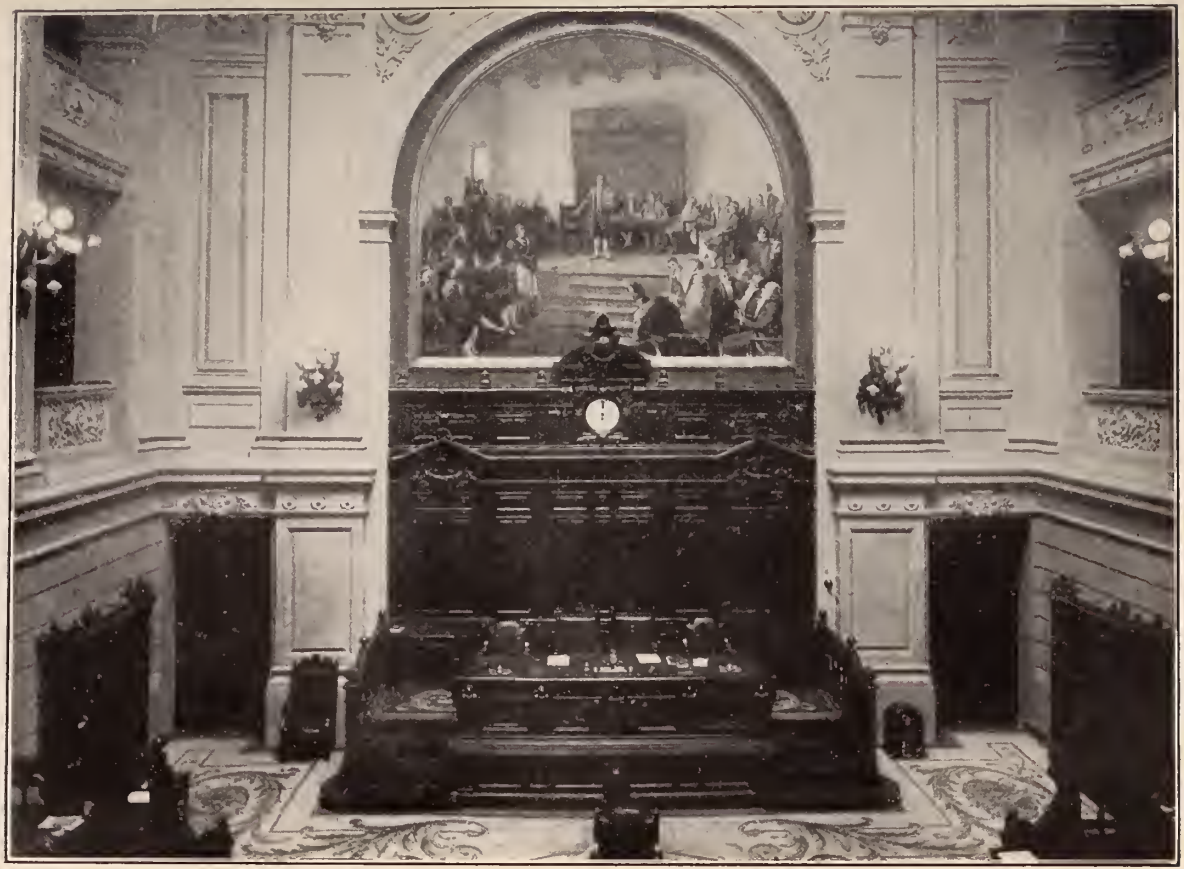
Another government building, not far off, is the *Moneda,* an immense edifice, with a very large patio, the whole dating from the colonial period. As the story goes, a mint had been ordered built by the home government for Mexico, but, by some error or other, it was erected in Santiago, for which it was not intended, and thus the capital of Chile came into possesion of the mint, and the Republic obtained a large edifice for the purposes of government. A portion of the building serves as a residence for the president, for whom a new, and separate dwelling is soon to be erected. The other portions of the edifice are used for various departments of the government. Directly opposite is the building devoted to the army, and to the ministry of war.

In the vicinity of the Congress, and back of the Plaza de Armas, stands the *Biblioteca Nacional,* or National Library, the building of which, dating from the colonial epoch, was used for the meetings of Congress, until 1875 and, in one of its halls, the independence of Chile was proclaimed. The present edi-

fice is much too small for its purpose, and there is question of erecting a new one. It contains about 150,000 volumes, with a reading room for the public. Books may be borrowed, provided a deposit be left at the library. It has been calculated, that the average circulation amounts to 40,000 volumes a year. Especially interesting to the student of *Americana* is the large department of manuscripts, those of the ante-suppression Jesuits alone numbering from one to two thousand. You will, also, find here a number of old paintings of South American authoriship.

In front of the library, a statue of Andres Bello, by the Chilean sculptor, Nicanor Plaza, keeps fresh the memory of one of the foremost scholars of America. Andres Bello was a most extraordinary, though entirely self-made man. Born in Venezuela in 1780, he added by his own efforts to the little education he received in a Mercedarian monastery, to such an extent that he was able to impart his knowledge to others. Among his pupils he counted the great liberator, Simon Bolivar, who was of his own age. In 1810, he accompanied Bolivar to London, where a new horizon was extended before him, and where for years, while acting as the diplomatic agent of his country, he devoted himself to literary labors, making use of all the opportunities so abundantly offered to him, in the capital of Great Britain.

About 1829, Bello entered the service of Chile which, henceforward, was to be his adopted country. From now on, until his death in 1865, his life was one of ceaseless intellectual activity, and the evolution of a prodigious mind. He became in politics the oracle of Spanish America, and the arbiter of nations. His civil code of Chile would alone entitle him to enduring fame, and place him beside the great legislators



SENATE CHAMBER, SANTIAGO

of the world. Bello was the first rector of the university of Chile from its organization in 1843, until his death. He has left numerous works, an edition of which was, some years ago, published by the Chilean government. He enjoyed the greatest esteem among his adopted countrymen, while he lived, and his statue near the library testifies to their abiding gratitude.

Besides the Biblioteca Nacional, another important library, with a precious collection of works appertaining to America is that of the *Instituto Nacional.* The most valuable collection of works, however, on Spanish America in the colonial period, probably the best collection in existence, is to be found in the private library of José Toribio Medina, the eminent historian, and bibliographer who has spent thirty-five years, or more, of his life in collecting. Medina is a prodigious worker whose pen has produced books innumerable, his large *Biblioteca Hispano Americana* being alone the labor of a lifetime. He has his own printing press in his house, and, therefore, the advantage of beholding the work done under his own eyes.

The reading public in Spanish America is necessarily limited, and, consequently, the publishing of books is not a paying investment. In fact, the publishing of learned works, such as Medina produces, would not be a paying investment in any country. Only a man with the leisure, and independent existence of Medina could have devoted himself to such labors. I must add, however, that important works of national interest are often published, or aided by the government.

The home of José Toribio Medina is a typical old colonial residence, with dark, and cold rooms, but with the spacious, traditional courtyard, or *patio.* The library is, of course, its most important

feature, an object really of international importance. One would hardly seek such treasures, in the quiet street, where the house is situated. It was my good fortune to be led through his library by the owner himself, and to enjoy his intellectual conversation as his guest at table. Really it refreshes the mind, in this matter-of-fact world, to meet occasionally scholars like Medina.

If you will take the cars on the *Plaza de Armas,* and, leaving the postoffice on the right, proceed past the building of Congress, to the end of the street, you will find yourself at the entrance of a fine park. A sign in large letters will tell you that you are at the *Quinta Normal.* The word *quinta* which means a country house, is generally employed to designate the suburban villas, or even those in the city, located in a park or garden, which one finds so abundantly in Spanish America. The *Quinta Normal,* situated at the western end of the city, encloses three hundred and twenty acres, splendidly arranged as a park, with gardens, rivulets, lakes, and walks. Here you will find the important agricultural school to which I shall again refer, the Museum of Fine Arts, the National Museum, the Exposition building, the botanical and zoological gardens, and the Museum of Natural History.

The Musem of Fine Arts, a building in classic style, contains the best that Chilean painters and sculptors have produced, and, within its halls, the annual exhibition of painting and sculpture takes place. Chilean art is little more than half a century old, and yet its artists have taken a respectable position in the world of the beautiful. French and Italian influences stood sponsors at its cradle, and contributed, finally, toward the creation of the Academy of Fine Arts

which grew out of the Academy of Painting, founded in 1849, and out of the schools of sculpture and architecture.

The *National Museum* is an old institution with two sections, the one devoted to natural history, and the other to ethnology. The former is of especial interest for its department of Chilean zoölogy. The museum contains mineralogical, botanical, and zoölogical collections, with their subordinate divisions. The department of palaeontology is rich in species found in Chile, and for the study of Chilean flora, the botanical collections are of high value. In the department of entomology, at least sixty thousand specimens are Chilean, while a variety of birds and other animals serve to aid the study of South American fauna. The ethnological collection contains a number of Chilean crania, as well as mummies from Peru and Bolivia.

The botanical garden, with its large conservatories, and varied species of plants, is a fine adjunct to the National Museum, and the same may be said of the zoölogical garden and museum of natural history. The *Quinta Normal* possesses, also, its chemical laboratory, veterinary institute, and others of scientific importance.

In the exposition building, the industrial products of the country in every department are exhibited, to the great advantage of the Chilean manufacturer who thus finds a splendid opportunity of exhibiting, and advertising the results of his industry.

Santiago may boast of a considerable number of other public buildings of interest, to many of which, at least a brief allusion will be made, in our next chapters on the Church, and on education. However, to gain a better knowledge of the city, we may now usefully proceed to walk, or drive through various sections, be-

ginning with the main thoroughfare, the *Alameda de las Delicias.* This broad and beautiful avenue, nearly three miles long, and three hundred and fifty feet wide, extends from the Cerro de Santa Lucia to the Central Railway station. The centre is occupied by a park or garden, extending the length of the avenue, with statues, and other adornments, to which the driveways and tramways run parallel, while pedestrians will find wide trottoirs, or sidewalks on either side.

The Alameda, at first an ordinary highway, did not assume its present æsthetic features, until the famous administration, as Intendente, of Vicuña Mackenna, when the city was paved, and better lighted.

The monuments on the Alameda are especially noteworthy. The equestrian statue of San Martin represents him on his famous passage of the Andes, and O'Higgins in bronze on a marble pedestal, is leaping a trench at Rancagua. Other great men of Chilean fame, heroes in peace, and in war, among them Mackenna, are remembered, in bronze or in marble, on the Alameda.

On this avenue, stands the American legation, where, during my brief sojourn in the city, the Chargé d'Affaires, Mr. Pierpont, was representing our government. I am, indeed, much indebted to him for his courtesy. On the opposite side, toward the "Cerro," lives the Papal internuntius.

The Alameda is crossed by a large number of streets which in both directions go to form the rectangles of which Chile's capital is composed. In your random rambles through Santiago, observing the low houses, looking in through the barred doorways at the patios, here and there having your attention drawn to some remnant of colonial architecture, you will meet with

ALAMEDA, SANTIAGO

no inconsiderable number of magnificent private residences, with all the luxury and refined features of the modern Renaissance style, and the stamp of France upon them. Beginning with the Alameda, you find some splendid residences in a style quite modern, with Doric, or Corinthian porticos, artistic balconies, and sixteenth century windows, of the classic, or of the more ornate Renaissance period. Prominent among the beautiful homes of Santiago, is the fine residence of Señora MacClure de Edwards, married into one of the prominent Chilean families which, like so many of the best families of the land, has its representative among the clergy. The edifice, in classic style, belongs to the best Renaissance, or Classic period, before the corruption of the Baroco had begun to vitiate the Greco-Roman style. The windows of the first floor are of Roman, and those of the second, of Grecian design. A fine Corinthian portico serves for the main entrance.

Not all of the fine Santiago residences are put up in the style of the Renaissance, for the tastes of the owners, and builders have added the charm of variety to the architecture of the city. For instance, the home of Senator Guzman gives you a taste of Venetian Gothic, and, elsewhere, you will be reminded of the Alhambra, in the Moorish style that has been chosen.

If you have letters of introduction, or if you have formed acquaintances in some other way, you will find Chilean hospitality quite generous, and Santiago society charming. I cannot refrain from mentioning in this book two gentlemen to whom I feel the greatest indebtedness for their kindness. Senator Joaquin Walker Martinez, formerly Chilean minister to Washington, and a prominent member of the Conservative

party, was untiring in his attentions, placing, day after day, his carriage and himself at my disposal, accompanying, and directing me to the various points of interest.

The other friend is Dr. Aureliano Oyarzun, who had been my fellow-Americanist at Buenos Aires, a prominent physician, and man of science. To these two gentlemen I am indebted for much that I saw in Santiago.

It is quite probable that you will be invited by your friends to breakfast, or dinner. The home of your host may be one of the old style buildings, or it may be a modern residence. In the former case, you enter from the street directly through a wide doorway, closed often by a barred gate of iron, into a vestibule, on either side of which there may be a room, one being the parlor, or reception room. From the vestibule, you pass to the patio, around which are other rooms, such as sleeping apartments, and the dining room. A Chilean breakfast in its general features resembles that of other parts of South America, with a number of courses and an abundance of everything, chicken being one of the ordinary dishes. An article quite frequent at table in Chile and Peru is *panqueque*, pancake, deliciously prepared, and eaten, according to one's taste, with, or without honey. Your wines may be native or imported. The Chilean wines are first class. There is a white, ordinary wine, quite cheap, that makes an excellent breakfast drink, and so light that you might almost take a gallon of it, without noticing the effects.

Unfortunately, very much drunkenness prevails among the lower classes of Chile who seem to have inherited this vice, as well as certain propensities to theft, from their Araucanian ancestors. At the end

of the week it is quite common for laborers to indulge in drink to such an extent that days pass before the effects have worn away, and Monday is, consequently, often a lost day, while some do not return to work, until such time as suits their convenience.

Let me suppose, that you have been invited to dine at one of the modern residences. You will be ushered into a beautiful, and splendidly lighted hall, little different from such rooms in the best residences of Europe or the United States. Your host, if he is a literary man, will, most likely, show you his library, and, if he is himself an author, he will, probably, present you with a work or two from his pen. There are some fine private libraries in Chile, that of the late president, Pedro Montt, ranking as one of the best in South America.

If you visit the house in the day time, you may, also, see the garden which, in some cases, is exquisitely beautiful. Aestheticism prevails throughout the whole dwelling, for the Latin temperament is æsthetic, if anything. You will find a sense of the beautiful everywhere, united to classical taste, for instance, in the Louis XV. salon of the residence of Señor Rafael Errazuriz.

Our wanderings through Santiago would be incomplete, without a visit to *Cousiño Park,* at the southern limits of the city, with its three hundred and fifty acres. A gift to the city of the late Luis Cousiño, a coal magnate of Chile, it is a favorite resort for society in spring, and autumn. Nearby are the Jockey Club grounds, and the *Campo de Marto,* or field for military reviews.

Probably few visitors to Santiago ever know, or even think of finding out, where the house is, that was occupied by Pius IX., when he lived in Santiago. If

you care to know, then ask to be directed to the Capuchin convent in the Calle de la Bandera. The house at the corner just opposite, now occupied by the Christian Brothers, is said to be the one where Monsignor Mastai Ferretti lived, when auditor of the nunciature at Santiago.

You may wind up very pleasantly your excursions through Santiago with a drive past the *quintas,* or suburban villas, of which there is a considerable number, it would seem almost at the foot of the eastern Cordillera.

Returning home, you may, if you wish, pass through the slums, with their *conventillos,* where the poor live in apparent misery, and, whether necessarily or not, in great squalor. However, if beggary is an index of poverty, or pauperism in a city, then Santiago, like Buenos Aires, is prosperous, at least when compared to some other places.

On your arrival in Santiago, especially if it be in the morning, you will be greatly impressed by the costume of the women. All, rich and poor, externally at least, dress alike, for all wear the *manto,* and, during the forenoon, few hats are to be seen. The *manto* is distinctively Chilean, and no woman may enter the church with a hat. It is a great leveller, doing away, as it does, with all class distinctions, and proving an effectual barrier to female vanity. Should a lady attempt to enter a church with a hat, she will, most likely as not, be insulted by the women of the people.

We can easily understand, that the *manto* is not in favor with the more modern element, but the ecclesiastical authorities are inexorable. Its adversaries say that it keeps the ladies away from the church in the afternoon, when hats universally take its place, while the advocates of the old Chilean custom advance in

Chilean Lady with Manto

its favor the greater modesty and humility of attire, more becoming to the house of God.

Women of the people wear the *manto* at all times, but ladies of the better class discard it in the afternoon for the hat. They would not be seen with it in the evening, when it is adopted even by the *demimonde,* as it affords better opportunities for concealment.

The Chilean lady, tall and slender as she often is, walks with a firm, elastic, and independent step. She is naturally graceful, and the *manto* renders her more so. I will leave a description of it to one more competent than myself, to a lady:

"The foreigner," writes Marie Robinson Wright,[2] "if her manto has been aranged by her own hands, is easily distinguishable from the Chilean. She has probably thought it sufficient to throw one end of it over her head, and wrap the rest around her shoulders, fastening it at the back of the neck with a jewelled clasp. But that is not all the art of manto veiling. The *Chilean,* on the contrary, gives it a grace of her own creation. She arranges her manto with deft fingers, being careful to pose it on her head in the most attractive way. In drawing its folds over her shoulders, she knows how to give the drapery an artistic effectiveness that a Paris gown could never achieve. The style of wearing the manto is as diverse as the character and temperament of the wearers. When my lady steps from her carriage at the church door, her appearance reveals to the careful observer all that the most conventional costume would indicate. A swish of skirts displays the daintiest of feet, encased in the finest of shoes—for Chilean women are renowned for their small feet—and in the poise of the head, in the

[2] The Republic of Chile, p. 118.

manner of carrying the prayerbook and the rosary, and in a thousand indefinable trifles that enhance the charm of mystery which the manto gives, there is an open book for the student of human nature. From the *grande dame* to the little shopgirl, the same feminine trait may be discerned through the guise of the manto. The dignified matron, the happy *novia,* the coquettish señorita, each has her own particular style—severe, elaborate, or insinuating—and each betrays her besetting vanity as clearly as if arrayed in the most modern dress. The manto is thin enough sometimes to show the fashionable bodice underneath; and, alas, it is thick enough at other times to conceal the all too careless toilette!"

I may add that the manto is simply a square piece of black cloth, thrown over the head, the folds of which are fastened back of the shoulders. It gives to the wearers, when kneeling in church, the appearance of so many nuns.

The Chilean lady is more free than in most Latin countries, and she goes about without the everlasting necessity of a dueña, or chaperone, knowing how to take care of herself, nor being subjected to annoyance. In this regard, Chile resembles the United States.

Another feature of the Chilean capital is its stillness at night. People may go to the theatre, or to social entertainments, but few are abroad, and the fashionable resorts, like the Alameda, are almost deserted. The stores and shops are closed with immense shutters, and all seems dead. I write from my own impressions, but others tell me that, at night, the Plaza presents a very lively scene, with its promenaders who go round and round to the sound of fine music, and that often the crowds remain until long after midnight. It is possible that, during my stay in

the city, the cold weather kept people indoors, or that I never happened to go to the Plaza, when it was alive, though I have visited it at nine or ten o'clock, to find it practically deserted.

Another quiet hour, when business is, more or less, suspended, is that of the *almuerzo,* or breakfast, some time between eleven and one. You will then find many of the business places closed, for Santiago takes time to eat.

Besides being the head and heart of the nation, Santiago is, also, an industrial centre, giving occupation to thousands of working people, with a considerable number of factories, large and small, of various kinds.

Among the great commercial houses, especial mention is deserved by that of W. R. Grace & Company which exerts such marked influence in South American trade. The firm has a house at Santiago, and another at Valparaiso.

If you can find time to read newspapers, on your travels, they will give you an insight into the daily commercial, as well as social life of the people. Chilean newspapers, with their colored supplement on feast days, are different in appearance from the English, American, or Argentine papers, but they are quite up-to-date with editorials, news, local and foreign, and an abundance of advertisements. The Sunday papers are large with much matter. I have lying before me a Sunday copy of *El Mercurio,* with twenty-four pages, as large as those of the Baltimore *Sun.* The *Mercurio,* published in Valparaiso, as well as in Santiago, is the leading paper of Chile. *El Mercurio* has in the past, been directed by such editors as Bartolomé Mitre, and Sarmiento of Argentina, while Diego Portales, Benjamin Vicuña Mackenna, Andres Bello,

Diego Barros Arana, and Miguel Luis Amunategui, literary stars of Chile, have all contributed to it. Other newspapers of Santiago are *El Porvenir,* and *La Union,* both Catholic, *La Lei,* Liberal, besides *El Chileno, La Tarde,* and so forth.

Chapter XV.

THE CHURCH AND EDUCATION IN CHILE.

The "Conquistadores" — Valdivia — Franciscans — Padre Errazuriz—San Francisco—The Cathedral—Bishop Villaroel —Union of Church and State—The Clergy—Parishes—Societies — Ladies of South America — Catholic Papers — The Seminary—The Dominicans—Augustinians—La Merced —Jesuits—Protestants in Chile—Education in Colonial Times—Present Education—Pedagogy—State University—Religion in the Schools — Archbishop Casanova — The Catholic University.

The Spanish conquistadores, whatever their private conduct may have been, were, as a rule, devoted to the Church, and, though their lives were often lax; with few exceptions, they wished to die well. There are strange contradictions in the Latin temperament of the sixteenth century, in which strong faith, and lax morality often go hand in hand. The atmosphere of the age was not conducive to good morals, for the spirit of the Pagan Renaissance had invaded the world in science, in literature, and in the arts, and it could not be but that it should exercise an influence on the morals of the people. Yet, though the Spaniards might lapse into serious transgressions, we are not aware, that they sought principles to justify their conduct, and, with that strong faith, always characteristic of Spain, though they might, for a time, stifle the voice of their conscience, they, finally, yielded to its dictates, sometimes going to the opposite extreme. Charles V., Hernan, Cortés, Lope de Vega, Ercilla y Zuñiga, all had their lapses, yet, in later life, they strove to make

amends. It is then no wonder, that we find similar contradictions in the early history of Chile.

If the conqueror of Mexico marched into the country with Doña Marina, Valdivia had his Doña Inez. It is indeed a picture of the times to behold Pedro de Valdivia advancing down the valley at the head of his cavaliers, with a little image of the Blessed Virgin in front of his saddle, and Doña Inez de Suarez on the crupper. It was this Doña Inez who, when Valdivia had gone to the south, saved the little garrison of Santiago from destruction, by having the heads of the Indian prisoners thrown into the enemy's ranks, and then charging them, at the head of the cavalry.

The little image of the Blessed Virgin of Valdivia, his companion on his journeys in Flanders, Italy, and Peru, is now preserved above the main altar in the church of San Francisco, on the Alameda, where I saw it, on my visit to that church. Valdivia met an untimely death, but, before the end came, he had reconciled himself to God and to his duty.

Valdivia, like the conquistadores generally, had been accompanied by ecclesiastics. Among the priests who may have gone down the valley with the first conquerors, came, also, a secular ecclesiastic, Don Bartolomé Rodrigo Gonzales Marmolejo. Six years after the foundation of Santiago, the bishop of Cuzco, Don Juan Solano, to whose jurisdiction Chile was subject, appointed Marmolejo parish priest of Santiago, and vicar for the whole district of Chile. The church to which he was thus assigned grew in course of time to be the cathedral, the oldest parish in Chile. As there was great need of missionaries in the country, ten years after his arrival, Valdivia sent a petition for laborers in the field to the king of Spain. In response to this petition, five Franciscans passed over

from Lima to Chile, in 1553, under Father Martin de Robleda.

Their first establishment was in a little hermitage at the foot of Santa Lucia. The chapel which, today, stands beneath the hill reminds you of those early days of Santiago, and of Valdivia. It is at present served by a venerable Dominican, famous in the literature of his country, one of that old generation of scholars that has nearly passed away.

Father Crescente Errazuriz, member of a distinguished Chilean family, and of that Dominican congregation, known as the *Recolleccion Dominicana,* is now spending his old age in his hermit life, at the foot of Santa Lucia. He may look back at a long career of usefulness, for he is now seventy-one years of age. He is the author of several learned works on Chilean history, of which he presented to me some valuable copies, when I had the honor of paying him a visit in his modest dwelling, near the historic old *Cerro.* His brother Maximiano, known as an able statesman, visited the United States in 1865, on a confidential mission.

The Franciscans had been eight months in the hermitage of Santa Lucia, when they passed to that of *El Socorro,* a Lady chapel, erected by the Spaniards, in gratitude for their victory in 1841 over the Indians. The site of this chapel is now occupied by the church on the Alameda, known as San Francisco, in which Valdivia's wooden image of Our Lady of Succor is preserved.

As this is the oldest existing church in Santiago, we shall pay to it our first visit. The cornerstone of the edifice was laid on June 5, 1572, and, in 1594, it was opened to worship. Aided by donations of the king, it was finished in 1618, though the tower was

not completed until 1640. The church of San Francisco is the only monument in Santiago that has lasted since the sixteenth century, and that has withstood the frequent and terrible earthquakes of Chile. Its walls of enormous blocks, strongly cemented, look as if they might still withstand many a catastrophe.

Adjoining the church, stands the old convent with several interesting cloisters. The first, with its original arches, dates from 1623; but the second, destroyed by the earthquake of 1647, was rebuilt on an entirely different plan.[1]

The old Franciscans that came to America were earnest men, and heroic laborers. From Mexico to southern Chile they devoted themselves to the salvation of the Indians, and, to their pen, we owe much of what has been preserved to us of Indian ethnology. The correspondence of the times exhibits them as fearless men, not hesitating even to tell the truth to the king himself, and to point out to him his duties. From such men, Valdivia could expect no compromise with conscience. They hesitated not to rebuke, even publicly, the vices of the man, and they finally brought about his complete conversion.

The cloisters are, in winter at least, damp, and cold, and one wonders how the old cells with a door and window opening on the cloister, dark, damp and chilly, could have been occupied by human beings. These cells are no longer employed as sleeping apartments, but several of them have been turned into a museum, with a most interesting collection of relics of the old colonial period.

The library of the monastery contains about thirty-two thousand volumes. Unfortunately, there is very

[1] Historia de las Misiones del Colegio de Chillan. Roberto Lagos.

little of the colonial period in so many of the monastic libraries, as much, very much has been destroyed by the many revolutions that have passed over South America. The library of San Francisco is, however, in possession of a rare copy of that old Franciscan chronicler of Peru, Cordoba y Salinas, which was donated to it by the historian, José Toribio Medina.

From San Francisco, we may now pass over to the Plaza de Armas, and devote some attention to the cathedral, and to the general condition of the Church in Chile, past and present.

The diocese of Santiago was erected by Pius IV. in 1561, with Gonzalez Marmolejo as its first bishop, suffragan to the archbishop of Lima. Marmolejo was at that time old and sickly, and he died the year after his appointment, without being consecrated. His successor, Fernando de Barrionuevo, was a Franciscan. Santiago did not become a metropolitan see, until 1841, although O'Higgins had solicited the privilege as early as 1821. From its beginning, it has had twenty-one bishops, and four archbishops. The present incumbent, since 1908, is Dr. Juan Ignacio Gonzalez.

Probably the most distinguished of the bishops in the colonial period, was the Ecuadorian, Gaspar Villaroel, who occupied the see from 1637 to 1651, when he was promoted to the archiepiscopal see of Arequipa in Peru. An Augustinian Friar, renowned no less for his virtues than for his learning and writings, Villaroel is an important figure in the history of ecclesiastical literature in the colonial period. It was while he was bishop of Santiago, that the great earthquake of 1647 occurred, destroying the old cathedral, and burying the bishop beneath the ruins. When he had been drawn out wounded, instead of looking after his own safety, he spent the whole night on the Plaza,

attending to the wants of his people. Villaroel rebuilt his cathedral in the short space of a year and a half.

The present cathedral, it seems, was begun by Bishop Juan Gonzalez Melgarejo, about the middle of the eighteenth century. His successor, Manuel de Alday y Azpee, known, on account of a published work, as the *Ambrose of the Indies*, and one of the most excellent orators of his day, continued the work on the cathedral, but did not live to complete it at his death in 1788.

The bishop at the time of the revolution was José Santiago Rodriguez Zorilla. Though a Chilean by birth, he does not appear to have had the sympathy of the triumphant party, as we find him exiled about 1825, when Cienfuegos, of whom I wrote in a former chapter, was called to administer the diocese. The last bishop, Zorrilla, died in 1832, and from that year, the see remained vacant, until 1843, when Manuel Vicuña was appointed the first archbishop. The successor of Vicuña was the famous Rafael Valentin Valdivieso whose name one hears at every step, a man who did so much for the Church in Chile, and contributed greatly to raise the secular clergy to the high standard it bears today, at the head of the entire clergy of South America. Valdivieso died in 1878, leaving an imperishable memory. A splendid mausoleum in the cathedral, with a recumbent effigy of the archbishop, marks the spot where his remains lie. Quite a number of slabs in the sacred edifice record the names of former bishops who found their last resting place in the cathedral. Among these we find the name of that Gonzalez Marmolejo to whom we have several times referred, the first priest, and first bishop-elect of Chile.

The see of Santiago remained vacant eight years, after the death of Valdivieso, until the distinguished Mariano Casanova ascended its pontifical throne. The pastoral, and other letters, as well as some of the discourses of the late Archbishop Casanova have been published in a fine volume from the press of B. Herder at Freiburg in Brisgau.

The present cathedral, now facing the Plaza, contrary to its former position, has recently been completely renovated. Built in classic style, it may be regarded as one of the finest churches in South America. The sombre interior, with its nave and aisles, and its dark side chapels, creates an impression of solemnity. In the very spacious sanctuary, the canons meet at stated intervals to recite, and sing the office, assisted by a most efficient boys' choir. At the solemn High Mass which is celebrated every morning, you will be impressed by the black-veiled women kneeling in the nave, with a few men, here and there. Others of the *manto* sex are, perhaps, kneeling, or squatted on the pavement before the side altars, exercising their private devotions. The sacristies are large, and commodious, and the first sacristan, or *sacristan mayor*, the priest, Señor Roa, is a most courteous, kind, and obliging ecclesiastic, whose intelligent conversation I several times enjoyed, when partaking of his hospitality, at the early morning coffee after Mass.

Church and state are united in Chile, as elsewhere in South America, and the former is held in high honor. She has her enemies, it is true, but they are not so pronounced as in some other countries, The conservative party, fearless and active, fights strenuously for her rights, though the moderate liberals are by no means all hostile to the Church, and some of them are practical Catholics.

The secular clergy, a highly esteemed body of men, is recruited from the best families, whereby a distinguishing mark is attached to the Chilean church. The old Friars, at one time so active in Spanish America, while they retain their wealth, have apparently lost much of their prestige. Though they are edifying by their conduct, they do not seem to have kept pace with the times, and the fact that they have recruited their ranks too easily, with perhaps too little discrimination and preparation, has made them descend somewhat from the commanding intellectual position they once occupied. That the old orders in Chile are very wealthy can easily be understood, when we reflect, that they have been in the country since the conquest, and, as their property has remained corporate and undivided in the various orders, it has naturally increased in value, during the centuries.

In Chile, as in Argentina and other countries where Church and state are united, the bishops are nominated by the government, the candidates requiring their confirmation from the Pope. The hierarchy of Chile consists of one archbishop, three bishops, and two vicars-apostolic. Besides Santiago, the dioceses are Concepcion, Serena, and Ancud, and the vicariates apostolic, Tarapacá and Antofagasta.

Last year, there were about four hundred secular, and over seven hundred regular priests in the diocese of Santiago alone. The same diocese, has nineteen religious orders of men, including the Christian Brothers, and twenty orders of women. It is useless to pass in review the entire clergy of Chile, but it will suffice to say, that the other dioceses cannot be so abundantly supplied. Serena, for instance, had little more than sixty secular priests, while in the vicariate of

Antofagasta there were only fourteen secular, and nine regular priests.

It is evident that the distribution of ecclesiastics in the Church is very unequal, complaints meeting us from all sides of the scarcity of priests, while, in some countries, we find monasteries filled with members of their respective orders.

There are about fifteen or more parish churches in the city of Santiago, besides the churches of regulars and various other churches and chapels. Quite a number of the priests have no special charge, exercising a free ministry, wherever their services may happen to be in demand.

There are a number of pious, and charitable societies in Santiago, some of them quite old. The *Hermandad de San Pedro,* for instance, has as its object to attend to the burial of priests, and to offer prayers for their soul. The *Hermandad de Dolores,* or Institute of Evangelical Charity, established at the time of the revolution, to honor Our Lady of Sorrows, in behalf of the imprisoned patriots, now devotes itself to visiting the sick poor in their homes. This society has, also, a branch for ladies. Another society, that of St. John Francis Regis, endeavors to facilitate the marriage of the poor. Others have as object the promotion of good morals, and of Christian education. The society of the Good Press, and the Bibliographical society have chosen for their work the diffusion of useful books, and periodicals.

An institution that one will find in South America, notably in Chile and Peru, is that of retreat houses, or *Casas de Ejercicios Espirituales,* to which people may retire to make a retreat. There are, at least, twenty-two such establishments in different parts of the diocese of Santiago.

The ladies of South America in general, and in Chile in particular, are closely identified with works of charity. The Chilean woman is intensely religious, and her religion renders her expansive. "Always hopeful, always ready to meet the experiences of life, whatever they may be, with a cheerful heart, the Chilean woman finds her greatest consolation and joy in the soothing and elevating influence of the Church. . . . It is noticeable to a stranger that the most beautiful residences are pointed out as the homes of 'the president of the orphans' asylum,' or 'the director of the Children's Hospital.' The Señora Doña Magdalena Vicuña de Subercaseaux, although a great-grandmother, is still active in many charities, and her daughter, Señora Emiliana Subercaseaux de Concha, gives much of her time and attention, as well as very liberal contributions, to the cause of the unfortunate and afflicted among the poor." [2]

The Catholic clergy in Chile make good use of the press, to extend their influence. Among other periodicals, they conduct *La Revista Catolica*, which appears every two weeks, with articles on religion, sociology, national history, philology, and so forth. It is the organ of the clergy.

La Union is a Catholic daily, with three editions, appearing in Santiago, Valparaiso, and Concepcion. Founded by the present archbishop, it is now owned by a priest, Señor Casanueva. This newspaper has a fine plant. When I visited it, they were celebrating the installation of a new printing press.

The different dioceses have each their seminary, in which young men are educated for the priesthood. The great seminary of Santiago is said to be the

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[2] Wright; The Republic of Chile, p. 118-120.

largest in America, excepting, probably, the *grand séminaire* of Montreal. It exists since 1585, having been founded by Bishop Diego de Medellin, after his return from the third Council of Lima. Last year it had 485 students, 80 in the great, and 405 in the little seminary, for the institution consists of two departments.

Among the interesting objects guarded in the seminary of Santiago is a large crucifix, said to have been donated to some official, or body of officials, by the Emperor Charles V. The crucifix before which the patriots swore to safeguard the independence of Chile is, also, preserved here.

There are quite a number of churches in Santiago that possess considerable interest, and several of them date from the colonial period. Among the old parishes, I may mention Santa Ana, founded in 1635, San Isidro, 1687, and San Lazaro, 1775.

The churches of the old Mendicant orders deserve especial attention, on account of their antiquity, and their relation to the ecclesiastical history of the country. First among these, after San Francisco, is the Dominican church, one square north of the Plaza. The *Catalogo de los Eclesiasticos de Ambos Cleros,* the clerical directory of Chile, affirms, that the Dominicans were the first religious to establish themselves in Chile, but Roberto Lagos in his *Historia de las Misiones del Colegio de Chillan,* proves that the honor belongs to the Franciscans. At all events, the Dominicans soon followed, early in the second half of the sixteenth century. The old church of Santo Domingo was destroyed by fire, and the present large, and massive edifice was erected in 1808. Next to the church is the monastery, but concealed from view by minor

buildings on the street, from which you enter directly into a large courtyard.

Of greater interest is the other Dominican church, much further north, at the foot of the Cerro de San Cristobal. This is the church belonging to the monastery of *La Recolleccion Dominicana,* established in 1754, by Father Manuel de Acuña, as a strict reform of the order, though, from what I glean, it no longer observes to the letter its original austerity. This monastery, until recently, depending directly on the general of the order, was not subject to the provincial of Chile. The Fathers are said to be very wealthy.

The church is surely one of the finest in Santiago, built in the Renaissance style, like most of the South American churches, with immense pillars of carrara marble, each consisting of three blocks, that were brought from Valparaiso in oxcarts, before the railroad existed. The edifice is comparatively modern. The story is told, that Pope Pius IX. had sent a marble column for the altar of the old church, and that an altar was built expressly for the column. After it was finished, it apeared too beautiful for the church, and the decision was taken to put up a new building to match the altar, hence the splendid edifice, which was erected by the Fathers at their own expense.

After the church, the principal object of interest is the large library, la Dominica, of which the celebrated Father, Domingo Aracena, was, at one time, librarian. This distinguished writer completely arranged the library that he found in great confusion, and which has been regarded as one of the best in Spanish America, not only for the number of volumes it contains, but, also, for their value. Father Aracena was a member of the University of Chile, of the

Roman Academy, and of the Episcopal Institute of Brazil. He died in 1874.

From the church of the Recolleccion Dominicana, we may now retrace our steps, recrossing the Plaza de Armas, to pay a visit to that of the Augustinians. The Friars of this order came to Chile from Peru in 1595. Their present monastery stands on the old site where the "Calle del Estado" (State street), formerly "Calle del Rey" (King street), meets the "Calle Augustinas." The Augustinians share in the general wealth of the Mendicant orders, in spite of revolutions and confiscations that may have passed over the country. The side of the monastery on the Calle del Estado is entirely built up with dwellings, and stores, the rental of which is an abiding source of revenue for the convent. I must not forget to state, however, that a good use is made of their riches by these old orders in the gratuitous schools for the poor, which they conduct. The Augustinians have, also, a college for boys in their monastery, with a good cabinet of physics, and natural sciences.

Although the church and monastery have suffered much from earthquakes, they are now in good condition, the large courtyards producing quite a pleasing effect. Noteworthy is the floor of the sacristy, beautifully inlaid with wood, imported from the United States. A large crucifix is preserved in the church which, generally concealed from view, is exhibited, I believe, on Fridays. The crown of thorns is around the neck of the image, instead of on the head. According to tradition, it fell thus, on the occasion of the great earthquake of Santiago, and it is the popular belief that when efforts have been made to replace it in its original condition, another earthquake has occurred.

A custom quite general in Spanish America which is certainly repugnant to our tastes is that of dressing statues with cloth. It is very common to see crucifixes, with a piece of gaudy decoration around the loins of the "Corpus," and I observed in one church, I feel quite sure that it was in the cathedral of Lima, a fine *bas-relievo* work, thus tastelessly adorned with pieces of cloth. Still, if such things are in keeping with the tastes of the people, we have no right to complain, and still less to ridicule, remembering the old proverb *de gustibus non est disputandum,* "do not dispute about tastes;" for taste is not always amenable to reason.

The crucifix in question is said to have been made by a religious, eminent for his virtues, but who had no knowledge of sculpture. It stood in a chapel of the old church which, according to the chroniclers, was vast and sumptuous. At the earthquake of 1647, the entire edifice was destroyed, with the exception of the chapel in which this crucifix was venerated. It was then that the crown of thorns fell from the head to the neck. As the earthquake occurred on May 13, the image is known as *El Señor de Mayo,* "The Lord of May." On certain occasions it is carried through the streets of Santiago in procession.[3]

The order of La Merced, founded in Spain in the Middle Ages, with the object of redeeming Christian slaves from Mohammedan captivity, has always been very prominent in Spanish America. In fact, at the present time, it hardly exists anywhere else. The first Mercedarians to visit Chile were those who accompanied Almagro. Their Chilean province was erected, and their convent in Santiago founded in 1566. At

[3] Los Frailes en Chile al través de los Siglos, H. R. Guinazu, p. 181.

the present time, they possess a considerable number of convents, scattered throughout the Republic. Their general, Father Pedro Armengol Valenzuela, who resides in Rome, is a native of Chile. The habit of the Mercedarians is entirely white, broken only by the little shield with the coat-of-arms of Aragon which they wear on their breast, and which serves as a reminder of the days when they were first established by San Pedro Nolasco, aided by King James I. of Aragon.

The large church of this order in Santiago de Chile shares with those of the Franciscans, Dominicans, and Augustinians the glory of having belonged to the old colonial days, when the religious orders labored so zealously for the conversion of the natives. It has been completely renovated, and the adjoining monastery with its courtyards, partakes of the general character of similar institutions in Latin America.

The importance of the Society of Jesus in the educational work of Spanish America, from the end of the sixteenth, to the latter portion of the eighteenth century, cannot be overestimated. Its sphere of influence extended from Mexico to the southern limits of the continent, and from the Pacific to the Atlantic. The Fathers of this Society entered Chile from Peru in 1593, and, when the order was driven out of the Spanish dominions in 1767, it numbered in the former country at least 383 members, with twelve colleges, one novitiate, ten residences, and many missions among the Indians. The decree of expulsion was one of the cruellest it is possible to imagine, for, on the same day, throughout the dominions of Spain, all Jesuits, sick and well, were mercilessly transported.

The first Jesuit church in Santiago, a small one, was begun about 1605, and in 1634, it was completed;

but the earthquake of 1647 nearly destroyed it. The church of the Compañia, as I have said, stood near the present site of the building of Congress that occupies that of the college, so renowned for its educational work, and for the illustrious men that belonged to it, men, like Ovalle, Olivares, Molina, Lacunza, and Fuensalida who will live forever by their literary and scientific labors.

At the present time, the Jesuits conduct the St. Ignatius College in Santiago, and a "Casa de Ejercicios," or house set apart for the spiritual exercises in Valparaiso, besides houses in other dioceses. The Fathers have been active in the Republic since 1843.

To take the place of the old church of La Compañia which was destroyed by fire in 1863, a magnificent edifice has been erected on an entirely different site, but it does not belong to the Jesuits. This is the church of "El Salvador." Chilean art may here be seen to advantage, as the statues were made by a native artist. The beautiful stained glass windows are Spanish, of Barcelona workmanship. As a modern edifice, the Salvador deserves to rank among the finest churches in America. It is one of the few Gothic churches of South America, the number of which is, however, on the increase. The decorations of the interior are gorgeous, with an abundance of gold, but the exterior is still unfinished. The *tout ensemble* is magnificent, and most imposing.

Those interested in the ecclesiastical affairs of South America may well visit the church and house of the Redemptorists who have been active in Chile, since 1876. Their house is adorned with a fine courtyard. These Fathers, so zealous in the work of missions in South America, have, also, houses at San Bernardo

and Valparaiso in the diocese of Santiago, and in other dioceses of Chile.

The Capuchin Fathers, who have various institutions in the dioceses of the country, take charge of the missions among the Araucanians in the south.

Protestants are, also, to some extent active in Chile, for though the Catholic is the official religion, the exercise of others is permitted. There are several Protestant churches in the Republic, devoted to the interests of their co-religionists, the ministers of which, attending to their own people, are respected even by those differing from them in creed. But there are others who carry on a more or less obscure propaganda, especially by means of the tracts which they scatter broadcast. I understand that the Methodists and Presbyterians are, especially, active in this direction. Between the two, they have about fifteen chapels in Santiago, and, according to their own estimate, several thousand members. Their work is greatly among the poor, and their chapels, no matter how obscure, become easily proselytizing centres. These gentlemen should, however, remember, that though it is comparatively easy to take away Catholicity from the Latins, it is by no means an easy task to put any other form of Christianity in its stead. They ought, therefore, to weigh the tremendous responsibility they have assumed, and the danger they are running of working in harmony with infidelity, by robbing the people of their faith, without anything substantial to take its place. Of course, if their sole object is to destroy the Catholic faith, they will to a certain extent be successful; but such a negative work of destruction can only call forth the abhorrence of fair-minded men.

I don't know what antidote the Catholic Church is using to counteract these influences, but the impres-

sion made on me in South America was that the Catholic clergy are not alarmed at the danger of Protestantism spreading. In fact, I doubt whether they understand the extent of its operations.

Modern Chili has been, perhaps above all things, remarkable for its strenuous efforts in the cause of education. Herein, it is equal to, if not in advance of any other country in Latin America. A brief review of the intellectual history of the country will mark the steps by which it has ascended to its present exalted position.

In 1593, the year that the Jesuits arrived, there was only one private school in Santiago, directed by an incompetent individual who thus endeavored to gain a livelihood. The Friars who had been, for some years, occupied in the work of the ministry, and in the conversion of the natives, must have had their own schools in their convents, and, certainly, higher education was imparted in Chile, but means of primary instruction were lacking.

Within three months after their arrival, the Jesuits had founded two primary schools, and, shortly after, they inaugurated a course of higher instruction with chairs of theology and philosophy. However, philosophy had been taught before the Jesuits came, the first professor of this science having been the Dominican Father, Acacio de Noveda.

In 1611, the college of St. Francis Xavier was founded by the Jesuits, an institution that may be regarded as the cradle of public instruction in Chile.[4]

In 1619, the Dominicans founded the Pontifical university of St. Thomas, in virtue of a bull of Pope Paul V., and, a century later, King Philip IV. estab-

[4] See Memoria sobre la Produccion Intellectual en Chile, by Benjamin Vicuña Subercaseaux.

lished the university of St. Philip. In the meantime, diocesan seminaries had been in operation, that of the diocese of Concepcion, founded in the city of Concepcion, then called Imperial, before the year 1563, being the oldest in Chile.

After the independence, education was one of the first things to occupy the attention of the men at the head of the state, a department of public insruction was created, and schools began to multiply in all directions. Though not compulsory, education in Chile is gratuitous. At present, there are 2,215 elementary schools, with over 4,000 teachers and about 172,000 pupils. Further, the government subsidizes 118 private elementary schools. Primary schools are to be found in cities, towns, villages and even hamlets of only 300 inhabitants, and the society of the *Escuela de Proletarios* endeavors to extend the benefits of education to the poorest of the poor.

Secondary instruction is imparted in the National Institute of Santiago, and in the lyceums that exist in every town of importance. The *Instituto Nacional,* with a splendid library, is the college, in which students are prepared for the university. It was founded in 1813.

Chile has devoted great attention to pedagogy, having a number of normal schools for the training of teachers, the first of which was founded by President Manuel Montt. For a long time, the German pedagogic system prevailed entirely, but, some years ago, the government engaged the services of two young ladies from this country, Miss Agnes Brown, a graduate of Ann Arbor, and Miss Caroline Burson, of St. Mary's, Indiana, to introduce the American system, to be used in some of the schools. The ladies have been quite successful in their undertaking.

The state university of Chile has been developed from the old university of San Felipe. It is situated on the Alameda in Santiago. There exists, also, an institution, known as the university of Chile, founded in 1843 on the model of the *College de France,* divided into several faculties, which has as its object to centralize, and direct the studies of the Republic. It was of this academic institution that Andres Bello was the first rector. With a wider scope than the ordinary routine university, it was solemnly inaugurated with a *Te Deum,* and a number of discourses.

The Republic of Chile, is, also, rich in schools of mining, agriculture, industry, and commerce. At the *Quinta Normal* in Santiago of which I wrote in a previous chapter, is situated the *National Agricultural Institute,* in which various branches related to agriculture are taught. Besides these, there are schools of music, and the fine arts, and institutions for the deaf, dumb and blind.

Unlike some other countries, Chile has not banished religion from the schools, even though there are tendencies in some persons looking in that direction. Some of the larger institutions, like normal schools, have, also, a chaplain whose duty it is to impart religious instruction. However, it is quite possible that the good effects of this religious teaching be neutralized by anti-religious teachers. In 1900, Archbishop Casanova wrote in one of his pastorals:

"It is true, that the law orders that religion shall be taught in the schools, but, thus far, the results have not been satisfactory. . . . With what right is it permitted among us that persons occupy professional chairs, and direct public schools, who boast of their intention to wrench the faith from the people, and corrupt youth by education?"

He, therefore, urges, according to the decrees of the Latin American Council, that parochial schools be established, at least one for each parish.

Years previously, as early as 1870, the Society of Catholic Schools of St. Thomas of Aquin was founded in Santiago, with the object of promoting education upon a religious basis. Last year, the Society had twelve schools in operation, seven for boys and five for girls, besides a night school for adults. The diocese of Santiago has, also, its normal school for teachers, while the "Centro Cristiano," the diocesan council for primary instruction, directs education in the diocese.

For higher education, the Catholic university was founded in Santiago by Archbishop Casanova in 1888. It is now a flourishing institution, with faculties of law, mathematics, agriculture and industry, civil engineering, and so forth. The university occupies two buildings, the one on the Calle de Augustinas, and the other on the Alameda de las Delicias.

Theology is taught in the seminary of the Holy Guardian Angels in Santiago, and the institute known as the university of Chile counts, also, theology among its faculties.

There are other Catholic institutions of instruction in the different dioceses of Chile of which it is needless to treat here. From what I have said, we may infer, that, in proportion to its population, Chile, as far as education, secular and religious, is concerned, is one of the best equipped countries of South America.

Chapter XVI.

FROM SANTIAGO TO CALLAO.

On to Valparaiso—Viña del Mar—W. R. Grace & Co.—Earthquakes—Cosmopolitan Character of Valparaiso—Battle of Valparaiso—The "Oravia"—Coquimbo—Serena—Wreck of the Blanco Encalada—Antofagasta—The Railway to Lake Titicaca—Nitrate Industry—Iquique—Arica—The War between Chile and Peru—Mollendo—Difficulty of Landing—Deserted Islay—Guano Islands—Callao—Lima—The Hotel Maury.

The morning of June 15 broke cold and damp. A welcome rain had fallen the previous night, the first rain in many months. At eight o'clock, I bade farewell to Santiago, taking the "rapido," the express train for Valparaiso. The trip costs fourteen pesos, and lasts a little over three hours. The scenery from Santiago northward, as your train runs between the two mountain ranges through the valley, is very beautiful. On your left, you have the maritime Cordillera, while the lofty range of the Andes stretches on your right. Passing some small towns, where the train stops, you arrive again at Llai Llai, a little north of which you turn westward, the line first curving strongly northward. At Calera, you pass the junction of the line to the north. The most important town on your route is Quillota, the head of the department of that name, in the province of Valparaiso. The parish of Quillota is one of the oldest in Chile, as it is mentioned among Indian parishes, as early as 1585. Limache, between Quillota and Valparaiso, is another

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old parish, dating at least from the early part of the seventeenth century.

Before arriving at the city of Valparaiso, you pass through the fine watering place of Viña del Mar, with many beautiful villas, and several churches, among which are those of the Passionists, and the Discalced Carmelites. Viña del Mar has been developed within the last forty years, becoming the fashionable seaside resort where a number of Santiago and Valparaiso families have built themselves splendid villas, and where, in the summer months, fashion and elegance reign, the Grand Hotel being the fashionable stopping place for transients.

Viña del Mar is about five miles from Valparaiso. You obtain here your first view of the Pacific ocean, and steam on to Valparaiso, past Miramar, and a few other small places.

Valparaiso, the "Valley of Paradise," was thus named by Don Juan de Saavedra who accompanied the expedition of Almagro. Constantly exposed to the attacks of pirates and buccaneers, and captured by Drake in 1578, the early life of Valparaiso was very precarious. In 1791, the year it was created a municipality, the population numbered only 4,000. Today Valparaiso is the chief commercial centre of Chile, and the most prominent seaport on the west coast of South America.

The city is built in amphitheatre style on the hills to which you ascend by incline railways. It is very cosmopolitan, and every nationality is represented within it. English is spoken everywhere, and generally understood. English names are found on the large commercial houses, although the employees are generally Chilean. Among the business places, I may be permitted to select two for honorable mention,

especially as I enjoyed their courtesy. Messrs. Duncan, Fox and Company are the agents for the Lamport and Holt Line. They have also a house at Lima, Peru. I had my letters addressed to their care, and when an important cablegram reached them, after I had left the city, they kindly forwarded it for me to Lima.

The other house is that of W. R. Grace and Company. The founder of the company was the late Mr. W. R. Grace, who began his career, and his fortune in Peru. He was one of the pioneers of South American trade, and, today, the company has establishments all along the coast. The Chilean branch is under the direction of Mr. John Eyre. I feel deep gratitude to W. R. Grace and Company, for their kindness to me through Mr. Molanphy in Santiago, and Mr. Chandler in Valparaiso.

It was an American, Mr. William Wheelwright, whose influence began the first South American railway from Caldera to Copiapó, and caused the first steps to be taken toward connecting Buenos Aires with Valparaiso. He too organized the Pacific Steam Navigation Company in 1840.

During the summer months, from January to March, the government transfers its headquarters from Santiago to Valparaiso, the president and his cabinet residing at Viña del Mar. The population of Valparaiso is over 150,000. The city has been severely tried, even in our own age, by earthquakes, and by fire. The terrible earthquake of August 16, 1906, is still fresh, and Valparaiso has hardly yet recovered from its effects, although, when we reflect that about ninety per cent. of the houses are said to have been ruined, many of those that had escaped the earthquake being destroyed by fire, we cannot but admire the pluck and

energy that have built up a new Valparaiso. Fortunately the number killed was comparatively small, probably from 500 to 1,000 or more, besides a large number hurt. Property loss was estimated at about £20,000,000 ($100,000,000). The seismic disturbance was not confined to Valparaiso, creating havoc in northern Chile generally, and being felt as far south as Concepcion. Santiago suffered greatly, and devastation was wrought on the slopes of the Cordilleras, at San Felipe and Los Andes.

You will find a number of nationalities represented in the shipping of Valparaiso, and all vessels proceeding through the straits, and up the coast, naturally, stop there. It is a fine place for repairs, as there are two floating docks, capable of accommodating vessels up to four thousand tons' capacity.

If you desire to spend a couple of days or more at Valaparaiso, it is important that you should make inquiries regarding dates of sailing before leaving Santiago; for, otherwise you may have to wait a week, or even longer, for an opportunity. Besides taking your chances of engaging passage on a cargo boat, say of the Lamport and Holt Line, or on one of the vessels of W. R. Grace and Company, with no definite prospect of making time, you have three regular lines, the Pacific Steam Navigation Company; the Compañia Sud Americana de Vapores, a Chilean company; and the Kosmos Line, German. The two former will take you to Panama, if you change steamers at Callao, but the last named does not stop at Panama. For one who wishes to make a thorough study of the West coast, a cargo boat may offer a good opportunity, as it is apt to stop several days at the different ports. The steamboat fare from Valparaiso to Callao has

recently been reduced to a uniform rate of £13 ($65.00).

Ships at Valparaiso lie out in the bay, and you hire a small boat to take yourself and baggage alongside your vessel. Should you, on arriving at Valparaiso, make close connections with your steamer, and have only a few hours to stay, you may deposit your hand baggage in a parcel room at the station, in consideration of a small fee.

After engaging passage on the "Oravia," of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, I went on board, accompanied by an employee of W. R. Grace and Company, whom the manager had kindly sent with me. There is an American man-of-war, the North Carolina, lying in the harbor. The sight of the Stars and Stripes reminds me of past experiences of our navy at Valparaiso. During our war of 1812, the engagement recorded in our history between the United States frigate Essex and the British frigates, Phoebe and Cherub, took place off the promontory of Punta Gruesa, near Valparaiso. This unequal fight lasted two hours. The Essex was commanded by Admiral Porter, and one of her "middies" was the celebrated Farragut, who later in life, when referring to the engagement, compared the capture of Mobile as "a bit of child's play" to the dreadful slaughter of Valparaiso.

It was, also, at Valparaiso that the unfortunate incident occurred, during the Balmaceda revolution in 1891-2, when a few American sailors were killed in the streets, an incident that threatened to bring about unpleasant complications between this country and Chile.

The "Oravia" is a comfortable ship, with most gentlemanly officers, from Captain George U. Bindley down. The chief engineer, Mr. Kennedy, is a good-

natured, and witty Scotchman, who tries to make everyone feel pleasant, and whose acquaintance with the coast furnishes quite a fertile source of information. The "Oravia" has just come from England, passing through the straits. Her passengers are mostly natives, bound to different ports on the coast of Chile or Peru, but there is, also, a sprinkling of Americans. With this company, we leave Valparaiso to sail along the coast, almost constantly in sight of land, until we reach Callao, or, as the sailors say, "Callio."

The snow-capped Cordilleras are in full view, shortly after leaving Valparaiso, and Aconcagua's hoary summit looms up far away, like the majestic head of a solitary giant of the mountains. Let us take a last look at him, for we shall see him no more after this. In a few hours, night wraps us in its folds, shutting out the land from view. The long Pacific swells that follow each other from the immense stretch of ocean on our left causes the ship to roll much, but I retire to my cabin to sink into that agreeable oblivion which comes as a relief to all the ills of humanity. My cabin is large, though irregular in shape, and somewhat obscure, but I may turn on the electric light, at any hour of the day or night. My room-mate happens to be an agreeable young American, Mr. Graham Clark, commercial agent of the Department of Commerce and Labor of our Government. He is bound for Antofagasta, where he is to take the train for Bolivia. I too had intended going to Bolivia, but the severe cold I contracted at Santiago has deterred me, and I fear to expose myself to the dangerous altitudes, hence I have taken passage directly to Callao.

After leaving Valparaiso, we pass Quintero Bay with a good anchorage for ships and a village of about

900 inhabitants. Then follows Port Papudo in the heart of a fertile district, with copper and silver mines in its territory. Further on, you pass the villages of Quilmari and Vilos, and a few scattered islands off the coast. A railway leads from Vilos to Illapel, about twenty miles away. Steamers call here regularly, and the place is connected by telegraph with the rest of the world.

Along the coast are scattered a number of small settlements, such as Nagué and Chigualoco. Further on, the town of Sougoi, a port of call for steamers, is connected by railroad with the copper mines of Tamaya.

A little before arriving at Coquimbo, you pass Guayacan with a population of 2,500, and large copper smelting works.

After steaming all night, we dropped anchor in the morning at Coquimbo, one of the chief mercantile ports of Chile. It is a long town at the foot of a hill, with its houses straggling upwards, and depressions on both sides of the hill. A few steamers, and other vessels, among them a training ship of the Chilean navy, lay in the harbor, while boats and lighters were here and there seen ready to load and unload. Coquimbo is the seaport of Serena, the capital of Coquimbo province.

Serena, with a population of twenty-five thousand, on the banks of the Coquimbo river, was founded, where it now stands, by Pedro de Valdivia. It is the chief centre of a district producing an abundance of tropical fruit, but its principal wealth lies in the exploitation of copper, which is produced in this province, more than anywhere else in South America. The copper is exported through the port of Coquimbo.

Serena possesses ten churches, and several chapels. It was erected into a diocese in 1842. The present bishop, the Right Reverend Ramon Angel Jara, who has been decorated with the insignia of the Spanish order of Isabel la Catolica, is one of the foremost orators of South America. He was chosen to deliver the address before the Infanta Isabel in the church of Lujan, Argentine Republic, on the occasion when the princess presented a banner to the shrine of Our Lady of Lujan.

Coquimbo, with a poulation of 7,500, was founded by Valdivia in 1544. There are three churches and several chapels in the city, and, from the deck of the steamer, you may observe at least one of the steeples. The shrine of the Virgin of the Rosary at Andacollo, some distance from Coquimbo in the mountains, attracts a large number of pilgrims, especially at the Christmas season. The cliff above the town of Coquimbo seems absolutely barren. Two or three streets run parallel through the entire length of the town, which has, also, a fine plaza. From the steamer, you will notice the Palace Hotel that looks quite large and modern. There is, also, an hospital in the town.

You may, now and then, see the train running along the shore; for several railways start from Coquimbo which is, at present, the terminus of the line coming north from Valparaiso.

It is still cold here, and I shall be obliged to wear my overcoat, almost until I arrive at Callao. The west coast of South America is much colder than that of the Atlantic, owing principally, to the Antarctic current which sweeps along, as far as the northern limits of Peru. Fogs often prevail on this coast, as far north as Guayaquil. In fact, on the coast of Peru, fogs are the rule.[1]

[1] See the South American Pilot, part II.

As we leave the harbor of Coquimbo, our eyes will give a parting glance at the receding town, and, perhaps, rest longest on the peculiar landmark on the hill, built in the shape of a pyramid. We keep the barren mountains, saturated with mineral deposits on our right, while, here and there, we catch glimpses of the distant Cordilleras as, range upon range, they come sloping down to the sea. We now pass Bird Islands, inhabited only by the lighthouse keeper, Totoralillo, a smelting village, connected with other places by telephone, and Huasco, another copper district, with vineyards, and a population of 750. Further on, Carrizal Bajo, with a population of over 700, is a regular port of call for coasting steamers. Another stopping place for coastwise boats is Port Caldera, with a population of 2,500, having a telegraph line, and railways to the interior. It exports principally minerals, such as gold, silver, copper, and manganese, but it has, also, commerce in skins. The great want of the place is water, that can only be obtained by condensing salt water, or bringing fresh water by rail. Caldera is the port for Copiapó, the capital of the province of Atacama, and the centre of a great gold and silver region. Situated about four hundred miles north of Valparaiso, it is the terminus of the first railway constructed in South America. It is said that the mineral wealth of this region was exploited by the Incas, long before the arrival of the Spaniards who, under Valdivia, first took possession of Chile in the valley of Copiapó in 1540. The city, founded in 1744, is one of the most important of the Republic, although its population is scarcely more than twelve thousand.

The wreck of the Chilean ironclad, Blanco Encalada, which figured conspicuously in the war with Peru

lies at Caldera in eight fathoms of water. She was sunk here in 1891 by two torpedo boats of the Balmaceda party, with a loss of 245 of her crew.

The next ports we pass are Charaval, and Taltal, both connected by short railways with the interior of the country. About eight miles south of Antofagasta, lies the small nitrate port of Caleta Coloso that has grown up with the railway, connecting it with Antofagasta, in the harbor of which we cast our anchor about noon, two days after leaving Valparaiso.

As soon as the doctor's visit had taken place, the boatmen came tumbling up the ladder in swarms. The sea here, as all along the coast, is often very rough, and landing, generally, is quite difficult, the swells causing the little boats, and the lighters to rise sometimes almost to the bulwarks of the ship, and then to sink far down into the depths.

The coast hills rise here above the town which lies spread out at their foot upon a sloping plain. Some enterprising merchants have utilized the hills back of the town to advertise several kinds of tea, "Te Ratan puro," being especially noticeable. The same tea is, also, advertised on the row boats.

The city, laid out in parallel lines, is divided by wide streets which can be distinctly seen from the steamer. The water front is lined by warehouses, and other business places. Stevenson & Company, stevedores and ship chandlers who, also, sell "Te Ratan puro," seem to be the most prominent merchants. At least they are the most conspicuous by their advertisements. Two brothers, very much resembling each other, the Stevensons, who are Americans, came here with little or nothing, I am told, and now they are making money fast. I did not land, as my throat

was paining too much, a result of the cold contracted in Santiago.

Antofagasta has a population of 16,000. It is the port for Bolivia, though it now belongs to Chile. It was captured during the famous war waged in 1879 against the combined forces of Peru and Bolivia, but permitted to remain as the Pacific outlet for Bolivian commerce. This war had the result of adding materially to Chilean territory.

The great Antofagasta railway begins here. It is a private enterprise of the greatest importance, as it opens up the very heart of the Andes, and the old country of the Incas. The gauge is only of two feet, and six inches, yet the day coaches and sleeping cars are said to be quite up-to-date, while the freight wagons carry a twenty-ton load. The line starts from Antofagasta, and follows a northeastern direction, beginning the ascent soon after its departure. At O'Higgins, three stations from Antofagasta, it strikes a branch road, going south to the nitrate fields of Boquete. Another branch is reached at Prat, which goes to Mejillones, a port on the Pacific recently opened by the Antofagasta Railway Company. At Ollague, the line crosses the Bolivian frontier, and strikes another branch going north to the copper mines at Collahuasi. From here, the line continues northeast, until it reaches Uyuni, when it turns north to proceed to Oruro. After leaving Antofagasta, the railway passes through the principal nitrate district of this part of Chile, until the Andes come into full view. The summit of the main line from Antofagasta to Uyuni is at an altitude of 13,000 feet. The railway branch from Ollague station to Collahuasi is said to be the highest line of railway in the world, reaching, as it does, to a height of 15,809 feet. From Uyuni, a

private railway, connects with the Huanchaca silver mines, worked by a Franco-Chilean company.

Oruro, where the line of the Antofagasta and Bolivia railway company ends, is a town situated about 12,000 feet above sea level, with silver and tin mines in the neighborhood. Bolivia is, probably, the country in the world richest in mineral wealth.

At Oruro, you change for the trains of the Bolivia Raliway Company which is, also, managed by the Antofagasta railroad. You now proceed northwest, until you reach Viacha which lies on the road that, northward, goes to La Paz, and westward to Guaqui on Lake Titicaca, the highest navigable body of water on earth, at an altitude of over 12,000 feet. La Paz, the capital of Bolivia, is itself nearly 12,000 feet high. Ilimani, one of the loftiest Andean peaks, of 21,182 feet, is seen on the journey between Oruro and Viacha. To go to Cuzco in Peru, you return from La Paz by a railway, run by electric motor, to Guaqui on Lake Titicaca, where you take the steamer.

The itinerary of the through sleeping *train de luxe* will give an idea of the length of the journey I have outlined. It leaves Antofagasta every Monday at 6.40 p. m., crosses the Bolivian frontier early the following afternoon, to arrive at Oruro at 8.28 a. m., on Wednesday. At Oruro you take the train at 9.10 a. m., to reach Patacamaya at 1 p. m., and have twenty-six minutes for lunch. You arrive at Viacha at 4.05 p. m., and, from Viacha to La Paz the distance is short. Should you wish to take a slower train, and go by easy stages, you may leave Antofagasta every day, except Sunday, at 7.50 a. m., arriving at Cuevitas at 11.52 for lunch. You reach Calama, 7,400 feet above sea level, in the evening about six, and here you break the journey, and spend the night, to leave the next

morning at six. At 9.17, the train stops for lunch at San Pedro, and goes on further, until it reaches Uyuni, between 6 and 7 in the evening. You spend the night at Uyuni, a town of 5,000 inhabitants, many of whom are Indians. Here you will first meet with the llamas that travel in troops of one hundred or more to the silver and tin mines of Potosí, taking fifteen days to make the journey. They say that a llama will not move if his burden exceeds 100 pounds by the most trifling weight.

You depart from Uyuni at 7.25 a. m., to reach Sevaruyo at 12.23 for lunch, and thence proceed to Oruro, where you arrive after five o'clock to spend another night. The following morning at 9.10 you continue the northward journey to Viacha, arriving there, a little after four in the afternoon.

In the winter months, this journey may be unpleasantly cold, and, at any season of the year, you may have to suffer from the mountain sickness, caused by the rarity of oxygen in the air. The trains of the Antofagasta Railway company carry an oxygen apparatus of which the sufferer may avail himself.

Let us now return to Antofagasta. The nitrate business is the most important here, the nitrate country beginning on this side of Coquimbo, and extending far to the north. From the sea, the coast appears most desolate, without a bit of vegetation. A number of square rigged vessels, engaged in nitrate commerce, are to be seen in the various ports of this coast. The people of Antofagasta have to depend on incoming ships for their supplies, as the country produces nothing, and even drinking water has to be brought from a great distance in the mountains. This is a very serious matter. During the war with Peru, when the water supply was cut off in one of the

coast towns, the inhabitants suffered for many hours horribly from thirst.

Many people on the Chilean coast seem to bear an unenviable reputation among British seamen for thievery. The fast steamers, at least the English, are comparatively safe, as no one is permitted to go below, but, on the coasting vessels, the natives swarm everywhere, and it is hard, at any time, to be safeguarded against robbery. It would not be safe to leave valuables in an exposed position, and, in port, it is better to lock the stateroom, should it contain goods of value. Antofagasta is said to be especially unsafe. It was related to me, that some weeks before my arrival, robbers had gone so far as to make a night attack on a German steamer. Fortunately, the man on watch gave the alarm in time, and the invaders were soon put to flight.

From the deck of the steamer, I can make out two churches, one, to the south, built apparently in the old Spanish style, and the other, nearly in the centre, with the frame work of a tall steeple. There are, however, three churches in the city, and two chapels, one of the orphan asylum, and the other of the hospital. The vicariate apostolic of Antofagasta is governed by a priest, Don Luis Silva Lezaeta. The vicariate is quite young, and, in fact, the port of Antofagasta dates only from 1870.

As we lie here at anchor, I can see through the fog the rising ranges that lead up to the tremendous Cordilleras with their mysterious depths, and a still more mysterious past, and their great possibilities for the future. Antofagasta lies at the entrance to a bay. Rounding the headland, we pass out again into the open Pacific to proceed northward, leaving Mejillones, ensconced in a bay to the southeast. This is said to be the finest harbor on the Pacific coast, capable of

holding all the fleets of the world, and thoroughly protected against gales from the southwest. It was opened, not long ago, by the Antofagasta Railway Company. Further to the north, we pass another nitrate port, Tocopilla, with a population of 5,000, telegraph lines, and a railway to the interior. Steamers call here regularly.

After passing a number of small places on the coast, we arrive at Iquique in the early morning. The city with a population of some 50,000, lies spread out on a flat surface, at the foot of the coast range. As we enter the harbor, I observe a good deal of shipping, with a number of large, square-rigged vessels. In the harbor, several sea lions, quite numerous on this part of the coast, are sporting. I had, also, observed them at Antofagasta.

On the hills, back of the town, are large tracts of shifting sand, blown up by the wind, and advancing slowly year by year. Rain is very scarce here, if, at all, it can be said to exist, and, with the exception of some cactus, vegetation is exceedingly scanty.

Like Antofagasta, Iquique depends for its supplies entirely on the outside world. Water is brought by pipes from Pica, a considerable distance in the interior. Iquique that formerly belonged to Peru is the greatest nitrate port of the world, the nitrate being generally shipped to Europe in sailing vessels. It is connected with the interior, and with other coast towns, by railway. The houses are mostly built of wood. The city possesses the electric tramway system.

Ecclesiastically, Iquique belongs to the vicariate apostolic of Tarapacá, which, in 1880, when the territory passed over to Chile, was separated from the diocese of Arequipa in Peru. Iquique has, at least, five churches, and several chapels. One or two of the

churches can be seen from the steamer. The city possesses, also, an hospital, one of the many to be found in the towns all along the coast.

As we proceed from Iquique northward, we observe, that in places along the shore, there is no sign of a beach, the perpendicular cliffs appearing to descend straight into the water. We are at about 20° S. L., but you cannot imagine that you are in the tropics, as it is so raw and foggy.

About midway between Iquique and Pisagua, lies Caleta Buena, with a population of 2,500. It is connected by rail with a line running, more or less, parallel to the coast from Lagunas, a great deal south of Iquique, to Pisagua. This last city has a population of 3,000. The town was bombarded and burned in the war of 1879. I was told, that smallpox is often prevalent here. Another disease, of which many cases are to be found along the coast is bubonic plague, that seems to have become endemic in South America.

At Camarones Cove, we pass a river the mouth of which has been blocked, the water, thus dammed, being employed to irrigate the surounding country. There is some agriculture here, as well as in the interior valleys. Further on, at Victor Gulley, another river is passed the mouth of which is, also, closed. Beneath the cliffs, in the cut, you catch a glimpse of vegetation, forming a striking contrast with the barren hills you eye has grown accustomed to.

Our next port is Arica. We ran into the harbor on a raw and foggy afternoon, more like a day in October or November at home, than like one in the tropics. The object which will, above all, draw your attention is the high promontory before the town, known as Arica Head. Here, during the war with Peru, stood a fort with powerful guns, while the landward

side of Arica was protected by entrenchments and batteries. On the north, other batteries afforded protection to the city. Early in June, 1879, Tacna to the north had been captured, and the Chileans marched down the railway to the sea. In the harbor of Arica, lay the Peruvian man-of-war, Manco Capac, and the Chilean ships that bombarded the town had been driven off without much difficulty. On the morning of June 7th, the attack on Arica from the land-side began, and, by 7 a. m., all but the Morro, or the fort on Arica Head, had been captured. The story told me about the capture of the Morro is, that, at night, the Chileans, proceeding from Victor Gulley, marched along the ridge, surprised the Peruvians, and drove them over the cliff, about 500 feet high, with tremendous slaughter.

According to treaty, the people in the Arica district were, after the lapse of a certain number of years, to cast their vote, as to which nation they wished to belong. This has not yet been done, and, as the country has been filling up with Chileans, it is not likely that Chile will ever relinquish her hold of Arica.

The city has a population of about three thousand. It is of considerable importance as the port of Tacna, the capital of the province, that lies more than twenty miles inland, to the north, with which it is connected by railroad. On a clear day, Tacna can be seen from the sea. To the east of it, are some of the highest peaks of the Andes.

The town of Arica lies on flats in a small bay. After casting anchor, we were visited by a number of boatmen, fighting with each other to get to the top of the ladder first. There was a rough and tumble fight in one of the boats, and the next thing I expected

THE MORRO, ARICA, CHILE

was to see knives drawn, but the storm blew over, and the combatants were soon ready, it appeared, to give each other the kiss of peace.

I observed two little girls coming alongside, with some gentlemen. After their boat had been tossed about a good deal, they were, finally, lifted to the platform, and left to climb the ladder, as best they could alone. We shall notice them again at Mollendo.

At Arica, the coast turns strongly to the northwest, to reach finally the point where the South American continent, from Brazil to Peru, swells out to its widest proportions. We pass the town of Ylo, where coasting steamers call, and the fertile valley of Tambo. In clear weather, the volcano of Arequipa, 20,200 feet high, can be seen.

The morning of June 19, raw and chilly, with a heavy fog hanging over the land, found us slowly steaming into the harbor of Mollendo, the first port of Peru. Mollendo has the reputation of being the Joppa of the west coast, the hardest port in which to land, sometimes more than others. Although, on this particular morning, a heavy swell was running, the sea did not appear exceedingly rough, and landing was comparatively easy, at least from the ship, though the surf was beating with tremendous fury on the shore.

As usually, the boatmen came scrambling up the ladder, shouting at the top of their voice, to pick up such jobs as they could. Then the procession filed back, one man carrying in his arms with the greatest solicitude the doll of one of the little girls we had noticed at Arica. I watched the boat in which the girls were, as it was towed ashore by a launch, now vanishing behind the waves, then riding into sight

again, until it disappeared, as it rounded the point on the breakwater, on its way to the wharf.

The town of Mollendo, of recent construction, is stretched out on a bit of table land, at the foot of the hills. With a population of 5,000, Mollendo is the port of Arequipa, which lies inland at an altitude of 7,500 feet, at the foot of the extinct volcano Misti. Here begins the railroad to Cuzco, via Arequipa, and from Cuzco you may go by steamer on Lake Titicaca, to La Paz in Bolivia. The exports passing through Mollendo are, principally, alpaca, and sheep's wool, skins, coca leaves, bark, silver, tin, and copper ores.

About half past ten, the sea was running high, and it became very difficult to ascend the ladder. It was necessary to wait until the boat rose on the swell, and then to make a spring to the platform. I observed a rather corpulent lady in her efforts to perform this feat, making several useless attempts, in spite of the aid of the men with her in the boat. Her pocketbook fell from her hands, fortunately on the platform, and, finally, she sank exhausted to the bottom of the little craft, becoming deadly sick. At last, after strenuous efforts, she succeeded in reaching the deck.

At Mollendo, I had a conversation with my fellow traveller, Mr. McMillen who, as I have before stated, had had charge of the mule route across the Cumbre on the Andes. He informed me that there is some question of moving the statue of Christ and placing it where it may be seen from the railroad. To visit the spot where it now stands, you must engage mules either at Los Andes, or at Puente de Inca.

As we leave Mollendo, we observe the deserted town of Islay, which was formerly the port of Arequipa; but the building of the railroad at Mollendo was its un-

doing. The deserted houses may be seen from the ship, best through a glass.

Before we reach the end of our journey, I wish to draw your attention to the multitude of birds on the west coast of South America, gulls, cormorants, pelicans, and other endless varieties. Toward sunset, on the coast of Peru, as they go to roost, the rocks and small islands are literally black with them. It is these birds that furnish the guano of the Peruvian coasts.

On our way up the coast, we passed the Paracas Peninsula, then San Gallan Island, and, finally, the Chincha Islands, known for their great accumulation of guano. For a short time, before reaching Callao, land is lost sight of, until San Lorenzo Island, at the mouth of the harbor, looms up. Though we had raced to get in to Callao before sunset, we did not reach the harbor, until a little after six in the evening, with the result, that though the doctor visited us, no one was permitted to land, until the next morning, and we spent one more night on the good ship Oravia.

After breakfast on June 21, I engaged my boatman, and steered for the landing place. For taking me ashore, caring for my baggage, and accompanying me to Lima in the electric car, I paid my boatman four sols and a half. The Peruvian sol is worth approximately fifty cents of our money. Peru, unlike other countries of South America, possesses much gold currency, its gold pound being the equivalent of the pound sterling.

On my arrival at Lima, I went at once to the Hotel Maury, a large, damp house with dark suites, of various prices according to size and location. Each guest obtains a parlor and bedroom, but the baths are for

common use. Prices range from six sols ($3) a day up. One of the greatest inconveniences is the darkness, especially as the electric current is turned off during the day. My suite consisted of a little parlor, bedroom, and small alcove with a balcony, overlooking the Plaza. From my balcony, I had a full view of the cathedral, just across the street, and I might conjure up the many historic scenes of the old Plaza, from the day when Pizarro died in the building opposite, down to the present time.

Chapter XVII.

PERU.

Geography — History—Population — Government—Resources—Mines—Agriculture—Climate—Cities—Investments—Railroads.

Peru, at one time the most important colony of the vast dominions upon which the sun never set, the golden dream of every Spaniard, the elegant and refined seat of the first vice-royalty in the New World, Peru is now, after a series of revolutions, and wars, one of the most promising republics of America.

Bounded on the north by Ecuador and Columbia, on the east by Brazil and Bolivia, on the south by Chile, and, on the west, by the Pacific Ocean, Peru extends from latitude south 1° 29′ to S. L. 19° 13′, with a coastline of about 1,300 miles. The area of the country is about 697,640 square miles, divided into the coast, the highlands, and the forest regions. The coast extends to the foot of the Andes, the distance from the sea being from 20 to 100 miles. The forest regions lie on the eastern slopes of the Andes whence the large rivers originate that go to form the Amazon. The coast region is, to a great extent, a sandy desert, broken by rich and fertile valleys, watered by streams from the mountains.

The inhabitants, when the Spaniards first arrived, were a civilized race, dominated by the conquering Incas from a comparatively late period. There are remains of Pre-Inca civilization scattered over the

country, in the immense ruins of the uplands, as well as in the adobe of the coast, monuments to a vanished, and mysterious people.

The Spaniard Pizarro landed in Peru in 1532, overcame the Incas, and imposed the yoke of Spain upon them. After scenes of strife and turbulence, anarchy, revolution, and much bloodshed, the vice-royalty of Peru was established, and Lima became the foremost capital of the Spanish colonies in the New World. This vice-royalty lasted until the beginning of the nineteenth century, when, with the other colonies of America, Peru won its independence, and became a republic. Since then, the history of the country has been one of war and revolution. Besides the wars with Spain and Chile, there have been more than eighty revolutions, during less than a century of independence.

The present population of Peru amounts to something like 3,548,000. Of these, about 2,898,000, or more, are Indians, pure or mixed, descendants of the Incas, and of the other races that inhabited the country at the advent of the Spaniards. The prominent native languages still in use are the Quichua, the language of the Incas, and the Aymara. With this predominance in population, it is quite natural that the Indian type should everywhere be found.

About 525,000 are whites, descendants of the Spaniards, or newcomers. About 88,700 are negroes, remnants of African slaves, and there are over 35,000 Chinese who, at first, imported to work on the plantations, have firmly established themselves in the land, as merchants, or in other occupations.

Emigration to Peru has been rather insignificant, and, more or less, of a floating character. The attractions offered on the other side of the Andes have been so great, that a large number of those landing on the

west coast have, more than likely, ultimately found their way to Argentina. To instance only one year, 1905, it is said that 73,000 people entered Peru, and 64,000 left it.[1]

The present constitution of Peru dates from 1860. The government is representative, with a non-federal republic of twenty-one departments, subdivided into 97 provinces, and 788 districts. The president is the executive for the entire country with his residence at Lima. The departments, provinces, and districts are respectively administered by prefects, sub-prefects, and governors.

The legislative branch of the government is formed by the Senate, and Chamber of Deputies, at Lima, and the administration of justice resides in the Supreme Court, nine Superior Courts, and in justices of the peace.

Peru is a country of great, though undeveloped wealth, and of immense possibilities, and, with a stable government, there is no reason why it should not become one of the leading republics of South America, and recover from the effects of the stunning blow it received at the war with Chile. During the colonial period, Peru was Spain's treasure house, and immense quantities of gold and silver were exported across the seas. Year after year, the Spanish fleets, their galleons freighted with mineral wealth, crossed the ocean, sometimes scattered by storms, or, occasionally, attacked by enemies lying in wait for them. But, in spite of losses, incalculable treasure found its way to Spain. Then came the decline, the period of revolution, and the mineral wealth lay dormant, for want of enterprise and capital. No doubt the land contains

[1] A Guide to Modern Peru. A. de Clairmont.

also much treasure, hidden away by the Incas, at the time of the conquest, but it is almost useless to seek for it, in the inaccessible nooks and corners where it may have been deposited.

The story is told, that, toward the end of the sixteenth century, Don Garci-Gutierrez de Toledo acquired immense wealth by means of a treasure, revealed to him by his friend, Antonio Chayhuac, descendant of one of the *caciques*. The treasure lay hidden in the ruins of the old capital of *Gran Chimu*, which are still to be seen, about two miles from Trujillo, on the coast. Before obtaining possession of the treasure, Don Garci-Gutierrez was made to swear, that he would not become proud by his newly acquired wealth, that he would be charitable to the poor, and devote the fourth part of his riches to the service of God and the Blessed Virgin. Complying with these conditions, he was to be made possessor of another secret treasure, that of *El Peje Grande*. Unfortunately, Garci-Gutierrez, in the possession of his wealth, forgot his resolutions, and, when he had squandered all, he returned to his friend, hoping to learn of the other treasure, but the Indian proved himself inexorable, refused to reveal it, and carried with him his secret to the grave.[2]

It is not, however, in its buried treasure, that the wealth of Peru consists, but in the mineral deposits, actually worked, or still awaiting the hand of the laborer, as well as in its many other resources. The minerals of Peru are gold, silver, copper, lead, mercury, tin, bismuth, zinc, iron, and a very large number of others. Many mining companies, formed with

[2] Ricardo Palma. Tradiciones. Segunda Serie, p. 17. "El Peje Chico." Also Relacion descriptiva que de la ciudad de Trujillo hace Don Miguel Feyjoo de Sosa. Madrid, 1763.

English and American capital, are now operating in the Republic, and many more will, in course of time, be formed. The provinces of Sandia and Carabaya in the department of Puno in southeastern Peru, with their alluvial gold, are especially prominent, but gold can be found all through the regions of the Andes, frequently in combination with other metals.

The same may be said of silver, the exploitation of which, owing to its depreciation, has greatly yielded to that of copper which is, comparatively, a new industry. Most prominent among the copper mines, are those of the Cerro de Pasco Mining Company, to which the famous Oroya railroad leads from Lima. In Spanish days, silver was the principal mineral product of Peru, the old Inca gold mines lying, to a great extent, neglected. Among the many sources of mineral wealth awaiting development in Peru, coal and petroleum will, most likely, yield an abundant harvest in course of time.

Owing to its diversity of climate, Peru is rich in a great variety of agricultural products, and, in its soil, may grow almost anything, that the temperate zone, or the tropics can produce. Along the coast, thrive the sugar cane and cotton, the irrigation being entirely artificial, and the crops not being exposed to the uncertainties of weather. Hence it is, that the cultivation of the cane is always going on, and the sugar mill is constantly working, all the year round. The sugar cane is cultivated along the entire coast, with better results than in any sugar plantations in other parts of the world. Sugar plantations exist, also, in the Andean valleys, and in the forest regions.

The second place in the agricultural exports of Peru, is occupied by cotton, with plantations all along the coast, one species of the plant, the Peruvian cotton,

being exclusively indigenous. The cultivation of cotton long antedated the advent of Europeans, its use having been known to the prehistoric inhabitants.

The coca plant, the leaves of which have been used by the Indians from time immemorial for chewing, and from which cocaine is extracted, is cultivated in the valleys of Bolivia and Peru, at an altitude of from 1,000 to 2,000 metres, and a temperature ranging from 18 to 30 degrees centigrade. This plant belongs exclusively to Peru and Bolivia, and all attempts to acclimatize it elsewhere have failed.[3]

Rice is produced to a considerable extent on the northern coast, and a superior quality of tobacco is grown in several districts of the Republic.

The region of cereals belonging to the temperate zone lies in the plains and table lands of the temperate altitudes of the Andes, and corn which has been cultivated from time immemorial, is especially abundant in the valley of Chancay. The corn is used, to a large extent, in the preparation of "Chicha," the favorite beverage of the Indians.

The cultivation of the grape belongs especially to the valleys of the departments of Lima, Ica, Arequipa, Moquegua and Tacna. Peru is fourth on the list of the wine producing countries of America, Argentina being first, Chile second, and the United States third.

Coffee is produced everywhere, but especially in the highlands, and Peruvian coffee is of excellent quality. On the other hand, the cultivation of cocoa, so widespread in tropical regions, though very promising, is still in its infancy.

The great region of rubber is in the forest lands on the eastern slopes of the Andes toward Brazil,

[3] de Clairmont. A Guide to Modern Peru, p. 112.

especially on the Yucayali river, which is the main source of the Amazon.

The olive, originally imported from Spain, thrives in the neighborhood of Lima, and in several of the valleys. The Peruvian olive is excellent for its size, richness, and quality.

The forests are rich in valuable woods of every variety, for building, medicinal uses, dying and so forth.

It may be said, in a word, that agricultural possibilities in Peru are unlimited, and that all that is needed for further development is the influx of money and of men.

Stock raising is still comparatively unimportant, though hogs are raised in great numbers, especially for the production of lard. The rearing of goats is, also, an important industry in some of the northern provinces.

The production of wool is a marked industry of this productive country, where, besides sheeps' wool, that of the llama, the alpaca, and the vicuña are of special prominence. The llama is still the beast of burden of the Peruvian uplands, where it has lived from time immemorial. It does not thrive in the low countries, hence it is seldom seen on the coast. It was the only beast of burden known in Peru before the conquest.

Peru enjoys a variety of climates, from the mild and equable temperature of the coast, through the severe cold of the Andean peaks, to the torrid atmosphere of the Amazonian regions. The antarctic current, discovered by Von Humboldt, and named after him, moderates the heat of the tropics on the coast, even in midsummer. Rain is unknown on the coast, but fogs prevail, and, in winter, a heavy mist, like a light drizzle, falls.

The centres of population are in the cities, towns, villages, and plantations scattered over the country. A number of towns are on the coast. Those lying between the borders of Chile, and Callao have been mentioned on our journey from Valpariaso to Peru, and, as we continue our voyage to the north, we shall refer to others lying between Callao and Ecuador.

The most interesting city in Peru, after Lima, and, probably in America from an archaeological standpoint, is Cuzco, to which a railroad leads from Mollendo. Cuzco, supposed to have been founded by Manco Capac, the first Inca, in 1043 A. D., was the capital of the Incas. It was taken by Pizarro, some years after his landing, and, at once, it became important in the history of the colony. Of all American cities, it retains most monuments of the aboriginal race; for it is, practically, built upon the ruins of the old Inca city. The Temple of the Sun, the Inca palaces, and the fortress of Saxahuaman are so many objects of interest to the archaeologist, and to the lover of the past generally.

Cuzco is also of importance for its monuments of the early colonial period, such as the cathedral, and the old churches of the Friars, and of the Jesuits, where the splendor of the worship of those early days is still manifest in the gorgeous ornamentation surviving the ruin, wrought by time and the neglect of man.

The old Inca city has a population of from eighteen to twenty thousand. It is situated to the southeast of Lima, high up in the Andes, at an altitude of 11,000 feet. It may be reached by the Antofagasta railroad via Lake Titicaca, or from Mollendo, by Arequipa. Regular steamers north and south bound call twice a week at Mollendo. The old road over the

mountains on horseback would be long, tedious, and expensive. Before the introduction of raliways, there was, of course, no other way to reach the outside world.

The city of Arequipa is in population, 35,000, considerably larger than Cuzco, south of which it lies at an altitude of 7,550 feet. From a commercial standpoint, it is of considerable importance. The celebrated Villaroel, bishop of Santiago de Chile, was promoted to Arequipa where he died.

Among the coast towns, south of Callao, not yet mentioned, you will find on the map of Peru, Pisco, Tambo de Mora, and Cero Azul, small towns, more or less, important.

Northeast of Lima, at an altitude of 16,500 feet, lies Cerro de Pasco, with a population of 12,000, in the heart of a rich mining district, about a hundred miles north of the head of the famous Oroya railroad. The Cerro de Pasco copper mines are now famous.

Other interior towns are Tarna, Jauja, Concepcion, Huancayo, and Huanuco. Some of these can only be reached by mule. Huanuco, or San Leon de Huanuco, is, probably, the Leon that figures in the works of Lope de Vega, as the city, founded by one of the *conquistadores,* where his real, or imaginary, correspondent, *Amarillis*, had her residence.

Huancavelica and Castrovireyna are mining towns. At the end of the sixteenth century the former became suddenly famous, as the rumor had spread that rich silver mines had been discovered in the vicinity. This drew a large number of Limeños, who expected to find another Potosi. Near to Huancavelica is the quicksilver mine of Santa Barbara.

Castrovireyna, situated in the mountains in a very cold region, lies about eighteen leagues from Huan-

cavelica, and about forty from the sea. According to tradition, this town was originally an Indian village, which obtained its importance from a visit, sometime about 1590, of Doña Teresa de Castro, wife of the famous viceroy, Don Garcia Hurtado de Mendoza. She had come, to be godmother to an Indian child. The town prospered for a period in the time of the viceroys, then declined, until it became only a ghost of its former self; but, at present, it is again a mining district of note, and it may, sooner or later, surpass the prosperity it enjoyed when Don Francisco de Borja, prince of Esquilache, the poet, was viceroy of Peru.[4]

The city of Tarna lies about three hours' distance on horseback from Oroya, which is reached from Lima in one day. Tarna is a very prosperous city in the department of Juni, some distance from the Chanchamayo valley, where the forest region begins. The population of Tarna is from eight to ten thousand.

On the other side of the mountain, lies the port of Iquitos on the Amazon, which is in direct communication with the coast of Brazil, with European ports, and with New York, by means of the Booth Line, the Red Cross Line, and the Amazon Steam Navigation Company. Owing to the Amazon, Peru may, thus, be approached from the Atlantic, as well as from the Pacific, though the voyage up the Amazon is a long one. There is also a project on foot to connect Iquitos with the western coast by railroad.

In spite of its many resources, of its scattered centres of population, and of its abundance of water power in the numerous cataracts of the Andes, manufacturing in Peru is still in the incipient stage, al-

[4] See Ricardo Palma. Tradiciones, 2nd Series, p. 53.

though, of late, the natives themselves have invested a considerable amount of capital in manufacturing enterprises. The principal industries are woolen goods, silk, paper, matches, shoes, flour, lard, wine, preserved fruits, chocolate, cotton seed oil, and cocaine.

A great deal of American money is invested in Peru, and there, surely, exists a marked feeling of kindness toward our country whose influence is, probably, stronger in Peru, than anywhere else in South America, although, in trade and commerce, the Germans appear to have gotten the best of us. The secret of their success is their constant attention to, and their study of the special needs, and demands of the people. Italian and French merchants have, also, been successful, while the English devote themselves mainly to the wholesale import, and export trade. It is needless to repeat, that the houses of W. R. Grace and Company and Duncan, Fox and Company are of especial prominence. The construction of railways and other public works, as well as mining operations are, largely, in the hands of Americans.

One great drawback to the prosperity of Peru lies in the difficulty of travel, owing to the mountainous character of the country. However, railroad facilities are on the increase, in spite of the many difficulties engineers have had to overcome.

The Oroya railroad, one of the most extraordinary, owing to its grade, was begun by Col. Henry Meiggs in 1869. It is now the highway from the sea to the Cerro de Pasco mines. In one day, it takes you from Callao, through Lima, to the high altitudes of Oroya, reaching at one point an altitude of over 15,600 feet. It was Meiggs too who built the railway from Mollendo to Lake Titicaca.

Two years ago, there were between five and six hundred miles of railway in operation, and new lines are building all the time; but, in the interior of the country, much travel must still be done by mule or horse, on journeys, lasting for days.

Those interested in the progress of Peru, may be kept posted to date by an interesting periodical, *Peru Today,* published at Lima, by an American, Mr. John Vavasour Noel.

STREET, LIMA

Chapter XVIII.

SACRED MEMORIES OF LIMA.

Climate—The Cathedral—Crypt of the Bishops—Tomb of Pizarro—St. Toribio—Archiepiscopal Palace—The Church in Peru—Santo Domingo—St. Rose—University of St. Mark—San Francisco—St. Francis Solano—Alameda de los Descalzos.

As I look over my notes, jotted down at random, during my Lima days, I read these words: "How different from the Lima of my dreams!" Yes; Lima was a disappointment; everything: churches, convents, dwellings, from the cathedral down, seemed to be in need of repairs; for the hand of decay was over all. But I was soon to learn, that Lima grows upon you, and entwines itself around your heart, with that subtle influence, and inexplicable charm, proceeding, perhaps, from the amiable manners of its inhabitants, or, it may be, from that mysterious web that history and legend have woven around it.

To increase still more the darkness of my first impressions, the weather was gloomy, and grey clouds hung over the city. I soon discovered, that this was the ordinary winter weather of Lima, when the sun is seldom seen, while a few miles away, as you begin to ascend the heights, it shines brightly through the transparent atmosphere.

"And they tell me that it never rains," I thought, as I noticed a heavy drizzle falling. Again, and again, during my stay in Lima, this heavy fog fell,

very much as we have it at home, on some damp days of winter. But, as a rule, it did not last long, and it never really became rain. Though it moistens your clothing to a considerable extent, no one minds it, and no such thing as an umbrella is ever seen on the streets. Rain, as we know it, is not known in Peru, and when Peruvians leave their country for the first time, arriving in Panama in the rainy season, the tremendous tropical showers that pour down their volumes of water are a revelation to them.

The gloom, the drizzle, the air of antiquity made me feel that I was in the city of the Inquisition. As I looked out from my balcony, the great square of the city, with its seats, its pedestrians, and its tropical vegetation, lay before me. On my right, arose the towers of the cathedral, and directly in front stood the government building. A line of electric cars, running between the hotel and the cathedral, reminded me, that I was in the twentieth century. Lima has a perfect system of electric cars, more American in appearance than in Chile, or Argentina.

The great square is the very heart of old Lima, the Lima that was founded by Francisco Pizarro. As is generally the case, the cathedral is on the square, with the churches of the mendicants and Jesuits in the vicinity.

My first visit was to the cathedral, and though it was only after several visits, that I seized upon all its details, I may as well devote my attention to it now. Again, as I entered the edifice, my impression was one of gloom, for the interior is long and sombre. There are no windows, and whatever light there is must come from above. The conventual Mass was in progress, but there were very few people in church.

THE CATHEDRAL, LIMA

The cathedral is built in the style of the Spanish Renaissance, though purer, and less gorgeous, than the churches of the *Chirurgueresque* period. The façade is flanked by two towers. However, there is an air of decay about the building, and great pieces of plaster have fallen off, exposing the fragile material of which it is composed. I may here remark, that the buildings of Lima, unlike the solid stone edifices of Cuzco, are constructed of adobe, or of laths and plaster, the frequency of earthquakes having, probably, exerted an influence on the architecture of the city. If the lower stories of the houses are more solid, of brick or stone, the upper ones are, always, of this light material. The absence of windows is another remarkable feature of the old churches of Lima, the long, unbroken walls giving a fortress-like appearance to the edifices.

The most beautiful portion of the cathedral is the spacious sanctuary, with its splendid stalls of carved wood for the canons. Wood carving was, at one time, a flourishing art in Peru, as is evidenced by the magnificent ceilings, and furniture that one sees, especially in the monasteries. The wood is generally black.

Beneath the sanctuary, lies the crypt of the bishops, but there is nothing left of the early colonial period. Lima has been very careless with its dead. The most eminent men and women lie slumbering in the dust, beneath monastic churches, in dark and almost unknown crypts, but there is nothing to identify them. Their biographies have been written, but their mortal remains have been neglected. My inquiries in the churches of the Augustinians, Dominicans, Franciscans, and Jesuits, where I know that many great personages are interred, resulted in no definite information, save that they were buried there, but that nothing was known of them. In one monastery, a

Friar kindly volunteered to guide me to the subterranean burial place that he had not seen for years. It was a picture of desolation. Skulls and bones, with decaying chests of wood that once contained human remains, were scattered in all directions; but nowhere was there a sign of an inscription.

In the cathedral crypt, there are a few massive tombs of unknown prelates, but most of those with inscriptions belong to the nineteenth century. Of the early bishops there is no trace whatsoever. Somewhere, I cannot now recall where it was, though it, probably, was among the tombs of the cathedral crypt, I found mention made of a bishop of Ayacucho with an Irish name, the Right Reverend Santiago José O'Phelan who died in 1857.

If the remains of most of the bishops have disappeared, it is not thus with their portraits, for the walls of the spacious sacristy are lined with large oil paintings of all the archbishops of Lima.

From the sanctuary, to the entrance of the cathedral, there are dark and gloomy chapels on both sides, closed by large grated doors. On your left, as you face the altar, you will have, not far from the entrance to the sacristy, the chapel containing the remains of Pizarro the Conqueror, though their identity is not beyond dispute. The skeleton was taken, it is said, from the crypt of the bishops. The monument is unostentatiously located in a dark corner of the *Capilla* de *Guadalupe,* and the skeleton is seen in a glass case.

Opposite the Guadalupe chapel, on the other side of the church, is that of the archbishop, St. Toribio de Mogrovejo, with some of his relics, including his chasuble, his hat, without a crown, and his sandals. The head of the saint, I am told, is preserved elsewhere.

INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL, LIMA

Toribio Alfonso de Mogrovejo,[1] second archbishop of Lima, born in Europe, was appointed to the most important see of the New World, much against his will, in 1578, to succeed the Dominican, Jeronimo de Loayza who had died three years before. At that period, the ecclesiastical province of Lima was the largest in the world in point of territory, comprising as it did the dioceses of Nicaragua, Panama, Popayan, Quito, Cuzco, Charcas (Sucre), Santiago de Chile, La Imperial (Concepcion), Tucuman, and the Rio de la Plata, in other words, almost the whole of South America, with a portion of what is now Central America. And yet, the saintly archbishop managed to hold three provincial councils. At the first of these, in 1583, the catechism, or "Doctrina Cristiana," was ordered, which, composed, I believe, by the Jesuit Acosta, if not by Santo Toribio himself, was translated into the Quichua and Aymara tongues by the Jesuits, and printed by Ricardo in 1584. This was the first book ever printed in South America. A copy of it exists in the Museo Mitre in Buenos Aires. The first part of it in Spanish was republished in Rome in 1591, by a former Pontifical Zouave, Josef C. Sevilla of Lima.

It is incredible, that Archbishop Toribio could have visited his vast diocese three times, in the space of twelve years, traveling six thousand miles, to the furthest nooks and corners of that mountainous country. Santo Toribio died in 1606, and he was canonized by Benedict XIII. in 1726. It was during the Pontificate of Santo Toribio, that St. Rose de Lima, St. Francisco Solano, Blessed Juan Macias, Blessed Mar-

[1]St. Toribio is really the third archbishop, but he may be regarded as the second, since the prelate appointed before him, never took possession of the see of Lima. See *Vida de Don Alfonso Toribio de Mogrovejo*, by Antonio de Leon Pinelo.

tin Poras, and a number of other persons, distinguished for their virtues, flourished in Lima.

To the right of the cathedral, stands a large chapel, a church in itself. High up, within it, on both sides, there are two balconies in the style of the balconies of the old houses one sees everywhere. These were, probably, used in the days gone by for certain privileged dignitaries.

Beyond this chapel, you may see what is left of the old archiepiscopal palace, now in ruins, though there is some talk of rebuilding it. You may enter the fine old courtyard from the Plaza Mayor, through a large doorway, or from the cathedral. A flight of marble stairs leads up to the reception rooms on your left, as you face these steps. These serve, at the present time, for the keeping of the archives. The rooms opposite, opening on the gallery above the *patio*, are now used as administrative offices of the parish. The archbishop's apartments which overlooked the Plaza Mayor, and where the room of St. Toribio may have existed, have been destroyed.

The cathedral was consecrated on October 19, 1625, by the Archbishop Don Gonzalo de Ocampo, the ceremony beginning at seven in the morning, and lasting until nine at night. The building was begun in 1536, and eighty-nine years were spent on its construction, at a cost of six hundred thousand dollars. Almost entirely destroyed by the earthquake of 1746, it was at once rebuilt. The towers, of imperishable wood, were constructed in 1797. Among the objects of interest preserved in the sacred edifice is a painting by Murillo, *La Veronica*, donated in 1850 by the archbishop, Luna Pizarro.

The present archbishop, the Most Reverend Pedro Manuel Garcia Naranjo, lives in a private dwelling,

TOMB OF PIZARRO

some distance back of the cathedral. The house is built in the old Spanish style, with a spacious *patio,* opening on the street, and reminding one of some old Neapolitan palace, with the exception that, like the houses of Lima generally, it is quite low. Of course, I called to pay my respects, being received most cordially. My experience has shown me everywhere, that the bishops of South America are quite approachable, with a charming simplicity and affability, and an agreeable absence of obnoxious formality. My *celebret,* or license to celebrate Mass, was signed by the archbishop's secretary, an ecclesiastic with the English name of Philipps.

Including the See of Lima, there are nine dioceses in Peru, the others being Cuzco, Arequipa, Trujillo, Ayacucho, Chacapoyas, Huanuco, Huaras, and Cajamarca. Two of the bishops are Franciscans, one a Lazarist, another, a member of the Order, known as Picpus, and five are secular ecclesiastics.

Peru, with all its advantages and churches innumerable, has known to an alarming extent the decline of religion, and though, today, there is a marked improvement over the past, there still remains much to be desired. As far back as the sixteenth century, a frightful state of religious neglect must have existed in Lima, if we accept the statement of the Jesuit Oliva who gives the credit for the first impulse toward reform to the Fathers of his own Society. Those were the days of the many lawless adventurers and fortune hunters who were pouring into the New World which, as Cervantes remarked in his day, was the dumping ground for Spain.

At the period of the administration of the saintly Toribio, a certain degree of religious fervor existed. It was the time, when St. Francis Solano was the

ornament of the Franciscan order in Peru, and when St. Rose was edifying her fellow citizens, by her extraordinary virtues.

Then followed a series of vicissitudes, of ups and downs, when good and bad were mingled, and the wheat and the tares grew together. Strange times those were, indeed, according to our views, when the bullfights on the Plaza Mayor were attended not only by the vice-regal court, but by the religious communities, and by the archbishop himself. Bullfights, alternating with an occasional *auto de fe,* furnished periodical excitement to the people of Lima. The *auto de fe* has gone; but the bullfight still endures.

Perhaps, if the matter could be thoroughly studied, it might be found, that religious decadence became especially pronounced at the succession of the House of Bourbon; but, however that may be, the revolution, instead of mending matters, made them worse. Caesarism, and the interference of governments destroyed, or, at least, neutralized the vigilance of Rome, while the country was kept in perpetual agitation, by one revolution, succeeding the other.

The old mendicant orders were withdrawn from the jurisdiction of their superiors in Rome, constituting, as it were, independent bodies in Peru, with the result that they fell into a state of deplorable decadence, while, it seems, that the state of the clergy in general took a downward descent, with a general relaxation of morals. This state of affairs lasted, until Monsignor, now Cardinal, Serafino Vannutelli, being Apostolic Delegate in Peru, began, in 1871, a reform of religious orders in the country which has succeeded in placing them upon a respectable basis. The introduction of modern congregations, like the Redemptorists, Lazarists, Salesians, and others, helped the

good work along, both by word, and example, and it may be safely said that, today, the religious orders are in a, more or less, flourishing condition.

The parish priests of Lima are well spoken of, though complaints are heard against some of the ecclesiastics from Europe. The districts away from the cities, where priests are very isolated, still leave much to be desired, and, from what I could learn, there is still room for a general reformation throughout the country. As contact with the rest of the world increases, railroads become more numerous, and closer relations between the centres of population are established, an amelioration is bound to come. The fact, that there has been such a marked improvement of late, gives hope for better things in the future. Unfortunately, for the Church in Peru, there are few vocations to the priesthood, and the native clergy is dying out. The Church will have to depend largely on importations from abroad.

The Seminary of Lima, diagonally across the street from the archbishop's house, is a very old one. It was founded in 1591 by Saint Toribio, and it is said to be the oldest seminary in America. At present, it is under the direction of the Spanish Fathers, founded by Archbishop Clavel of Santiago de Cuba, who are, everywhere, highly spoken of.

If you listen to some of the priests, they tell you that religion is in a very bad condition, that the men do not frequent the sacraments, that the influence of St. Mark's university is evil, and that a Catholic university is absolutely needed. On the other hand, if you go to some of the churches on Sunday morning, you will see them crowded, and visiting the prominent churches, like Santo Domingo, San Francisco, and that of the Jesuits, you will observe a goodly

number at Mass on week days. Women are, of course, in the vast majority, yet I have, time and again, seen a large number of men on week day mornings in the church of the Jesuits. To judge from appearances, religion is not on the decline, and the churches are very much frequented, while there is, surely, much piety among the women.

I must, also, remark, that Lima is full of churches; for you can hardly move without finding yourself near some church or chapel. Besides, there is a very large number of convents, there being about fourteen of cloistered nuns, not to speak of the many institutions of Tertiaries, or *Beatas,* pious women living a community life in some conventual establishment.

One of the finest, and most frequented of the churches, is that of Santo Domingo of the Dominican Order, situated beyond the Plaza Mayor, almost directly opposite the cathedral. The Dominicans are the oldest religious in Peru. When Pizarro had established the large church in Lima which is now the cathedral, it was entrusted to the Fathers of this Order. The site of their convent, opposite the cathedral, was donated to them by the Captain, Diego de Aguero.[1] On the tiles of the courtyard, the date of 1606 is seen which is that of the building.

You enter the monastery, passing from Santo Domingo street in front of the church, through a large gateway into a dark vestibule. On your left, as you pass, is the large reception room, with antique furniture, and a magnificently carved ceiling in black wood, of which some of the pieces, weakened by age, are beginning to fall off. The building itself is of adobe, with red bricks here and there. The court-

[1] La Orden de Santo Domingo en el Peru. Fr. Domingo Angulo, O. P. Preface by Fr. Paulino Alvarez, O. P.

yard, that must once have been splendid, is in such a state of decay, that one of the galleries has to be propped up with wooden supports. The cloister around the *patio,* and the very massive staircase leading to the choir at the rear of the church, are lined with antique glazed tiles, with quaint designs.

Entering from the courtyard into a somewhat dark corridor, you will have on your right an old chapel with a carved wooden pulpit. A slab in the floor gives entrance to the mortuary vault where the remains of past generations of Dominicans are slumbering in the dust. It was here that the body of St. Rose was laid to rest after her death.

An oblong stone in the cloister, near the great staircase, marks the spot where the remains repose of early members of the nobility who were benefactors of the Order in Peru.

The memory of some of the distinguished Dominicans who flourished in Peru in early colonial times, is preserved in the large sacristy in their portraits in oil on the walls. Among them, I observed Father Valverde, the first bishop in Peru, who accompanied Pizarro and who figured so conspicuously in the history of the unfortunate Atahualpa. I have reason to believe, that our historians have not treated this man, the first martyr in Peru, justly, and that the true history of Bishop Valverde still remains to be written.

Others whose portraits are seen in the sacristy are Loaysa, the first archbishop of Lima, Lorenzana, the confessor of St. Rose, and that excellent poet, Diego de Ojeda, author of the *Cristiada.*

The old library of the Dominicans, like other libraries in Lima, this being a general complaint, suffered terribly during the period of the Chilean invasion. An interesting book preserved here, is the History of

the Order in Peru, by Juan Melendez, a Peruvian writer. It was published in Rome, about the year 1680.

This Dominican church is the same in which St. Rose was wont to pray, though, in the course of ages, it has, naturally, undergone several alterations. A chapel, near the entrance to the monastery, on the Epistle side, is now the "Calvary Chapel;" but, in the days of St. Rose, it was dedicated to the Holy Rosary, and here she spent much of her time. The vision of Christ, recorded by her biographers, took place on this spot. The event is commemorated by a slab with the inscription: *Rosa de mi corazon yo te quiero por esposa.—Ve aqui esta esclava tuya, O Rey de la Eterna Majestad, tuya soy, y tuya seré.* "Rose of My Heart, I wish thee to be My spouse.—Behold Thy slave, O King of Eternal Majesty, I am Thine, and Thine I will be."

At a side altar, on the same side of the church, dedicated to St. Rose, her head and some of her bones are preserved in a gilded urn, between the relics of Blessed Juan Macias, a Dominican lay-brother, and Blessed Martin Porras, a Tertiary, or oblate, of the same Order, of negro descent. The relics are above the altar, beneath which there is a recumbent image of St. Rose.

The Chapel of St. Catherine of Sienna, mentioned in the biography of the Saint, is said to have been on the right of the church, near the entrance. The Rosary Chapel, at present to the right of the main altar, is much frequented by the devout people of the city.

St. Rose was born on April 20, 1586, in a house which stood at the corner of the present Lima and Tacna streets, in a straight line from Santo Domingo.

The site is now occupied by the little church of St. Rose, built at the time of her beatification; but a portion of the old building may still be seen in the sacristy. The main altar of the church occupies the site of the room, where she was born, and several relics of the Saint, such as instruments of penance, are still preserved in the church.

To the rear of the edifice, stand the foundations, and part of the superstructure of a new church, projected in her honor, but the building of which has been suspended for years, owing to the lack of funds. Within this area, a little wooden house encloses the oratory, constructed by herself, with the wooden cross, before which she was accustomed to pray.

The parents of St. Rose were Gaspar Flores, a native of Porto Rico in the West Indies, and Maria de Oliva. Their parish church of San Sebastian, not far off, was one of the oldest in Lima. It still stands, but, as a portion of the ceiling has fallen in, Divine Service is at present suspended in it. It is to be repaired by the government; but, in the meantime, the Chapel of St. Rose is used as the parish church.

It was in San Sebastian that St. Rose and Blessed Martin Porras were baptized, at a font, no longer in use, but which is kept as a relic behind the barred door of the old baptistry. The registers of the church, though much worn by time, are still preserved. The oldest I saw is that containing the baptismal records of Blessed Martin and of St. Rose which the obliging *Cura,* Don José Rivero, permitted me to copy. Both were baptized by the same priest, Antonio Polanco, Martin in 1579, and Rose, whose baptismal name was Isabel, on May 25, 1586. The present chaplain at St. Rose's Chapel is Tomas Polanco. This precious reg-

ister is carefully preserved by the parish priest in his own house.

There are other memories of early Lima in Santo Domingo, besides those of the saints; for we are reminded, among other things, that here began the university of St. Mark, the oldest in America, founded in 1553 by Philip II. as a result of the efforts of the Dominican, Tomas de San Martin. The institution, confirmed by Pope Pius V., obtained the title of "Pontifical University," which it bears to the present day, though, presumably, there is not much of the *Pontifical* left to it. Throughout the colonial period, the Dominicans continued to occupy posts of honor in the university, which was located on the *Plaza de la Inquisicion,* in a building quite recently destroyed. In fact, they were demolishing it, when I was in Lima. The present building of St. Mark's university was the Jesuit novitiate, before the suppression of the Order. The church of San Carlos, adjoining it, formerly a Jesuit church, is now the university chapel. The *Retablo,* above the altar, is a splendid piece of wood carving.

As throughout all of Spanish America, the four great Mendicant Orders were prominent in Lima, having their churches in the vicinity of the cathedral. San Francisco is a stone's throw away from the Plaza Mayor, to the right of the principal church. My first visit to the convent was a failure, as the Friars were making their spiritual exercises, and I could not be admitted. I had the same experience at the monastery of La Merced, on the same afternoon. When the retreat had been closed, I returned to both convents, in company with two Protestant American gentlemen, and an Augustinian Father.

UNIVERSITY OF SAN MARCOS, LIMA

The Franciscan monastery is interesting, from an artistic point of view, for its wood carving in the choir, and for some very fine wooden ceilings. Especially noteworthy are the tiles in the cloister. According to one of the old Lima traditions, gathered by Ricardo Palma, Doña Catalina Huanca, an Indian lady, descendant of the Caciques, had imported from Spain, a very large number of tiles, or mosaic stones which, put together, were intended to form images of the saints. They were a gift from her to the Franciscans. Unfortunately, no one could be found in Lima who was able to arrange them, and so, they lay put away for years, until one morning, in 1619, the Guardian, or Superior of the convent, was summoned to hear the confession of a certain Alfonso Godinez, condemned to die that very day for murder. The result of their conversation was, that the Franciscan discovered the ability of his penitent to do the work required. He lost no time in imparting the information to Don Francisco de Borja y Aragon, Prince of Esquilache, the poet, a descendant of the Jesuit, Saint Francis Borgia. The Prince de Esquilache, then governing Peru as viceroy, together with the *Auditores,* or Judges, granted a pardon, on condition, that the man should become a lay brother in the Order, and never leave the monastery. Thus did the convent obtain an expert workman who not only arranged the tiles within a year, but, also, made others. Alfonso Godinez died in the odor of sanctity, being one of the forty "Venerables" of the Franciscan Order in Lima.

The Franciscans arrived in Lima, in the first year of its existence, and obtained a small plot of ground from Pizarro. According to one of their chroniclers, they, afterward, applied to the viceroy, Garcia Hurtado de Mendoza, for an increase of land on which to build.

He granted them as much as they could enclose in the space of one night. They at once planted a number of stakes, stretched ropes from one to the other, and, by morning, had succeeded in roping in a very large piece of ground, to the obstruction of a public street. The *cabildo* protested; but the viceroy kept his word, and paid for the land out of his own pocket.

The church was consecrated in 1673, and, together with the monastery, it forms a monumental pile. Its splendid ceilings, of high workmanship, each corner being different, its sixteen fountains, the subterranean chapel, the beautiful choir, the splendid details of the church formed once one of the principal glories of Lima, but all this is of the past, and San Francisco, today, like so many other edifices of Lima, is in a state of decay, the result of past neglect, though its youthful Friars are trying hard to redeem the past, and live up to the spirit of their Order. Peru has not yet, by any means, completely recovered from the decadence, intellectual and moral, as well as material, into which it had fallen. What else could have been expected from a country, so revolution-ridden? The glories of the past were forgotten, in the excitement of the present, and everything was allowed to go to ruin. But there are better things coming, and the spirit of improvement is in the air, in all directions. There has been a supine indifference in regard to the past; though there are those who look back with a soul full of emotion to the ancient glories of Lima, and the day is coming, when the antiquities of the city will be better studied, and a knowledge of the treasures, buried in Peru, given to the world. The clergy has declined in point of studies, as they have not had an institution to impart the necessary knowledge, the

CHURCH OF SAN FRANCISCO, LIMA

need of which is badly felt. A considerable proportion is of Indian blood, and one is sometimes struck, not only by the Indian type prevailing, but, also, by the stoical, apparently indifferent air of the Indian. Centuries of oppression have, no doubt, had their effect.

The unidentified dead are sleeping in the crypts beneath the churches and monasteries, and, though a large number were eminent men and women, they are hardly remembered. The crypt of San Francisco which I did not see contains, I am told, many remains of the unknown dead.

The library is worth a visit, for the many old books it contains; but the greatest glory of the monastery is the memory of its Apostle, St. Francis Solano, who carried his apostolic labors across the Andes, into the territory of Tucuman. The cell where he expired is shown in that quarter of the monastery with its venerable courtyard, where the infirmary formerly existed. The head of the Saint, and the coffin in which his corpse once rested are preserved at an altar in the church.

There is another Franciscan monastery in Lima, belonging to the Reformed Friars, known as *Descalced.* If you cross the bridge that spans the Rimac river, not far from the railroad station, you will soon find yourself at the beginning of a fashionable promenade of colonial days, still beautiful, but, comparatively, deserted. This is the *Alameda de los Descalzos.* Follow it, past convents lonely and gloomy, to the end, and you will find yourself at the convent of the *Descalzos,* beneath the conspicuous hill, surmounted by a cross, known as the *Cerro de San Cristobal.* Within these walls a cell, once occupied by Solano, is guarded as a sacred treasure.

It was a walk of enduring memory, that lonely walk of mine along the Alameda. I was returning from the *Descalzos,* as the shades of evening were settling over the ancient City of the Kings, when curiosity led me to halt before a solitary convent for women. Entering the vestibule, I caught a glimpse of a nun, speaking to a lady through the grating, in the obscure parlor, and, I hastily retreated. On the steps before the edifice, I entered into conversation with a man to whom I had spoken on the Alameda and who, retracing his steps, had followed me. Pointing to a convent, across the way, he told me that it figured in the *Tradiciones* of Ricardo Palma, and that he had a few copies of the book for sale at a very moderate price. I thus came into possession of this most valuable work which, in spite of what may be regarded as some objectionable features, is of great interest to the student of the colonial antiquities of Peru.

Observing my new acquaintance more attentively, I noticed that his appearance was most poverty-stricken, with that genteel poverty that evokes sympathy. Yet there was that in his face that spoke of better days. His was a handsome countenance, impossible to describe, as I saw it in the fading light, yet such a face that bespeaks a high degree of intellectuality, and a noble character for its owner.

"My friend," I said, "you have not always been what you are now."

"No sir!" he replied, "I am a Spaniard. I have been in Cuba, and now, under the direction of one of the Franciscan Fathers, I am writing, to repair the harm done by earlier writings."

He showed me the dark corner in a vestibule, of a building adjoining the church, where, hermit-like, he

spent his days composing his manuscript. Discretion forbade me to intrude further upon his life, but I have often wondered who, and what he was, and whether I should ever hear of him again. Bidding him farewell, I returned to the city, and to my hotel, where a cablegram awaited me that, had I accepted the offer it bore, would have entirely turned the current of my life, giving me a commanding position in the Church, and in society, but separating me from my country, and, perhaps, from my books forever. You will now understand, why that lonely evening walk on the *Alameda de los Descalzos* will never be forgotten.

Chapter XIX.

BUILDINGS, ECCLESIASTICAL AND CIVIL, OF COLONIAL LIMA.

The Augustinians—La Merced—The Jesuits—Convent of the Sacred Heart—The National Library—Old Convents—Our Lady of Copacabana—The Inquisition—Palace of the Viceroys—House of Pizarro—Casa de Pilatos—House of Torres-Tagle.

The Augustinians are certainly among the earliest Orders in Peru. Their historian, Antonio de la Calancha, whose ponderous tomes still figure in our libraries, maintains that they were the first to be authorized, canonically and civilly, in the newly conquered Land of the Inca, while the Franciscan chronicler, Cordoba y Salinas, replies, that the Augustinians have sufficient solid motives for glory, without fabricating groundless ones. It is not for me to settle the dispute.

At all events, the Augustinians came to Peru, whoever may have first enjoyed Bull or Royal Decree, several years after the Dominicans and Franciscans; for their first Fathers did not arrive, until 1551. If you ascend to the flat roof of their monastery, you will enjoy a complete view of the panorama of Lima. Among the many churches of the city, that of San Marcelo, a few squares distant, will be pointed out to you, as the first church of the Augustinians which they built near the houses they occupied, belonging to Doña Juana de Cepeda. Here they remained twenty-two years, until, in 1573, they took up their abode on

the present site. Their old church of San Marcelo has been a parish church, since 1584, when it was made such by Sto. Toribio.

On July 19, 1574, Don Jeronimo Loayza, first archbishop of Lima, laid the corner stone of their new church, on the site of the present edifice. By degrees it arose to its actual proportions, the tower being constructed in 1637, the sacristy in 1653, the chapter-house, chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, and the crypt after the year 1657. The church was, from the seventeenth century, to the latter part of the nineteenth, in possession of a magnificent monstrance, worth about 40,000 sols. It contained 1,137 precious stones, in diamonds, rubies, emeralds, amethysts and topaz set in gold. On the occasion of the war with Chile, the government appropriated to itself this treasure, for a nominal debt of about 500 sols.

A century passed, since the edifice was begun, and still, they continue to add to and embellish it, until the decision was taken to reconstruct it, on a more magnificent scale, with the applause of the people of Lima, rich and poor, who contributed liberally. A portion of the church had been demolished, when the earthquake of 1687 came to do the rest. The monastery and temple were almost ruined, with a large part, about half, of the entire city. The reconstruction began soon after, to last for many years, being completed about 1697. About fifty years later, it was again ruined by an earthquake, to be once more rebuilt.

During the nineteenth century, the Order in Peru fell, like the rest, into a state of decadence, until only the convent of Lima remained. Then began the reformation, and, finally, Fathers were brought from Spain. Today, the members of the community are

mostly Spanish, only two or three of the old generation remaining. In the meantime, the church too had fallen into decay, and a portion of it had to be destroyed. At the present moment, they are rebuilding it, and, to judge from its appearance, it will be some time before it is completed; but it will be one of the finest temples in Lima. Let us hope, that earthquakes will be merciful.

The Augustinian Fathers conduct a college in their monastery which, with its fine old cloisters, is a venerable relic of the colonial past. The old library has been scattered, the Chileans who occupied Lima in the last war being greatly responsible. The soldiers were quartered in the monasteries, and they did not spare the books. They wrought, from all accounts, incalculable harm to the libraries of Lima, including the *Biblioteca Nacional.*

You will find some fine wood carving in this monastery, and you must observe the stalls in the choir. One of the finest works of art is the statue representing death in the sacristy, the work of the sculptor Gabilan, in black wood.

As you leave the church, stand awhile on the *Plazuela,* or little square, and notice the façade which dates from 1720. It is one mass of stucco ornamentation, in a style, eminently *chirurguercsque.*

If a line is drawn from San Augustino to the Dominicans, thence to San Francisco, and from San Francisco by La Merced back to the Augustinians, you will, almost, have a square, or, truly, an irregular parallelogram, with the cathedral between San Francisco and La Merced. In this last church, belonging to the Order of Mercy for the Redemption of Captives, there are two finely carved wooden altars. In one of the cloisters, a chapel is shown in which, accord-

ing to tradition, the first Mass in Lima was celebrated. Here, also, is preserved an old crucifix said to have been brought by the early conquerors. Several persons who died in the odor of sanctity have found their last resting place in this monastery.

The Jesuits were, at one time, quite powerful and influential in Peru, with a number of very eminent men whose biographies have been collected by the Peruvian writer, Torres Saldamando. The mestizo, Blas Valera, a Jesuit, wrote the history of Peru, but, unfortunately, his work was never published, though Garcilaso Inca de la Vega, and, probably, other writers, made use of his manuscripts which have been lost. The history of the Society in Peru was written early in the seventeenth century by Father Anello Oliva, one of whose manuscripts is now in the Biblioteca Nacional of Lima. Probably the most prominent Jesuit writer was Father José de Acosta, whose "History of the Indies" is monumental. It was, also, in Lima that the popular devotion known as the "Three Hours' Agony" was first established by Father Messia.

The old church of San Pedro was the foremost Jesuit church, although the Order possessed several other churches in Lima, such as that now belonging to St. Mark's university, and the church at the rear of the government building which they established in the shadow of the vice-regal palace.

San Pedro was built from 1623 to 1638, and, within its vaults, many of the old Jesuits must be buried. The Order lost it at the time of the suppression, and it now belongs to the government, though the Jesuits who are merely tolerated in Peru, have charge of it, one of their number acting as the official chaplain, with a salary of about $10.00 a month.

The church was restored in 1896 and 1897 by the *Junta Departamental,* and the *Sociedad de Beneficencia.* It seems to be the most popular, and the most frequented church in Lima, with large congregations, even on week days.

The old Jesuit house and college, the buildings of which still exist, were immense, covering a very large square. Today the school and convent of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, the National Library, and the convent of the Good Shepherd are all within the area. The portion of the edifice facing on the *Plazuela,* or square, comprises the church, and the convent of the Sacred Heart, while the other part, in the rear, is divided between the library, and the convent of the Good Shepherd.

The convent of the Sacred Heart, with its beautiful patios, was the residence of the Jesuits. The nuns conduct here a school for young ladies, and a normal school, for the training of teachers. The government supports the normal school, but the pupils, educated at the public expense, must give their service, after graduation, to the state.

The National Library and, probably, the convent of the Good Shepherd occupy the college, which was known as the college of the Prince, as it was founded for the sons of Indian *Caciques,* by the viceroy, Prince of Esquilache, Don Francisco de Borja, who figures as one of the foremost poets of the literature of Spain, in its golden age.

The nucleus of the present *Biblioteca Nacional* was formed from the old library of the Jesuits, the present library being one of the earliest foundations in the city due to General San Martin. It was created by a decree of August 21, 1821, in some of the halls of the old college, with about 11,000 volumes, the number

increasing to about 40,000 by 1881, when Lima was occupied by the Chileans, who carried off many of the books, and sold others. The library was reorganized by the persevering energy of the present librarian, Don Ricardo Palma, who began by purchasing many of the old books, until he has now some 50,000 volumes on the shelves, besides a valuable department of manuscripts. His position of librarian has greatly facilitated the labors of Palma, affording him many opportunities to delve into the colonial antiquities of his country. The venerable librarian, now nearly eighty years old, is still at his desk at the office. Such is the respect in which he is held, that the occupants of the reading rooms arise, when he enters. At least I infer that this is the custom, as I observed it, when he did me the honor of conducting me through the institution of which he is the director.

Besides the important churches and monasteries to which I have alluded, Lima is in possession of a vast number of other churches and convents, nearly all of which are old, and dating from the colonial epoch. Even some of the modern congregations have assumed the direction of old churches, and monastic buildings, instead of building new ones. Thus the Fathers of the French Congregation, known as "Picpus," from the street in Paris where it was founded, inhabit at present the old monastery of the Dominican Reform, known as the "Recolleccion," which has disappeared from Lima. The Redemptorists are located across the Rimac, at an old church, and in an old convent of the "Minims."

There are about fourteen convents of cloistered nuns in this small population. The contemplative life has flourished greatly in Spain where the character of the people, extreme always, when it leans to relig-

ion, is of a mystic tendency, perhaps more contemplative, than active. The old Lima convents come to us from the days, when the noblest daughters of the conquistadores, in their innocence, buried themselves behind gloomy walls, for the love of higher things, or fled from a world with which they were disgusted, or in which they had taken some false step. If the old legends and stories are true, more than one tragedy was enacted, or repented of, behind the windowless walls of Lima's convents.

The oldest convent of nuns in Lima was founded by the widow of Hernandez Giron, one of the early rebels who, after Gonzalo Pizarro, raised the standard of revolt against the royal authority. This lady was Doña Mencia de Sosa who, with her mother, Doña Leonor Portocarrero, on March 25, 1558, laid the foundations of the Augustinian convent of the *Encarnacion.* Any one in Lima will point out to you the *Encarnacion.* It was here, that St. Toribio consecrated Don Alfonso Fernandez de Bonilla archbishop of Mexico, and the occasion was rendered memorable by the miraculous resuscitation of an infant, that had been suffocated in the immense crowd that filled the church.

It was in this convent of Augustinian nuns that, at one time, St. Rose of Lima wished to assume the habit. My interest in the antiquities of Lima took me, naturally, to this convent, but I found no bell, nor any means of communicating with the interior. A boy was pouring milk into cans, at an open door, through which I caught a glimpse of a white-clad nun. The boy, seeing that I wished to speak to some one, called to the "Madrecita," the "Little Mother." Everything is little in Lima; for diminutives are in great vogue. I had little to say to the "Madrecita,"

though I spoke to her through the "turn" which is a revolving case by which objects are passed into the convent. She knew that her monastery was very old, and that the memory of St. Rose was attached to it.

Santa Clara, the "Concepcion," the convent of Trinitarian nuns, and others, carry you back to the old vice-royal days. The Carmelite monastery is about two hundred and fifty years old. The sister who spoke to me through the "turn" possessed a delightful and refined voice; but I cannot say the same of the "Madre" who saw me behind the grating in the little parlor.

The convent of Nazarene nuns was founded some time in the eighteenth century by some holy soul. This order is of Peruvian origin.

Invariably, a gloomy vestibule, open to the street, is the only part of the convent you can enter, unless you succeed in communicating with the interior, if you can find a bell, or by knocking, when you may be admitted to the parlor. Generally a spiritual text is painted in large letters on the wall.

A very interesting and historical chapel beyond the Rimac is that of Our Lady of Copacabana. Copacabana is the national shrine of Peru and Bolivia, situated on the shores of Lake Titicaca. The image here preserved, dedicated to Our Lady of Copacabana, was venerated in the days of St. Toribio, in a hermitage located in the vicinity of Lima, in a place designated as Cercado, inhabited by Indians, whence it was brought by St. Toribio to the cathedral. It was before this image that the holy archbishop was wont to say his daily Mass. After his death, the present chapel in the *barrio de San Lazaro* was built, and here the image is preserved today.

If you ever visit Lima, one of the squares to which you will sooner or later, drift, is the Plaza of the Inquisition, now the Plaza of Bolivar, called thus from a statue of the liberator in the centre.

The Spanish Inquisition was introduced into Peru in 1570, and it continued in operation, until the early part of the nineteenth century. The tribunal was first established opposite the church of La Merced, and it afterward moved to its later site, on the Plaza de la Inquisicion, where the prisons were, also, built, and where the senate building now stands. The first *auto de fé* was celebrated in 1573 on the Plaza Mayor, where is was, afterward, generally held, though the executions seem, also, to have taken place in the outskirts of the city, near where the bull ring stands today.

Before we bid farewell to colonial Lima, we must not omit by any means, a visit to the government palace on the Plaza Mayor, forming a rectangle with the old archiepiscopal palace, next to the cathedral. This was, in colonial days, the old palace of the viceroys, and, before them, of Pizarro, where he was assassinated. Before the palace was completed, Pizarro occupied a house, opposite the side entrance to the church of La Merced, and near the present Hotel de Europa. Here the conqueror of Atahualpa lived, until 1538, when he moved into the palace. This house existed until 1846, almost as Pizarro left it. It was occupied until 1550 by his daughter, Doña Francisca, and her mother, the Princess Doña Ines, a descendant of the Inca Huayna-Capac.

In the palace itself, a little square block of marble near the side entrance, at the foot of the staircase, marks the traditional spot, where Pizarro fell, kissing the sign of the cross which he traced with his own blood on the pavement.

SENATE, LIMA

The palace has been entirely changed to meet the exigencies of the times, but the solid substructures, with their dungeon-like cells are, probably, as they were in the days of the last viceroy. Especially interesting is the old vice-royal chapel, in which the archives are, at present, kept. Its architectural features are still preserved, and, at the rear, a finely carved tribune reminds you of the times gone by, when the viceroy and his family would come out of the palace, to assist at Divine Service.

The president has his office in this building, and here are the large reception halls in which the foreign ministers are received. In the last revolution, the rebels against the government broke into the palace, captured the president, and paraded him through the streets, until he was fortunately rescued by the loyal army. The palace suffered greatly, and the marks of balls are still visible in the antechamber of the president's office.

The inhabitants of Lima tell sad stories of the bloody scenes enacted during times of revolution, when every vantage ground is occupied by the combatants, even to the roofs of churches, and the courtyards of convents.

In 1535, the year of the foundation of Lima, thirty-six houses were built, the site of the new city having been parcelled out among its first inhabitants, Pizarro choosing one of the least desirable for himself. Among these lots, that of Geronimo de Alliaga was situated opposite the cathedral. It still belongs to the family of Alliaga, one of the surviving families of the original conquistadores, if not the only one.

In your wanderings through Lima, if you are fortunate enough to be accompanied by a guide, sufficiently acquainted with the antiquities of the city, a

quaint house, unlike the rest, situated near San Francisco, will be pointed out to you, as the *Casa de Pilatos.* It was built in 1590, on plans drawn by the superior of the Jesuits, Father Ruiz del Portillo, for a certain Esquivel, proprietor of the plot of ground. The house has stood the ravages of all the earthquakes to which the city has been subject, and it is, consequently, among the oldest. Until 1635, it served the purpose of a hotel, remaining in possession of the descendants of Esquivel, to the time of the Independence. It is related, that in 1635, one of its halls served as conventicle for a number of Portuguese Jews who met under the leadership of Manuel Bautista Perez, and, among other things, made it a point to insult a crucifix, Perez witnessing the blows like Pilate. The meeting was accidentally discovered, and reported to the Inquisition that, at once, preceeded to mete out punishment. Perez and several of his companions passed through the *auto de fé* of 1639, the inhabitants of Lima named him Pilate, and, since then, the house has been known as Casa de Pilatos.[1]

Another colonial dwelling worthy of note for its architectural features is that of Torres-Tagle, in the Calle San Pedro. The noble family of Torres-Tagle must have become republican, if one of its members acted as president of Peru in its early days. A descendant of the family, Señor Ortis Zeballos, occupies the house today.

The building, well known in Lima, cannot fail to draw your attention. You see, at once, that it is out of the ordinary. The universal latticed balcony is there, overhanging the street, sustained by beautifully carved supports. The lower portion of the building is

[1] Ricardo Palma. Tradiciones. Serie I. p. 39.

TORRE TAGLE MANSION, LIMA

employed for business purposes, and a great deal of poetry melted away, when I read through the gate in big letters opposite me, *Juan V Peral e Hijo* (Juan V. Peral and Son). This emboldened me to enter, as it seemed to do away with the privacy of the *patio,* and I felt that I might walk in without intrusion. For a long time, I stood in the courtyard, examining the details, and weaving romances. The sun, that morning, was unusually bright for Lima, and I seemed to be in the courtyard of an old Florentine palace, rather than in far-off Peru, until I noticed the Indian heads carved on the wooden supports of the gallery around the patio. This brought me back to the Land of the Inca. A magnificent flight of stairs leads to the gallery which is ornamented with tiles. The whole courtyard gives the impression of a splendid piece of work. Another patio in the rear serves, no doubt, for servants and domestic purposes. The family occupies the upper portion of the house, the salons being situated on the street, and along the patio on the sides. A domestic chapel, with carved wooden altar, is at the rear. It was my good fortune to be taken through a portion of the dwelling by Señor Ortis-Zeballos himself, to whom I was kindly introduced by Lieut. Cordier, military attaché of the United States Legation. The salons contain paintings of ancestors, and heirlooms of the family. Señor Ortis-Zeballos possesses, elsewhere, a collection of paintings which is highly spoken of.

Besides these to which I have referred, Lima is in possession of many colonial residences in different parts of the city. In fact a number of business places appear to have been old mansions.

Chapter XX.

MODERN LIMA.

The Change—Balconies—Women of Lima—Society—Hotels—Street Cars—Morning—The Bullfight—Trade—The Post-office—Policemen—Beggars—Lottery Tickets—Houses—National Museum—Population—Environs—Cemeteries—Dead City of Cajamarquilla.

Lima has been less modernized than most capitals of Latin America, though it has been rebuilt time and again, owing to the destruction wrought by earthquakes. But the hand of change is upon it at last, and the old colonial Lima is slowly, but surely, passing away. That characteristic feature of the city's architecture, the picturesque balcony, is doomed, unless a change in sentiment occur. The old balconies will long continue, as long, probably, as the houses to which they are an adjunct, but no new ones may be constructed. The box-like, latticed balcony, in which the occupants of the houses may so easily hide, see, and not be seen, is the one pronounced feature of Lima architecture. Here the Señorita may still sit ensconced, unseen by the numerous pedestrians, passing to and fro, but the old romantic days of the balcony have gone forever, days and nights that were not always free from tragedy.

The time has passed, also, when the Limeña, veiled like Oriental women, with one eye visible, would glide through the streets, like some mysterious visitor from another world. The women of Lima are no longer

held in the same restraint as formerly, though there is far less freedom, than in Teutonic, or Anglo-Saxon countries. Yet, to meet them in the streets, one sees hardly any difference. Ladies dress *á la Parisienne,* with the latest styles of hats, although in church the mantilla, not the manto as in Chile, is worn. The mantilla is, also, very common in the streets; though the women of the lower classes wear a head and shoulder covering, not unlike the Chilean manto.

Society in Lima possesses an air of marked refinement; for the traditions of the vice-regal court, the most splendid court of the New World, still live, nor has commercialism succeeded in extinguishing the poetry of the past.

In the hotels, as in Chile, the work, even such as with us is performed by chambermaids, is done by men, men of the people, with the Indian type quite pronounced. These men do their work well. More than one descendant of the old Inca race, with noble blood in his veins, is, perhaps, now serving the invaders of his country. In Lima, no women conductors are to be seen on the street cars, as they are in Chile. The cars, as in our country in summer, are open, and constructed on the American pattern. Open cars can be run in Lima, with its mild climate, all the year round. As I write these things, I seem to be in Lima again, and the scene becomes more vivid, as I read in my notes: "It has been drizzling all evening. This is the only rain they have here." On another occasion I wrote: "The sun is shining with a mellow light, but there is a coolness in the atmosphere, like a day in early fall with us." The sun was so seldom seen within the walls of Peru's capital, that we always welcomed it with delight.

Morning in Lima is like morning everywhere else, without the twilight of the temperate zone. Ladies are going to church, until a late hour, wearing the graceful mantilla, Chinese vendors are dragging themselves along with that gait peculiar to the celestial, their wares hanging from a yoke on the shoulder, Indians and mestizos are coming in on their horses and burros, from the country, to sell their produce, the women, wrapped in large, multi-colored mantles, with wide panama hats. Thus begins the quiet life of the day, for the average life in Lima is quiet, excitement being reserved for Fiestas with their processions, and for periods of revolution. Amusement is afforded by the theatre, and by the bullfight which still flourishes. The latter has always been dear to the people of Lima, and, in early colonial days, it was held in the Plaza Mayor, the first taking place in 1538.

In 1768, the bullring of the Acho was constructed, which is capable of containing 10,000 spectators; but, on special occasions, such as the accession of a new king to the throne, or the arrival of a viceroy, the bullfight continued to be exhibited on the Plaza, until 1816. In some other countries of South America, like Argentina, this amusement is no longer permitted.

There are four markets in Lima, that of "Concepcion" being one of the finest in South America. It occupies the upper and lower stories of a large edifice, surrounded by four streets.

A considerable amount of the trade of Lima is in the hands of foreigners, English, German, American, or French, with a variety of small shops, kept by Chinese. I cannot enter into details, as my interest in South America lay, principally, in the historical and literary features of the different countries, the rest being merely incidental. From time to time, however,

my attention was arrested by some special feature that forced itself upon me. One of these was quite amusing. Plumbing and gasfitting forms, in Lima, as elsewhere, one of the branches of modern industry. Indeed it must be quite modern, if the signs used by these mechanics, borrowed from our language, are, in any way, an index. I noticed, for instance, a sign, thoroughly English, or American, but with Spanish ending to the words. It read: *Plomeria y Gasfiteria!* Evidently our influence was quite marked.

One of the practical things you will look for in Lima is the postoffice. The building consists of a quadrangle, around a patio, to which you enter through a spacious doorway, and a vestibule. The closing of the mails is announced on bulletin boards. To send letters home, you have to await your opportunity by the steamers leaving at intervals. Unfortunately their dates appear to coincide too much. The postal service in Peru, in spite of the many difficulties encountered, is said to be very efficient, and the postoffice department is conducted upon a paying basis. For letters not weighing more than fifteen grams, you pay five cents silver, to any part of the Republic, while for those circulating within the capital you pay only one cent. For foreign countries, letters of the same weight cost ten cents, and postal cards three cents.

Telegraph and cable service is very satisfactory, while the telephone is to be found in every place I have visited in South America, and I presume, that it is universal.

Policemen are scattered all over the city, and, if you don't see them, you hear them, for at intervals, every policeman must whistle, to announce that he is at his post, and, at night, if you lie awake, every now and then these shrill calls, from various quarters,

will inform you that the watchmen of the city are keeping guard over the public safety.

One night I was awakened by loud voices beneath my window. There was evidently an altercation of some kind in progress, the language used was English, with an American accent, but not of the kind that would be permitted in a drawingroom. I imagine that my fellow countrymen had been indulging a little too freely in some beverage, less obnoxious than water, and that this was the outcome. A policeman, on the other side of the street, was silently taking in the situation, until one of the parties appealed to him, when he threatened them with the *calaboso,* the "lock up," if they did not move on. This seemed to have the desired effect, for the voices soon sank down into the silence of night, and the Plaza Mayor into its wonted tranquility.

Although the resources of Peru are immense, and its possibilities unlimited, the country has been impoverished by war. I saw more beggary in Lima, than anywhere else in South America, except, perhaps, in Rio de Janeiro, and there only at the church doors. It was not the formal beggary of Spain, nor the importunate mendicity of Italy, but rather the beggary one often encounters in our American cities, with tales of woe, of a sick child at home, and so on. Saturday is the day for general almsgiving, and a considerable number of beggars are to be seen asking alms at the places of business, an astonishing number being blind.

The selling of lottery tickets is carried on to an enormous extent, which is absolutely annoying to a foreigner. At every step you take, you are accosted by some one offering you a chance at the lottery. Old men and women, as well as children of the tender-

POLICEMEN, LIMA

est age, are engaged in this traffic. At the entrance to a convent church, I noticed a boy dropping his coin into the box, and then turning to offer me a ticket. The lottery belongs to the Beneficencia, an institution that looks after the poor, the proceeds being devoted to the support of charitable institutions, of which the Beneficencia supports many. These are, principally, the Second of May Hospital for men, accommodating 1,000 patients, and quite modern, the Santa Ana Hospital for women, founded in 1549 by the first archbishop of Lima, the Military Hospital, two orphan asylums, and the hospital for the insane. The Beneficencia, the revenues of which amount to nearly a million dollars a year, is one of the many benevolent societies which, in Latin America, may be traced back to Spanish times.

The poorer classes here, as in Argentina and Chile, are to be found in *conventillos.* I noticed a long one with the inscription, Casa de la Esperanza—House of Hope.

There are quite a number of Casas de Ejercicios, or houses for spiritual exercises, in which yearly retreats are preached, those for women being occupied the rest of the year by aged females.

In my wanderings, I observed a house for rent, and curiosity led me to enter the patio, my interest being especially awakened by two statues, one of Washington, and the other of Franklin—a bit of the United States, as it were, dropped into antiquity.

A very fine modern residence is the one occupied at this time by the United States Minister, Mr. Combes. It is situated in a beautiful park, known as the Quinta Hearen, from the name of the gentleman, a foreigner, to whom Lima is indebted for this adjunct to her beauty, natural and artificial.

One evening in Lima, one of those dark and quiet evenings, like most evenings that I witnessed, I was wandering through the streets, seeking the house of a literary man with whom I had been in correspondence. I believed that I had found it at last. It was a large colonial dwelling, with spacious courtyard, and galleries around, such a house as may have figured in many an old tale of chivalry, romance, and adventure. All was dark, and silent as the tomb. I was reminded of a quiet old Neapolitan *palazzo,* into which, years ago, I found my way, led by historic curiosity; but without gaining much information. At the house in Lima, after some investigation as to the best means to announce my presence, I succeeded, how I do not recall, in drawing the attention of a *criada,* or female servant. I elicited the information, that she knew nothing of my friend, but she would go up and ask the Señora. In the meantime, I was left standing in the *patio.* A few minutes elapsed, and a door opened. The hand that opened it had not descended by the fine staircase in the patio, but by some other avenue, belonging to the domestic mysteries of the place. The ending of my story is quite plain, and matter of fact. When the door opened, it was held ajar, and a lady whose features were hardly discernible in the uncertain light, clad somewhat in *négligé,* stood there. Of course I addressed her in Spanish; but, to my surprise, she replied in very good English, with the soft Castilian accent of the Limeña. English, I must here remark, is generally spoken by the educated classes in Lima. There must have been something of the *Yankee* either in my accent, or my manner; but the fact is that the Señora had quickly detected in me the foreigner. To my disappointment, I learned, that my host had once lived in the house, but that

he had moved. Here then, another romance was shattered. Instead of the ancestral halls of some family of the conquistadores, I had run across a twentieth century *menage* in a rented house. Yet the mansion, elegant enough, could it speak, might possibly relate many a tale of the past.

As my quest, this evening, has resulted in nothing, we return to the Plaza Mayor where the grey outlines of the cathedral arise in the blackness of the night. Ere we proceed homeward, we may take a turn or two around the square. I forgot to mention, that two sides, forming a rectangle, are arcaded, with stores along the walks. Thus one side of the Plaza is occupied by the cathedral, with the ruined archiepiscopal palace. Forming a rectangle with these, stands the government, formerly vice-regal,palace. Then follows, opposite the cathedral, the building of the municipality, with an arcade, and stores, to be united with another arcade that proceeds as far as the Gran Hotel Francia é Inglaterra, the annex to the Hotel Maury, where with its balcony overlooking the Plaza, my rooms are located. I want to tell you, before we part for the night, that the bronze fountain in the centre of the Plaza, surrounded by palms, was put up in 1650.

The three principal squares of the city, besides the old Plaza Mayor, are the Inquisition or Bolivar Square, Santa Ana, and the Exposition Squares. In all, there are thirty-five public squares in Lima. That of the Exposition is the largest, covering an area of about twelve acres.

A series of boulevards affords a driveway, almost uninterrupted, from the river, and back, around the city. They were built on the site occupied by the old walls that were torn down in 1870.

Five great monuments add to the splendor of the city. That of Bolivar, on the Plaza de la Inquisicion has two bas-reliefs representing the battles of Junin and Ayacucho. Col. Bolognesi who fell in 1880, defending the Morro of Arica, is commemorated in a monument, in which the hero is represented falling with his flag in his hand. The monument, known as that of the Second of May, commemorates the defense made by the Peruvian forts against the Spanish squadron in 1866. The other two statues are dedicated to San Martin and Christopher Columbus, the latter being situated on the Paseo, bearing his name.

To modern Lima belongs pre-eminently this beautiful new avenue, "9 de Diciembre," also called *Paseo de Colon,* from the statue of the Discoverer. It is about 125 feet wide. Here are many fashionable residences, and here a number of the foreign legations are situated. The houses, though quite modern, are generally low.

The Exposition building, which contains the National Museum of the Historical Institute, is located on this square. The director is the celebrated archaeologist, Dr. Max Uhle, one of the first authorities on the ancient monuments of Peru. The museum is of great importance for its Peruvian ethnological, and archaeological, collections, as well as for its colonial relics, and its paintings by Peruvian artists, like Merino. The well-known "Death of Atahualpa," by the Peruvian painter, Montero, was made in Florence. During the war, it was captured by the Chileans, but, afterward returned. It now graces the small collection of paintings in the *Museo Nacional.*

Some of the colonial relics go back to the period of the conquest. Of especial interest is the gilded coach of one of the viceroys. Until the middle of

the seventeenth century, besides five or six small carriages belonging to the judges, or to members of the nobility, there were no coaches in Lima, except those of the archbishop and the viceroy; but, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, when Manuel de Amat was viceroy, more than a thousand carriages might be seen going to and fro on the Alameda, on occasions like that of the feast of Porciuncula, when the devout would hasten to gain the *Indulgence* at the convent of the *Descalzos,* at the end of the Alameda.

In the museum, there are, also, armorial bearings in wood from Leon de Huanuco, such as of the families of the Duque de Feria, and Saco Flores, both of the seventeenth century. The large portraits of the viceroys, looking down from the walls, afford an agreeable study in type and costume. It is amusing to discover, among the classic features of the Spanish blue-bloods, the pronounced type of Erin in the viceroy, Ambrose O'Higgins.

The present population of Lima amounts to about 150,000, made up of the descendants of Spaniards, a large number of Indian and negro blood, Chinese, and other foreigners, such as English, Americans, Germans, French, and Italians.

The city is situated in a vast plain, the valley of the Rimac, which is divided into a large number of estates, devoted, more or less, to agriculture. About twenty-three miles from the city, with which it is connected by rail, lies the bathing resort of Ancon, with a fine beach, while the town of Chosica on the Oroya railroad, with its agreeable climate, and clear sky is a favorite winter resort, offering to the people a welcome change from the cloudy atmosphere of the capital.

Before bidding farewell to the capital of Peru, let us pay a visit to the dead. The cemeteries are located in the outskirts of the city, near the remaining portion of the old walls, above the river. The large, new one, a *Campo Santo,* has a fine, octagonal chapel, in the Renaissance style. Here lie the men, of various grades in the army, and navy, who fell in the war with Chile. Outside of the chapel, the niches in which the dead repose are in oblong structures, many of which radiate, like the spokes of a wheel, from the centre.

There were other memories of the dead, besides those of modern times, memories of a far-off age, that came to me, before I left Lima. Fortunately, the departure of my steamer was delayed, and I thus had an opportunity of paying a visit to a city the population of which has, long since, been numbered with the inhabitants of another world.

Peru is covered with the ruins of ancient man. Long before the Incas came to plant that civilization which has been, more or less, described by the early writers who had known them, other civilizations preceded them, going back to an unknown antiquity, and leaving their vestiges scattered over the land, from the rock ruins of Tiahuanaco on Lake Titicaca, to the adobe structures on the coast. The Gran Chimu near Trujillo, and the ruins of the famous Pachacamac with its temple, are prominent among the dead cities belonging to that mysterious Pre-Inca civilization. Less known are the ruins of Cajamarquilla, only about twenty-three miles from Lima. I had the pleasure of visiting these in company with a well-known archaeologist, Professor Saville of the Columbia University.

We took the 9.35 a. m. train of the Oroya railroad at Lima. Here and there, as you proceed, you ob-

PREHISTORIC RUINS, PERU

serve vestiges of Pre-Inca civilization in the adobe ruins, scattered over the country. Leaving our train to proceed on its way to Chosica, the winter resort of Lima, we alighted at Santa Clara station. Here we squeezed ourselves into a little mule cart, run on rails, pitying the poor mules, the cut and bleeding backs of which testified to the merciless manner in which they are treated. A pleasant run through a sugar plantation brought us to the "hacienda," where we alighted, to continue our journey on foot, for half an hour or more, before we reached the ruins. At first, walking was easy enough, while we followed the road; but then it became necessary to climb over walls, and spring across brooks, at one time passing through a herd of cattle. One or two herdsmen on horseback were the only human beings in sight. Breathless, tired, and covered with dust, we, finally, arived at the end of the journey, and dead Cajamarquilla lay before us.

Imagine a series of adobe ruins, stretching almost as far as the eye may reach, at the foot of the mountain range, in a vast plain, where all is silent, with narrow streets running in all directions, and you may form some idea of this Pompeii of the New World. The houses are built close together, many containing several rooms. They have doors, but no windows, and the soil has accumulated around them, so that a considerable portion of the walls is underground, though, often, the interior of the house descends to a much greater depth than the outside. About one-third of the city is completely buried under the sand, that, age after age, has come drifting down from the mountains. Deep, urn-like pits, which, long since, have been opened, most likely, by treasure hunters, are numerous, while the remains of the dead, bones, skulls,

and broken pottery are scattered over the place, a silent reminder of the people that, in by-gone ages, lived here. There are evidences of two mounds, on which temples may have stood. Imagination has a free scope in regard to Cajamarquilla where there are so few scientific data to guide one. This place was probably still inhabited when the Spaniards came; but to what remote antiquity does it ascend? I shall venture no conjecture.

While I write, I have lying on my table the skull of a child, which the young son of Prof. Saville picked up for me from one of the pits. A portion of it soon crumbled, but the upper part remains. If those empty sockets might again hold the eyes of yore, and the silent tongue return, what tales might it not unfold of a civilization that has completely vanished!

Chapter XXI.

FROM CALLAO TO PANAMA.

Callao—The Ucayali—Salaverry—Trujillo—Sanitary Precautions — Pacasmayo — Memories of Atahualpa — Peruvian Ladies—Loading and Unloading Freight—South American Names—Delays—Characteristic Landing at Eten—Paita—On the Verge of Mutiny—The Admiral—Shipping Oil—End of the Voyage—From La Boca to Panama.

Having decided to leave Lima, I engaged a passage on the first steamer I could get, the "Ucayali," one of the two vessels belonging to the Peruvian Company, "Compañia Peruana de Vapores y Dique del Callao." I was informed that there was nothing better nor swifter on the Pacific, and that the Ucayali had triple screws, run by a turbine engine, and that she could make twenty knots an hour, reaching Panama in five days. The passage cost $101.00 in our money.

The first disappointment came in the postponement of departure for a couple of days; then, on the eve of the date I finally expected to sail, it was suddenly announced that the sailing was postponed another day. However, I had reason to console myself for the delay, in the opportunity offered to visit Cajamarquilla. Finally, on July 2, all was settled, and my boatman was at the hotel to take charge of my baggage, and accompany me to Callao.

Callao is the port of Lima, with a population exceeding 31,000, about nine miles from the capital, to which very comfortable electric cars run. About half of the

trade of Peru passes through Callao, and over a thousand vessels touch each year at its port. Ascending to the earliest days of the colony, it was much afflicted in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries by pirates, among whom was Francis Drake, the terror of the seas. In 1866, it was bombarded by the Spaniards, and it suffered immensely from the war with Chile; but Callao has recuperated from its calamities of earthquake, fire, and war, and proseprity now shines upon it.

The dock of Callao, the *Muelle Darsena*, is on the inside 250 meters long, by 250 wide, and the floating dock in the bay can accommodate vessels of 5,000 tons. About noon, I left the wharf in a government boat, offered me by courtesy, and, steered to the Ucayali. I ventured to offer money to my sailors; nor was it refused. *Come no?* Why not? This is the general affirmative answer one receives throughout South America.

Late getting under way, we had the mortification of seeing the Pacific Steam Navigation Company's vessel leaving before we did. However, there was some balm for our feelings in the expectation of soon passing her by our superior speed; for we little dreamed of what was in store for us. It was evening before we got our anchor up, and our good ship smoothly steamed out of the harbor. I have since learned, that the machinery was out of order, and that they had been working at it up to the last moment. Our own engineer was exhausted from want of sleep, and, as a precaution, the chief engineer of a Peruvian man-of-war, a Scotchman, was sent along with us. The captain, principal officers, and engineers of our ship were English or Scotch.

The Ucayali is indeed a beautiful, and comfortable ship, built in England, capable of steaming eighteen

knots. Her staterooms, very comfortable, open on to the decks. Mine was indeed very pleasant, in spite of the weary hours I spent on board. Confiding in the much-praised qualities of our good ship, I retired to rest. Morning dawned, to find us at a standstill off the Peruvian coast, for, about six, the engines gave out. All hands were set to work at repairs, then we began to move slowly, gradually increasing our speed. Heavy clouds were hanging over the highlands, but, about 1 p. m., they broke, exposing to view the line of the mountains, with patches of snow here and there, and affording a glimpse of the peak of Huascaran. Several ports were passed, at which the coasting steamers of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company touch, and which are connected by telegraph with Callao and Lima. These ports are Huacho and Supe, with sugar and cotton plantations, Huarmey, with silver mines in the neighborhood, Casmo and Samanca, with mining industries, and Chimbote, the best port on the coast. I was told that our men-o'-war which were to take part in the centennial celebrations of Chile would *rendezvous* here. There are extensive sugar estates in the vicinity, and cultivated fields could be seen from the steamer. A railway runs from Chimbote to Suchiman.

We passed some rocks, and small islands, at one of which a ship, engaged in the guano trade, was anchored. On our right, in the distance, occasional glimpses would be caught of lofty Andean peaks, covered with eternal snow, and, on some of the mountains, there was barely a slender line of snow, as though they had been tipped with silver.

We had been slowly steaming toward Salaverry all day, while I beguiled the hours with reading Ricardo Palma's *Tradiciones Peruanas*. Then, to make mat-

ters worse, one of my eye glasses fell out. I should have been doomed to weariness, being deprived of reading, had not a young English engineer who was on his way home, hit upon the fortunate plan of repairing the damage with sticking plaster. My good friend thus spared me many a weary hour. Should his eye ever alight on these pages, I beg him once more to accept the expression of my gratitude.

During the night, we arived at Salaverry, rolling in a heavy swell until morning. July 4 found us at anchor. I was the only American on board, having the glorious Fourth all to myself, but our British cousins gladly entered into the spirit of the day. We lay all day taking in cargo, with nothing but arid hills and the wharf in sight, as the little town lay behind a point of land.

Salaverry is the port of Trujillo, which we can see in the distance. This city, the capital of the department, is one of the most important commercial places in the north, with a population of 10,000. It is the See of a bishop, and one of the first towns founded by Pizarro. About two miles distant are the ruins of Gran Chimu, or Chan Chan, an ancient city, with a civilization all its own, of which the remains of a Sun temple in the neighborhood are a reminder. Inland, the agricultural towns of Chicama, Chocope, and Ascope, the terminus of a railroad, add their share to the prosperity of the country.

Salaverry, connected by rail with Trujillo, and other places in the interior, has a population of 1,500, with an export trade in sugar, rice, and alcohol.

We spent a tedious day, lying off this port. The monotony could easily have been broken, had we been permitted to land, and to take the cars to Trujillo; but we expected to reach Panama within six days,

and landing at any port within that time would have meant quarantine before being permitted to set foot on the Isthmus. The United States health regulations in Panama are quite rigid, and justly so, as nothing should be allowed to interfere with the building of the canal. Bubonic plague has become endemic in South America, yellow fever is quite prevalent in Guayaquil, and in some places in the Caribbean, like Trinidad, and no risks may be run. Hence it is that reasonable precautions are taken. Before leaving Lima, the ship's passengers and crew were submitted to examination by physicians in the United States' service, that of the first-class passengers being, apparently, quite perfunctory, and consisting merely in passing out of the saloon in presence of the visiting physician. Although passengers are not permitted to land, if they do not wish to be quarantined, there is no restriction on people coming on board, and, consequently, one enters into contact with persons from the different ports, without landing. This, however, is unavoidable.

Another restriction, rather irksome to foreigners, is the payment of something like four dollars, when steamboat tickets are purchased by persons who are not citizens of the United States. This is a tax that our government requires of all aliens for the privilege of entering upon our territory. We keep the doors ajar, nor de we seem particularly anxious that the whole world should share the benefits of our civilization. Argentinians have boasted that if America is for Americans, "Argentina is for humanity," yet Argentina, though encouraging immigration, is not slow to rid herself of her undesirable citizens. We had several persons on board who were bound for the United States, and who had been obliged to comply with

these regulations. With good or bad grace, they had accepted the inevitable, and all of us were obliged to make the best of the situation and remain on board.

The darkness of night still found us off Salaverry, and, to make matters worse, the electric lights suddenly went out, leaving us in complete darkness. Something was wrong with the dynamo. Oil lanterns were suspended on deck, and candles were distributed throughout the ship, in the staterooms, and wherever lights were required. As the ship was not supplied with candlesticks, the candles were set up on saucers, or anything that would answer the purpose. This inconvenience did not, on this occasion, last long, as, after a couple of hours, the lights went up, as suddenly as they had vanished, to the great joy, and with the applause of the passengers. Finally we weighed anchor, and got under way about midnight, with renewed hope in our heart.

In the morning, we were at Pacasmayo, the port of Caxamarca to which a railway train runs as the occasion demands. Several small towns with populations from four to five thousand are passed before reaching this port, agriculture being the principal industry on this part of the coast.

Cajamarca, at the foot of Mount Cumbe which attains an altitude of 16,000 feet, is the capital of the department of that name, with a population of 15,000. It was an important Inca town, at the time of the conquest, and it was here that the unfortunate Atahualpa was taken prisoner by Pizarro.

Again some tedious hours had to be spent, the passengers amusing themselves as best they could by reading, conversation, games of cards, and chess, according to their respective tastes. However, the number of passengers kept on decreasing, a few landing at

every port, until at the last stop before Panama, we had about twelve left, mostly English and Germans, with only one lady in the first class, a resident of Lima of Italian descent who, with her father, was proceeding to the United States, en route to pay a visit to his native land. Although it is said that the education which the Peruvian women receive at home is not very high, when compared with what we regard as the standard, it is quite sure, that the young lady in question was well versed in the classic literature of Italy. It may be, that the Peruvian ladies have not dipped into as many branches of learning as ours, yet I am not certain but that they possess a fund of knowledge quite as useful, and solid, as far as it goes. In refinement and culture they are, surely, not bringing up the rear.

Among the recreations of our passengers, that of looking on at the loading, and unloading of cargo helped to while away the time. It was interesting to listen to the chattering of the boatmen, and to have your attention drawn, now and then, to some amusing incident. I remember, at least, one individual whose name impressed me by the memories of old Byzantium which it evoked. He might have been a descendant of the Incas, or his fathers may have come from Spain or Italy, but, whatever his nationality, he rejoiced in the name of Belisario. In South America, Old Testament names are quite common. Whatever may have induced love or admiration for the son of Abraham and Hagar, whether sympathy for the poor outcast son of the slave or not, the fact is, that the name Ismael is not uncommon. In my reading I have even met with the name Abigail, borne by a man. Women, as is well known, often bear the name

of religious mysteries, and titles of the Blessed Virgin, or of her feast days. Hence we so often find Dolores, Concepcion, and so on. Even the Name of the Saviour of Mankind, that religious persons of our race, Protestant, as well as Catholic, never pronounce without reverence, is commonly borne by persons of Spanish descent.

Carrying these reflections with us in our notes, and bidding farewell to Pacasmayo and its Belisario, we steamed off about noon, keeping the coast in sight, the same dry, monotonous, Peruvian coast without vegetation, and dreary. The weather is cool; for Humboldt's current still bears us company. We have not yet discovered by experience that the Ucayali is the fastest boat on the Pacific, for we have some more trouble with the engine, and we are obliged to slacken speed. However, the comfortable assurance is, every now and then, given us, that all will soon be righted. Still I cannot help feeling some anxiety, as I look forward to the long stretch between Lobitos and Panama.

We are still passing the agricultural districts where sugar and rice are produced, with a couple of small towns, and several important estates. About four p. m. we arrive at Eten, and anchor off a cliff, with the town, or village, dimly seen in the distance. Great lighters are making for the ship, rowed by a number of men, standing and dipping their long oars, as the huge boats painfully struggle through the waves. Since leaving Callao, no such thing as a tug boat was seen. Only a schooner and a sloop are lying in the harbor.

At Eten, we put ashore a number of passengers in a lighter. The mode of transferring them from the ship to the smaller crafts was characteristic. A rude

chair had been made of a barrel, a portion of which had been sawed away. One passenger seated himself in the barrel, and another stood up before him, holding on to the ropes on which it swung. Then, by block and tackle, it was hoisted over the rail, and let down into the lighter. This performance was gone through, until all had been transferred, when the vessel left us, to proceed to the fine iron pier, that we could see in the distance.

The village of Eten is three miles from the port. It is one of the centres of the straw industry, and of the fabrication of Panama hats. The valley in the interior is very fertile, with products of sugar, rice, and tobacco. A railroad from Eten to Patapo, thirty miles away, passes most of the principal towns and estates.

We left Eten about 10 at night, our steamer going at a fair rate of speed. We did not stop at Pimentel, nine miles further to the north, a port with short railroads to inland towns, but kept on, until we reached Paita, at noon on July 6, having made the run of 155 miles in about fourteen hours. Our average rate of speed had been, thus, a little more than eleven knots an hour. Even this meant tremendous labor for the engineers who seemed nearly exhausted, and who were straining every nerve to keep the machinery in order.

On this part of the coast, we first sighted a school of whales off the entrance to the harbor of Paita. Another welcome sight was that of the Peruvian man-of-war, Almirante Grau, swinging at anchor. She had, no doubt, been sent up here on account of the Ecuadorian war scare.

The little town of Paita lay nestling against the cliff, with its population of three thousand

and a half, small enough for the third port of Peru from a commercial standpoint. Paita has a hotel, a theatre, and some churches. It is connected by rail with Piura, the most important town in the north, about sixty miles inland, with a population of 10,000. The town of Piura is the center of the cotton cultivation, the port of exportation being Paita. It has, also, a dry and healthy climate, especially favorable to rheumatics, who, in consequence, frequently resort to it.

It is especially at Paita that you come in contact with the Panama hats which are made at Catacaos, about six miles from Piura, on the extension of the railroad. These hats, of all sizes and prices, are brought on board by natives who, I am told, endeavor to demand exorbitant prices of strangers. As I sat reading in my room, with the door open, from time to time one with the mingled blood of Indian and Spaniard would pass, generally offering his tempting hats for sale. If I paid no attention to him, or shook my head, he would offer me one *para la Señorita,* or for the *ninito* (the baby), and, though I was most emphatic in my declaration, that I had no "Señorita," one of the venders succeeded in passing a couple of his hats to me, in exchange for some of my Peruvian gold. If you happen to be a connoisseur in Panama hats, you may, of course, obtain them much cheaper here, than you could in the United States, but, should you purchase any, you will, naturally, declare them on arrival in New York, or whatever other port of this country you enter.

The method of bringing the lighters to the ship was different from that followed at Eten. A rope, fastened to the shore, was brought on board by a canoe, and by means of it, the large, square lighters were

pulled alongside. Great diversion was, also, caused by the number of native venders of provisions. A raft of rough logs, lashed together, such as was, probably, in use on this coast, centuries before Pizarro landed, and navigated by two natives, came to us with fish. Then there were boats, with native (cholo) women, selling eggs, fruit, caged birds and so on.

Another exciting incident, as night fell, was the strike of the workmen and "greasers" down in the engine rooms. It was not precisely a mutiny, but had the men left the ship, as they seemed decided to do, we would have been in a worse plight than ever. It all came from sympathy with a countryman who had been punished by one of the English engineers. The matter grew to be so serious, that word was sent to the admiral on board the Peruvian warship, and he hastened to us in his gig. Gathering the men on what I might designate as the "quarter deck," he listened to their complaints, and promised an investigation; but, for the moment, he gave them the alternative of either proceeding with the Ucayali, or of being taken on board the man-of-war. They chose the first horn of the dilemma, and remained with us, all, except the ringleader who was quite emphatic in his talk with the admiral, and who was permitted to leave the ship. The admiral, I understand, told him that he was an unruly fellow, and they were, probably, well pleased to be rid of him. It was quite a picture to see those silent men, apparently awed by the presence of such an exalted personage as an admiral, standing in a group outside the captain's door, while an uncertain light half lit their begrimed faces. They said nothing, but their spokesman, the man to whom I referred a moment ago, made up for their silence by his excited manner, and the volumes of sound that poured from

his mouth, while the admiral, calm and dignified, judged the case. At all events, we kept our "greasers," and the admiral was kind enough to send us another detachment of engineers from his own ship, to assist ours who had been overworked.

In the meantime, we continued to have trouble with the dynamo, the lights going out at intervals every night. Word had been telegraphed to Lima concerning our condition, but we never knew what answer had been received. Further, the pumps had given out, and it became necessary to be very sparing in the use of fresh water. For our bath, water had to be hauled up from the sea by buckets. It was in this condition that we, finally, left Paita for Lobitos, our last port, before Panama, about two o'clock in the morning, arriving at Lobitos at seven.

This town, little more than five years old, is full of petroleum deposits. It lies straggling on the beach, with oil pumps scattered all around. These wells are operated by an English company, the bulk of the oil being shipped to Japan. The petroleum region appears to stretch from here to the borders of Ecuador, some sections being operated by Peruvians.

Our object in landing at Lobitos was to ship oil which we used for fuel, instead of coal. The ship lay a short distance from the shore, and the oil was brought to us through a long hose. We remained at Lobitos, pumping oil all day long, and a part of the night. Freight is here landed, not in lighters, but on rafts.

About eight or nine o'clock, the lights of a big steamer hove in sight, and we indulged in all manner of conjectures, some believing that she might be our sister ship of the Peruvian company, that not long afterwards, was burned to the water's edge, her passengers

being rescued by the Ucayali, as I learned from the newspapers. An exchange of signals proved the stranger to be a Pacific Steam Navigation vessel that left Lima after we did, bound for Panama. So I had gained nothing by taking the fastest ship on the Pacific, except some varied experiences, and the company of a fine set of officers and passengers. We treated the passing steamer to a pyrotechnic display, and she went on her course, leaving us to our misery.

We managed to get away from Lobitos in the early morning, creeping along slowly, with hope dying out in our heart, for there was no other port on our itinerary, before Panama. Tumbes lay to the north, on the line between Peru and Ecuador, but we were not to touch at that port. I may mention, in passing, that it was near Tumbes, then a flourishing Indian town, that Pizarro first landed. The ruins of a temple are in its neighborhood. It has a population today of some 2,200 souls, with oil wells in the vicinity.

At Cape Blanco, a little north of Lobitos, the antarctic current leaves us, to sweep across the Pacific, we are now really in the tropics, and the temperature rises to a high degree. We shall not, however, enjoy the sight of tropical vegetation on the Ecuadorian and Columbian coasts, for we shall see land no more for several days. From Lobitos, we steer almost due north, passing on our way that deep gulf formed by a strong indentation of the coast of Columbia. All that we shall see of Ecuador is a light off the coast. For some time after leaving Lobitos, we have trouble with the machinery, the ship sometimes remaining motionless for hours, then proceeding slowly, until about a day or so before reaching Panama, she keeps on at a steady run of about ten knots. The dynamo, however, has completely given out, and for the last

few days we have nothing to light us, but lanterns and candles. The passengers amuse themselves at intervals by running aft, to look at the log, and to find out how fast we are going, at least when we are going at all.

Fortunately, there were, now and then, some little incidents to break the monotony. Thus, one day, we passed a school of young sharks, so near that we might have hit them with a stone. Then, at night, on another occasion, in one of our intervals of rest, as the Ucayali lay dozing on the waves, the sea became a sheet of fire, phosphorescent figures dancing around us on all sides, as though mocking our helpless inactivity.

At last, on the afternoon of July 12, the monotonous voyage neared its end, when the first land on the Isthmus was sighted. Tropical showers had been drenching the ship for a couple of days, and our young lady from rainless Lima opened her eyes in astonishment at the unwonted spectacle. It was like a child of the tropics seeing snow for the first time. We, also, saw indication of whales that afternoon, and a whaling ship at anchor.

About sunset, we anchored. It was too late to land, but the doctor came on board, in a drenching shower, apparently soaked, in spite of his oil skin. The examination took place in the smoking room, the thermometer being used only on one individual, a man who had come on board, some time in the last six days. Of course he had to finish his time at the quarantine station in the bay, where, I am told, you are comfortably housed and cared for, at the rate of two dollars a day.

We thus spent our last night on the Ucayali, and a warm, tropical night it was. At daybreak, the anchor

was up, and we were steaming into the harbor, admiring the splendid bay of Panama, and a magnificent sunrise of the tropics. Passing the island of quarantine, and that known as "Dead Man's Island," we finally ran into the docks at La Boca, where several steamers that had come from north and south were tied up. The voyage had lasted ten days, but its disappointments, and monotony were soon forgotten. We all regretted the mishaps of the Ucayali, for, I am sure, we wished the young, enterprising Peruvian company well.[1] The manager, learning of our misfortunes, had taken the English steamer, the one that passed us at Lobitos, and he had preceded us to Panama.

After a long delay, we took the train running from La Boca to Panama City, where we arrived in about fifteen minutes. Here we bade farewell to most of our fellow passengers who were to cross the Isthmus to Colon, in order to catch the Royal Mail steamer that was to sail that day for New York. For myself, I drove to the Hotel Central which, the best in the city, is thoroughly Spanish, with rates of about four dollars a day, gold. The silver peso is worth about fifty cents. American money is received at its full value.

The heat was now intense, and I was more than pleased to seek the shade in the quiet room allotted to me. I felt now that I was truly in the tropics once more, for Western Peru is tropical only by its geographical position, while Panama lies in the heart of the tropics, the warm pulsations of which it feels with energy, though its position between the Pacific and the Caribbean may, perhaps, temper the heat.

[1] I have since learned that the Ucayali is behaving splendidly, and that she is now keeping up her reputation for speed.

Chapter XXII.

PANAMA.

Geography — Climate — Division —Discovery — Population — Indians — Products — Industries — Panama Railroad — Government—Army—Religion—Canal Zone—Old Panama—New Panama—The Cathedral—Ruined Churches—Hotel Tivoli—Ancon Hospital.

The Isthmus of Panama, the narrow dividing line between two great oceans, unites the two halves of the great Western continent. Undulating from east to west, from Columbia to Costa Rica, with the Atlantic Ocean, or rather the Caribbean Sea, on the north, and the Pacific Ocean on the south, its lowest extremity reaches to 7° 10′ N. L., and its highest point lies at 9° 11′ N. L. The length of the Isthmus is somewhat more than 450 miles, and its greatest width a little more than 118 miles, while, at its narowest point, it is only a little more than thirty miles wide. An irregular chain of hills runs through the entire Isthmus, with branches north and south, being lowest between Colon and Panama, and reaching an elevation of over 7,000 feet in the province of Chiriqui, toward Costa Rica. The volcano of Chiriqui, the only one in the country, has never been active within the memory of man.

The climate, though salubrious, is generally damp, and hot on the coast, though cool on the heights. The Atlantic coast is slightly warmer than that of the Pacific, owing to the currents of the Caribbean. There

are two seasons, one dry which lasts from January to April, while rains are frequent during the rest of the year, especially in October and November. These rains are often torrential. I visited Panama in July, and showers were of frequent occurrence.

The country is divided into seven provinces, Panama, Colon, Coclé, Los Santos, Veraguas, Chiriqui, and Bocas del Toro, each province being subdivided into a number of districts. The principal ports are Colon, Bocas del Toro, Chagres, Portobelo, Bastimentos, Nombre de Dios, Palenque, and Escribanos on the Atlantic, and Panama, Pedregal, Montijo, Chitré, Mensabé, Puerto Posada, San Carlos, Aguadulce, and el Real de Santa Maria on the Pacific.

Columbus, on his fourth and last voyage, in 1502, while seeking a passage to the Indies, discovered the Isthmus of Panama, although, the previous year, Rodrigo de Bastida had sailed on this coast. In 1510, the region was granted to Diego de Nicuesa as *Castilla del Oro.* The first settlements were those of *Nombre de Dios,* founded by Nicuesa, and of *Santa Maria la Antigua del Darien,* established by Enciso and Vasco Nuñez de Balboa. The latter, having become governor, crossed the Isthmus, and discovered the Pacific Ocean on September 26, 1513. The following year, Pedro Arias Davila, known as Pedrarias, arrived at La Antigua as governor, and the city of Antigua was made an episcopal see, with Juan de Quevedo as the first bishop of Panama.

In course of time, the Isthmus formed part of the vice-royalty of New Granada, to which it remained attached, until independence was won in 1821, when it became part of the Republic of Columbia. In 1903, it was separated from Columbia, to form a separate republic. This is history quite recent.

The population of the Isthmus is, by this time, probably between 360,000 and 400,000. The constituent elements are Indians, Whites, Negroes, Mongolians, Malays, and persons of mixed blood. Whatever may be wanting in Panama, it is surely not lacking in color.

The Indians may be divided into two categories, those more or less civilized, who live scattered over the Republic at some distance from the centres of population, and who, having lost their language, speak Spanish, and those that have preserved their original habits and language, and live completely isolated. The latter category is subdivided into two distinct races, the Guaimies, and the Cunas.

The Guaimies, for the most part, inhabit the valley of Miranda in the Cordillera of Veraguas, almost in the centre of the Republic, which is separated from the adjoining plains by very difficult passes to which neither whites nor blacks may have access, except by the favor of some powerful chief. Thus have these Indians who belong to the same family, as the Talamancas of Costa Rica, preserved their independence, their manners, and their language. One of their chiefs boasts of his descent from Montezuma, emperor of the Aztecs. They are supposed to number about 6,000.

The Cunas, believed to be of the Carib race, and in number about 14,000, live mostly in the northern part of the Republic, south of the Gulf of San Blas. The most indomitable of the Indians occupy the valleys of Chucunaque and the Canazas river. The San Blas Indians of which one hears so much in Panama belong to this race. It is said that they never permit whites to spend the night in any of their settlements. At stated times, they visit Colon, Panama, and other towns, with coffee, cocoa, cocoanuts, and other products. They were visited by the late Bishop Thiel of Costa Rica

who baptized many of them. Sitting on the porch of my hotel at Colon, I have several times seen them in their canoes, returning home.

The whites in Panama are the descendants of Spaniards, with a large percentage of others, drawn by the labors of the Canal, or for commercial purposes. The number of Americans is, of course, quite large.

Persons of negro blood appear to form the vast majority of the population, the province of Bocas del Toro, especially, being filled with negroes and Mestizos from the West Indies who speak English. The Canal has drawn large numbers from Jamaica, Barbados, Martinique, and other islands. Add to these a certain number of Chinese, and of Coolies from the East Indies. Since 1904, however, the immigration of Chinese, Turks, and Syrians has been prohibited. Among the mixed races, the *mestizos* are the descendants of whites and Indians, the *mulattoes* of whites and negroes, and the *zambos* of Indians and negroes. The fair complexion and red hair, found, here and there, among the Cuna Indians, are supposed to owe their origin to the days, when pirates tarried often, and long on the Isthmus.

Panama is rich in products of various kinds. Minerals exist in the shape of gold, silver, copper, iron, coal, salt, and manganese. From its wealth of gold, when first discovered, it obtained the name of *Castilla del Oro,* and the mines of Veraguas became very profitable to Spain, as well as those of *Espiritu Santo.* Then the rich mines of Panama fell into neglect, until those of *Espiritu Santo,* or Cana, were reopened by an English company.

The rich, tropical soil produces all kinds of useful woods, and, from an agricultural standpoint, may be

enumerated bananas and other fruits of the tropical zone, such as cocoa, maiz, rice, coffee, and tobacco.

The principal exports are rubber, coffee, cocoa, dyewoods, gold, and other articles. The value of these is, however, small, when compared to the trade in bananas which are exported from Bocas del Toro, and Colon, producing, annually, over a million dollars in gold. Panama is one of the fields of operation for the United Fruit Company.

As regards imported goods, it has been calculated, that these amount yearly to an average of $2,300,000, gold.

The principal industries consist in the manufacture of brandy, pottery, and straw hats, while pearl fishing on the Pacific is, also, a source of revenue.

The Isthmus being a point of transit, and of communication between the East and the West, the ports of Colon and Panama are filled with travelers, and a great many steamers are constantly calling. In 1848, at the time of the discovery of gold in California, Panama became of considerable importance, by the passage across the Isthmus of "gold seekers." It is estimated, that, during those years, from twenty-five to forty thousand persons passed annually between Colon and Panama.

It was about that time that the first steps were taken toward building the Panama railroad, by an American company. A contract was signed with the government of Columbia in 1850, and the road was opened to traffic in January, 1855, continuing its operations to the present day. The line, 47 miles long, runs from Colon to Panama, across the Isthmus, the journey lasting, at the present time, about two hours and a half. From the beginning, until a compara-

tively short time ago, the fare was $25.00. Today you pay at the rate of about five cents a mile.

The money of the Republic is the balboa (gold), worth one dollar American, and the peso (silver), the equivalent of fifty cents of our money.

The government of Panama is republican, with its seat in the city of Panama, and the three Powers, Legislative, Executive, and Judiciary. The legislative power is vested in the National Assembly, the members of which are elected every four years by popular vote, in the proportion of one for every ten thousand of the population, and one for the balance, not under five thousand. The Assembly meets every two years.

The president's term lasts four years, several persons being designated to succeed him, in the event of his death. Thus, when I visited the Ithmus, Don Carlos A. Mendoza, who had been "Segundo Designato," or second designated, was in the presidential chair. The president is assisted by four secretaries, who take charge of the various departments of the government.

The provinces are administered by governors, nominated each year by the president, and the municipalities are under an *alcalde,* appointed by the governor, and under a municipal council, the members of which are elective.

The Supreme Court sits in the capital, where there is, also, a court of appeals. The circuit judges function in the capitals of the provinces, and each district has its municipal judge.

The Panama army consists of 250 men, with general, colonel, general adjutant, chief of staff, general inspector, sergeant major, second adjutant, commissary, surgeon, instructor, and so forth, as the staff officers, besides two captains, and their lieutenants.

There is, also, a police force, the greater portion of which is in Panama and Colon. Every citizen may be called upon in case of war.

The religion of the majority of the people is Roman Catholic, but there is free exercise of religion for all, as long as morality and public order are not interfered with. To judge by Panama and Colon, religion is far from being in a flourishing condition. Ecclesiastically, the whole country is governed by a bishop who resides at Panama. There is a very great scarcity of priests.

Public education is gratuitous, and *primary* instruction, obligatory. Public instruction is in the hand of the government. There are two normal schools, for the education of teachers. The Christian Brothers directed one normal school, but this has been recently taken away from them, the government being opposed to religion in the schools. A university is in process of construction, and a national school of music and elocution exists in the capital. The country possesses, also, private educational institutions, such as the seminary, San José, the Immaculate Conception, Santa Teresa, and others.

That which gives to Panama its special interest for us is the canal. The possibility of such an excavation presented itself to certain minds, shortly after the discovery, and Samuel de Champlain refers to it, in the account of his voyage to Mexico and the West Indies. The possibility began to assume some semblance of reality, when, in 1853, Gisborne, an English engineer, surveyed the country, from Caledonia to the Gulf of San Miguel, much further to the east than the present location of the canal. The following year, English, French, American, and native expeditions made surveys. Several other expeditions

followed at various intervals, until, about 1878, a contract was closed with the "Inter Oceanic Canal Company," in Paris. Work was begun, and carried on for some years, until the disastrous failure, that sent its echo over the world. Then came, in course of time, our negotiations with Colombia, the Hay-Heran treaty, the revolt of Panama, and the Hay-Bunau-Varilla treaty, all of which are still fresh in memory. In virtue of the last named treaty, concluded on November 18, 1903, the Republic of Panama ceded to the United States, for the construction and service of the canal, the use, occupation, and government in perpetuity of a piece of territory, ten miles wide, five on either side of the central line of the canal, between Colon and Panama, or from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Although the cities of Colon and Panama are not included in the cession, quite a number of settlements fell within the jurisdiction of the United States.

La Boca where ships, coming from the Pacific, are docked, lies within the Canal Zone, and the sanitary laws of the place are made, and executed by the United States. The adjacent town of Balboa has greatly improved under American administration. A run of about fifteen minutes in the train brings you into Panama.

As you enter Panama, with its negroes, and half naked children, you feel that you are, indeed, in the tropics, the negroes' paradise.

Panama is an old city; yet it is not the original Panama, which is now a ruin. I made an unsuccessful attempt to reach it, in company of Archdeacon Bryan of Ancon who had courteously volunteered to accompany me.

We engaged the first coachman we met, after leaving the Hotel Tivoli, an Italian. Of course, he knew all about the way; we struck a bargain, for six dollars silver, and our guide darted off with alacrity. All went well, until we were some distance out of the city, perhaps about half way, when the cataracts of the heavens were opened, and one of those showers came pouring down upon us that you find nowhere but in the tropics. Still we held to the route. We soon found that the knowledge of our coachman was not so accurate, as it had appeared to be, and it became necessary to apply to a United States police station for information. This having been furnished, we proceeded a little further, when our coachman went on a strike. I must admit, that the prospects were not very alluring. The rain continued, we were off the road, and the mud was deep. It was useless to reason, and we permitted the driver to turn back for some distance. Then, as the rain ceased, we induced him to try another road. He went as far as he could, poor man! We then alighted, and the coachman promising to await our return, we continued on foot. Ascending a hill, we could see the tower of old Panama in the distance. Drawing a straight line toward it by eye, on we went, until about two miles away, when the declining day warned us, that darkness would overtake us, and we reluctantly set our face homeward, having almost reached the goal. It had been necessary to spring over creeks, and wade through marsh and mud, and we presented a sorry appearance, on our return to Ancon. Should I ever attempt this journey again in the rainy season, it will be in the morning, with rain coat and boots.

Dr. Wolfrid Nelson [1] visited these ruins a number of times. He tells us, that the difficulty of getting about in them is very great, and the danger from poisonous snakes serious. The ruins of the old cathedral of St. Athanasius are the best preserved, and it is the square tower of this edifice that one sees from a great distance. The entire place is covered with a dense tropical growth, concealing the numerous wells, that provided the people with water. The foundations and even the walls of some of the houses can still be traced, but, as most of them were built of cedar, they perished in the conflagration. Although the place was completely rifled by Morgan, and what he left was, probably, carried away by the inhabitants, there may still be some objects of interest and value buried in the depths of that tropical forest.

Now for a word regarding Old Panama. Diego de Albites and Tello de Guzman were the first to arrive at a little fishing village on the Pacific coast, called by the natives Panama, some miles west of the present capital. Four years later, Pedro Arias Davila founded a town on the spot with the same name, and, in 1521, the Emperor Charles V. raised it to the dignity of a city. The government, civil and ecclesiastical, together with the whole population of Santa Maria la Antigua del Darien were moved to the new capital, and the older city ceased to exist.

It was at Panama that the famous contract was entered into between Pizarro, Almagro, and de Luque in 1525, for the conquest of Peru. Thus, on the spot which is now an abandoned wilderness, with crumbling ruins, one of the most important acts in the history of the New World took place.

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[1] Five years at Panama.

The old city was one of the finest in America, with eight convents, of which one belonged to nuns, a beautiful cathedral, and two splendid churches, and a large hospital. It contained about five thousand two hundred houses, two hundred of which were quite elegant, and of European aspect. There were, also, beautiful gardens and pleasure resorts, while business was carried on in two hundred stores and shops.

About 1669, the famous pirate Morgan had occupied Portobelo on the Atlantic. The governor of Panama ordered him to evacuate it. The buccaneer returned a pistol, saying, that with that weapon he had captured Portobelo, and that he would soon come to Panama to take it back. True to his word, he left Chagres in January, 1671, with 1,500 men, crossed the Isthmus, and arrived at the capital. The Spaniards were soon overcome, after severe fighting. For three weeks, the city was given up to pillage, at the end of which, it was destroyed by fire. Thus ended Old Panama, the ruins of which, buried in the tropical bush, on the shores of the Pacific, mark the site of one of the earliest centres of colonization in America.

About three years later, the new city of Panama was founded on the present site by Don Alonso Mercado de Villa Costa. Surrounded by walls and fortresses, it presented a formidable appearance to enemies approaching, either by sea, or by land.

The city lies upon a small peninsula, bounded on the north by the Bay of Panama, on the east and south by the Pacific, and, on the west by the land. A considerable proportion of the present city has grown up beyond where the land fortifications were. Several of the old monasteries and churches are now in ruins.

A walk through the town will give us an idea of its actual condition. We begin with the older part,

CATHEDRAL, PANAMA

situated on the peninsula. A portion of the fortifications on the seawall still exist, the interesting old fort being used as a prison. From what I could learn, the prison system of Panama leaves much to be desired; but I return to this subject later.

The Avenida Central, with its new and pretty houses, presents an agreeable appearance, but, generally speaking, the city possesses an air of antiquity, in spite of the many conflagrations to which it has been subject. It is divided into three *barrios*, or quarters, San Felipe, Caledonia, and Santa Ana.

The houses, mostly two or more stories in height, are constructed, for the greater part, of rubble, with the remainder of wood. The streets are, as a rule, narrow. In those leading out of the *Plaza Mayor*, or situated in its vicinity, there are many places of business, such as steamship agencies, as well as houses of finance and commerce. The city possesses, also, a number of industrial establishments, such as soap, candle, and chocolate factories, to which may be reckoned the ice plant, brandy distilleries, and other industries.

On the great square just opposite the Hotel Central, stands the cathedral, a large edifice, in Spanish-American style, the Renaissance façade flanked on each side by a square tower, built in several stages with pointed roof. The interior is bare, with few decorations, but you will observe a number of mortuary slabs with inscriptions, a common feature in the churches of Panama. There are, also, a few lateral chapels. The sanctuary has a bishop's throne, but no stalls for canons; probably because there are no canons. Such is the scarcity of priests, that one has to serve several churches, and, even in the cathedral, there cannot be daily Mass. The same impression of de-

cadence is made here, as elsewhere in the city. There is no doubt, that Catholicity in Panama needs to be shaken up a little. This is one of the oldest dioceses in the New World, dating as it does, from the year 1519, and having had nearly fifty bishops, nominated to the See, since the beginning.

The most distinguished bishop Panama has had was the historian Lucas Fernandez de Piedrahita. He was, probably, the first bishop appointed to the new city. A descendant in the female line of the Caciques of Peru, he was born at Bogotá in 1624. After spending some time in Spain, he became bishop of Santa Marta, whence he was transferred to Panama in 1676. Before taking possession of his new See, he fell into the hands of buccaneers, who took him to Providence Island, where the famous Morgan, at that time, resided. The pirate, it is said, moved by the sight of the venerable bishop, gave him his liberty. Fernandez de Piedrahita is known especially as the author of a History of New Granada. He died in 1688. There is no vestige of his tomb; but I was told by the Very Rev. V. G. Sanguillen, *cura* of Santa Ana, and vicar-general, that he is buried beneath a store, somewhere near the ruins of the old Jesuit Church. His tomb must have stood within the precincts of the college.

To the right of the square, as you face the cathedral, stands the bishop's house, in which some kind of a seminary is conducted, to educate young men for the priesthood. Old Panama was in possession of a seminary, dedicated to St. Augustine, and founded in the early part of the seventeenth century, by the Bishop Augustin de Carvajal.

In colonial times, the new city of Panama possessed monasteries of Franciscans, Dominicans, the order of

La Merced, and Descalced Augustinians, besides a college of the Society of Jesus, a seminary, and a university, founded in 1751 by Bishop Francisco Javier de Lima y Victoria. There were, also, a hospital of St. John of God, and a convent of nuns of the order of the Conception. All that has been changed.

The church of San Francisco is now served by the Jesuits, whose new residence was put up for them by the government, in exchange for the site, upon which the fine new government building has been erected. The old Franciscan monastery, partly in ruins, now serves as a college, conducted by the Christian Brothers. Though bare of decorations, and gloomy, San Francisco is one of the best churches in Panama. The few Jesuits here are devoted to the work of the ministry. This group of buildings overlooks the esplanade on the sea.

The church and monastery of St. Dominic is now a picturesque ruin, with only a chapel in use. The old, roofless church is pointed out to the stranger, as the "flat arch" ruin, owing to one of its arches having only a slight curve. The Dominicans planned and built this church. The story goes, that the arch in question fell time and again, until it was built on its present design. It is almost flat along the centre, and quite unique in architecture.

The church of La Merced is now served by secular priests. A mortuary chapel just outside, with a number of slabs, must have belonged to an old Colombian family. They say that this church was built to a great extent from material taken from the Merced church in old Panama.

The only old church, still occupied by the original Friars, is that of the Descalced Augustinians, the church of San José. It is true, that there was an

interruption, but the Spanish Friars have returned, and they now occupy the monastery in the rear of the church.

Not far away, in the same street, the Calle de San José, but on the opposite side, stand the ruins of the Jesuit church, and college, near which Bishop Fernandez de Piedrahita is buried.

This college was completed over one hundred and seventy years ago, being a substantial building, five stories high. The old ruined doorway on the Calle San José is quite imposing. In 1737, the building was destroyed by fire, at the same time as the churches of San Francisco and Santo Domingo.

The church of Santa Ana, which was undergoing extensive repairs, on the occasion of my visit, and of which Padre Sanguillen, 84 years of age, was pastor, is one of the oldest of the city. It was dedicated by Bishop Fernandez de Piedrahita.

Another very old church is that of San Felipe Neri, on a narrow street leading into the Plaza de San Francisco. Over the entrance, one reads the inscription: "San Felipe Neri. 1688." The old monastery near the church is now occupied by Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul. The main front is walled in, and the entrance is now on the side.

The ruined character of so many churches and monasteries in Panama and Colombia dates from the time, some sixty years ago, when the Jesuits and other orders were expelled from Colombia, and everything was permitted to fall into decay. This, no doubt, was, also, one of the causes of the decline of religion.

The American government has done much for the sanitary conditions of the place, among other things, by paving the streets, advancing the funds for the purpose.

American influence is everywhere noticeable, and English is universally spoken, while many Americans, coming from the Canal Zone, are to be seen in the streets. I was surprised to see them walking about in the sun at all hours of the day, apparently heedless of the heat.

A short drive through the suburbs will bring you to the hill of Ancon in the Canal Zone, upon which stands the Hotel Tivoli, the property of the Canal Commission by which it is managed. The rates are $5.00 a day, but much lower for employees. The Hotel Tivoli is one of the finest in Spanish America, nor have I seen any to equal it outside of Buenos Aires. It is a relief to get away from the sweltering heat of the city, to the cool breezes of Ancon, and to breathe a purer atmosphere, while the thin wire screens around the building protect you competely against the attacks of mosquitoes. The Commission is making strenuous efforts to exterminate the mosquito. I did not see, nor feel a single one, during the week I spent on the Isthmus.

The manners and customs, such as the hour of meals, at the Tivoli are entirely American, and very unlike those of Spanish hotels. I can not but feel, however, that the three hearty meals, including the copious early breakfast, are not so well in keeping with the climate, as the system generally prevailing in the West Indies and South America, as well as in Latin Europe.

On arriving at the Tivoli, after coming up from South America, you feel as though you had reached home. The language of the place is English, although it is much patronized by Spaniards. To send a letter home from the Canal Zone, costs you two cents, while across the line you pay five. However, the stamps used are those of Panama, with "Canal Zone" printed

on them. The United States evidently recognizes the nominal sovereignty of the Republic.

Just behind the Tivoli, a stone's throw away, is situated the Ancon hospital. This is not one building, but a collection of buildings, scattered over a large area, so that the hospital resembles a little town. It has two chapels, a Catholic, served by one of the Jesuits, and an Episcopalian, until recently in charge of Archdeacon Bryan. The hospital possesses a numerous staff of doctors and nurses.

One of the buildings serves the purpose of a laboratory for experimenting on animals. It is like a menagerie, with its collection of rats, monkeys, guinea pigs and cats. A kind of sleeping sickness, prevalent among animals, formed the subject of investigation, on the occasion of my visit.

The Ancon hospital, to be numbered with the best in America, is only one of several that exist in the Canal Zone.

STATUE OF COLUMBUS, CRISTOBAL

Chapter XXIII.

THE CANAL—COLON.

Line of the Canal—Wonderful Change in Panama—Pacific Entrance to Canal—The Locks—City of Colon—Prevalence of English—Christ Church—Catholic Church—Washington Hotel—Government of Canal Zone—Penal System of Panama—Cristobal—Portobelo—The Clyde—Tracy Robinson—Cartagena.

After much talk, much deliberation, and much surveying, from the early days of the sixteenth century down, in 1878, the exclusive privilege of constructing the Interoceanic Canal was granted by the Colombian government to the "Civil International Interoceanic Canal Society" of France. In 1881, operations were begun by M. de Lesseps, who had bought the privileges of the society. The labors that followed, culminating in a disastrous failure, and a world-wide scandal, have sufficiently been written up. They need not be repeated here. Suffice it to say, that the route and plans adopted by the French have, in the main, been followed by the Americans. In general, the line across the Isthmus is that of the railroad. Beginning at Colon, the old French canal went south as far as Gatun and Dos Hermanos, somewhat over nine miles from the mouth. Then it continued in a southeastern direction, until reaching the Pacific. From Dos Hermanos to Frijoles, nearly eight miles further, the line continues to ascend to a height of forty feet, when making a bend, it proceeds to Mamei, about sixteen miles further on, still rising, with several intervening

hills. At Matachin, a little beyond, there is another bend to the south, and the line becomes comparatively straight as it continues to the Pacific. From Matachin to Culebra, the land is very undulating, and, at Culebra, with an altitude of 330 feet, the highest on the line, the descent begins to Rio Grande, and thence to the level of the ocean. The French had the intention of damming the Chagres river, which the canal meets near Gatun, and the Americans have adopted their plan. The first intention was to build the canal on the plan of tide-level, but M. de Lesseps was finally forced to adopt the lock system, which, he declared, was to be only temporary. The undertaking was a gigantic one even for a nation like the United States, and, as one beholds the old French machinery, partly in use, or partly rusting on the shores, as well as the house occupied by de Lesseps at Cristobal, near Colon, one cannot but feel sympathy for the men who gave their all to the work, and for the thousands who left their bones in Panama.

At the end of seven years, it seems that about one-fifth of the work had been done, at an expenditure of over $220,000,000. Then operations began to slacken, until the final crash came.

A few years have passed, since the United States bought out the French company, and, in that period of time, wonders have been worked on the Isthmus. In the first place, Panama, from a sanitary standpoint, is no longer the terror of the world. The old ailments have been, practically, banished, and her gates are carefully guarded against any possible invasion of disease. Towns, settlements, and hospitals flourish all along the line, and the world looks on, and marvels, that the dream of Angel Saavedra and Samuel de Champlain will soon be realized.

We shall cast a passing glance at these wonderful works, as we cross the Isthmus; but the Panama Canal being only one feature of this work, it is impossible to tarry long on details.

We begin with the opening on the Pacific. By courtesy of the officials, we obtain the use of a government launch, and steam up the canal, as far as we can go, about the distance of five miles. This old launch has a history. She was used by the French who called her the "Petite Louise." Now she is the "Louise." Our engineer says, that she is growing, and that he anticipates that she will soon be "Miss," and then "Madame Louise."

The harbor is dredged, and the canal extends some distance out into the bay, beyond Culebra Island, and the Quarantine station. The Pacific opening of the canal is really the mouth of the Rio Grande which, originating at Culebra, and receiving several small tributaries, flows down to the Pacific. The canal follows approximately the course of the Rio Grande, with which it generally coincides, until its junction with the Pedro Miguel river. Constant dredging is going on, at both openings of the canal, on the Pacific, and on the Atlantic.

If we take the raliroad at Panama, after passing Corazal station, we meet the canal at Miraflores, to follow it approximately, with some slight deviations, until the Rio Chagres is met beyond Buena Vista. At Gatun, the railroad and the canal come together. At Miraflores the first locks (double flight) are in course of construction, and, a little further on, at Pedro Miguel, we observe the single flight locks. Further on, at Rio Grande, a height of 30 feet above the sea level is attained, and, still higher, at Culebra, the highest point on the road, an altitude of 330 feet is reached.

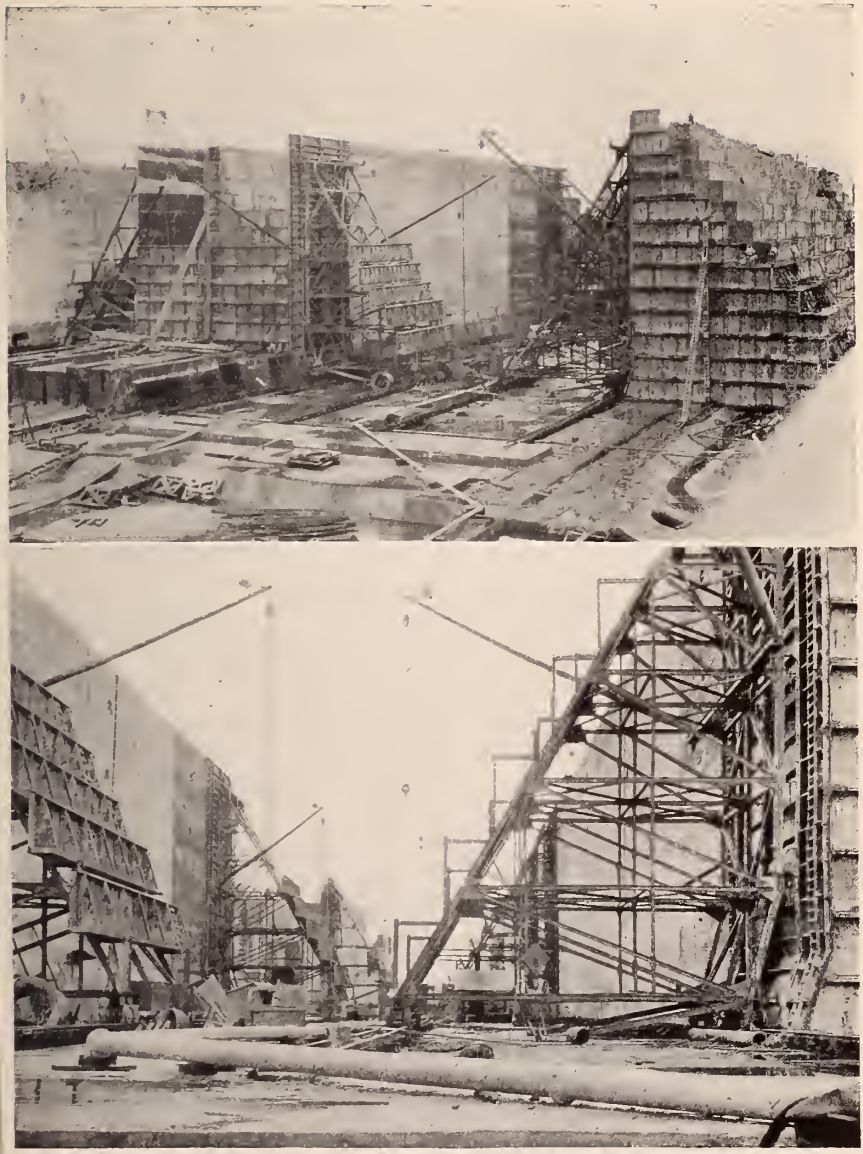
Here is the famous Culebra cut through tufa, clay with conglomerate and solid rock. The width of the canal is here 300 feet, but it widens further on, until it reaches a width of 1,000 feet.

Several small settlements are now passed, prominent among which are Empire and Gorgona, until you enter the inundated lands which are forming the great Gatun Lake, made by damming the Chagres river at Gatun. The canal will flow through this lake, and the railroad will be removed from its present line, further to the east. At Gatun, a little beyond the great dam, the Gatun locks will let down the water to sea level, as the canal runs to the Atlantic.

The railroad passes through a wilderness of tropical growth, through banana plantations, and marshlands, broken by small towns and settlements, some large enough for churches, Catholic, as well as Protestant.

At Gatun, the canal instead of following the old French works which ended at Cristobal, runs almost in a straight line into Limon Bay. All along we have been traveling in the Canal Zone, but we must bear in mind, that although the cities of Panama and Colon lie geographically within the Zone, they are not under American jurisdiction as, together with their harbors, they were excepted in the Bunau-Varilla treaty. The town of Cristobal near Colon is, however, like Balboa on the Pacific, a portion of the territory ceded to the United States.

The city of Colon, on Manzanillo Island in Limon Bay, but practically on the mainland, is the capital of Colon province. It was founded in 1850 by the Province of Panama, and named in honor of the Discoverer of America. The engineers of the Panama railroad insisted on calling the city Aspinwall, in



LOCK IN THE GATUN DAM

honor of W. H. Aspinwall, one of the founders of the enterprise. A monument to him, and to Stephens and Chauncey, the other founders of the railroad, rises above the ocean, near the Washington Hotel. For a long time, the town was known under the name of Aspinwall to our countrymen, though in Panama, and among other nations, the old name Colon continued in use, and finally prevailed, so that today no one thinks of using the name Aspinwall. This was finally brought about by the Colombian government which, in 1890, decided that all correspondence addressed to Aspinwall should be returned to the place of departure.

Colon, with its wooden houses, reminded me greatly of one of our seaside resorts on the Jersey coast. There are very few houses in the city which are not of wood, and they nearly all, if not all, are posterior to 1885, when, during one of the periodical revolutions of Colombia, the entire city was destroyed by fire. The great majority of the population is of the black race, and such an accumulation of dregs it would, perhaps, be hard to discover anywhere. English is universally spoken, probably more than Spanish.

One of the finest, probably the prettiest edifice in the city is the little Episcopalian "Christ Church," of which "Father" Cooper, a charming gentleman who wears a cassock and birretta on some occasions, and a white duck suit on others, is rector. Agreeable conversation with a few men like this courteous gentleman is calculated to render life at Colon tolerable. The church was erected by the Panama railroad company, after the completion of the road. It is a stone edifice in the Gothic style. The majority of the popu-

lation of Colon and Cristobal is, I understand, Protestant, owing to the very large number of foreigners.

The Catholic Church, a new, and massive, but unsightly stone edifice was built by the pastor's own hands. He gathered the stones, transported them to the church, and finished the edifice, as architect, contractor, hod carrier, and general workman, all at once. I was told all this, while the good priest was absent, on a brief vacation. Father Volk enjoys the esteem of Protestants and Catholics alike. A man of Apostolic spirit, he leads the poorest kind of a life, living in the sacristy, and working like a Trojan. It will be hard for any clergyman to succeed him. During his absence, his place was taken by a German priest who, at one time, had been a missionary in Ecuador. I spent almost the whole of a Sunday, assisting him, and my heart went out in pity for the poor man who, in the intolerable heat of July, had hardly a moment to himself, being called upon for his ministrations, at every hour of the day.

Not far from Christ Episcopal Church, stands the old Washington Hotel, where you may get a room, with the use of a bath, for $2.00, on the European plan. The rooms facing the bay are, of course, the most agreeable, as the breezes from the sea are, constantly, playing upon the porches, and there is always something to interest the vision, such as an incoming, or outgoing ship, the dredging steamer, passing to and fro, a steam launch, on its way to Portobelo, or an Indian canoe, from the San Blas country. Then the surf is beating upon the shore, singing the monotonous song of "Old Ocean," that lulls the weary traveler to sleep. It is along the beach, that the most pleasant part of Colon is located, and here you will

BOLIVAR STREET, COLON

find most of the steamship agencies. The water front runs all the way to Cristobal.

The Washington Hotel which is, in no way, to be compared to the Tivoli at Ancon, is managed by Mr. Murphy for the Panama Railroad, which, really, means for the United States government. The old Panama railroad which De Lesseps absolutely needed to carry on his work, and which, practically, controlled all transportation across the Isthmus, at enormous prices, was purchased by him at the rate of over $2,000 a share, for $17,500,000. When, in 1902, the American government bought for $40,000,000 the entire canal property, the railroad came with it, and, of course, the old Washington hotel followed suit.

The government of the Canal Zone is, probably, the most paternal, I might almost say, socialistic, government in existence. With a population of from fifty to sixty thousand, the Canal Commission is administering this strip of land in a manner that well may serve as an object lesson for the world. In the Canal Zone, Uncle Sam is hotel keeper, caterer, grocery man, housebuilder and furnisher, baker, dairyman, laundry man, confectioner, tailor, telephone and telegraph operator, railroad engineer, steamboat captain, doctor and clergyman. What more do you want? The people are satisfied, and the world is benefitted. Even though five cents a mile is charged on the railroad, and strangers must pay $5.00 a day at the Tivoli, one does not begrudge this, in view of the immense advantages likely to accrue.

Then, remember the vast sanitary improvements. Time was, when the name Panama stood synonimous for fever, pestilential diseases, and death. "Upon getting to Panama,' wrote Wolfred Nelson, a little more than twenty years ago, "the Dean of the Medical Fac-

ulty, a Colombian, neatly divided the seasons as follows: He said to me: 'First you have the wet season, lasting from about the fifteenth of April to the fifteenth of December, when people die of yellow fever in four or five days. Next you have the dry or healthy season, from December 15, to April 15, when people die of pernicious fever in from twenty-four to thirty-six hours!' Five years as a practitioner of medicine at Panama amply confirmed his views, and it is the best division of the seasons that I know of."

When these words were written, the history of the Panama railroad, and of the French canal had, already, been written in letters, made of dead men's bones. As many as forty per cent. of the canal employees had, at various times, been carried off, and funeral trains constituted a regular department of the road. During two seasons of epidemic, the burials are said to have averaged from thirty to forty per day. The Colon cemetery, "Mount Hope," generally known as "Monkey Hill," contains thousands upon thousands of those days, who are there sleeping their last sleep. All that has been changed by the sanitary department, the work of which will hand down to posterity the name of that great organizer, Col. W. C. Gorgas.

Although the bulk of mortality is still in the negro population, within five years, the death rate, even among persons of that race, was reduced from 120, to 30, per 1,000. The Canal Zone is, today, the healthiest spot between the tropics of Capricorn and Cancer, in the Eastern and Western Hemispheres. The death rate is lower, not only than that of such places, as Madras, Bombay, Calcutta, Cairo, and Alexandria, but, also, of New Orleans, Venice, St. Petersburg, and Moscow.[1] This sanitary improvement has extended

[1] The Conquest of the Isthmus. Hugh C. Weir, p. 18-19, New York, 1909.

beyond the Canal Zone, as the United States must see to it that, for the sake of the canal, and of humanity, its *protégé*, the infant republic of Panama, remain in a healthy condition.

Yet, there are reasons to believe that, like many a naughty child, the "People" chafe somewhat under the rule of its tutor. Thinking minds, of course, feel grateful to the United States, but it is hard sometimes to make a child who has been washed and dressed understand, that it is to his advantage to be subject to tutelage.

There is one thing in the Republic of Panama that should receive serious attention on the part of economists, and philanthropists. I mean the penal system. I did not see the prison at Panama, and I am not going to write of it, merely on hearsay, but the shrieks of the women prisoners in Colon have come to me, on very reliable authority. Of course, quite a proportion of these women criminals are little better than animals, and, perhaps, nothing suits them better than the rod. Yet cruelty is not at all in keeping with our present ideas of civilization, though I have no doubt that much of it exists, even among the most civilized nations of the earth.

I had been told of the flogging of women whose cries often made night hideous for the dwellers in the vicinity of the jail. The Catholic Church adjoins the prison. I was seated in the sacristy, one Sunday afternoon, when the unearthly shrieks of a woman broke upon my ears. I am not at all in sympathy with any kind of cruelty, and my blood began to boil. Rushing out, on the spur of the moment, I looked through the bars of the building, to see several laughing officials, who, apparently, had just inflicted the punishment. I went further, and inquired of a black

policeman at the door what was the cause of the cries. He told me to go in and find out. Reflecting, that discretion is the better part of valor, and, not wishing to push my "knight-errantry" to the extent of coming into physical contact with the guards, I contented myself with pressing the question, until I obtained an admission, that a woman had been flogged. It appears to me that the United States authorities might induce the government of Panama to take this matter in hand, and examine, not only into the infliction of corporal punishment, but, also, into the general conduct of the prisons. A thing or two might be discovered quite capable of improvement.

Let us return to the Hotel Washington. The old building had a very narrow escape, one day, when I was taking my lunch in the dining room. A tropical storm, with thunder and lightning, had been brewing for some time, when, suddenly, there was a frightful crash. The lightning had struck the room, barely missing the manager, who had just hung up the telephone receiver. The current set fire to one of the beautiful cocoanut trees, in front of the hotel, and passed through one of the glazed windows. The alarm being given, the fire brigade from Cristobal came tearing along, with the little Colon company, also anxious to assist. The fire was soon extinguished.

The southern portion of Colon, Cristobal, was built by the French. Here still exists the old De Lesseps' house, utilized, at present, for offices of administration, by the Canal Commission. A statue of bronze, representing Columbus, with a stooping figure at his side, typifying America, stands before the house. Modeled in Italy, by Vicente Vela, it was presented by the Empress Eugenie to the Republic of Colombia in 1866, and, the following year, before being for-

warded to its destination, it figured in the Paris Exposition. Cristobal now lies within the Canal Zone. Among the many objects of interest it offers to the visitor, is the immense cold storage plant in which you may pass suddenly, if you wish, from a torrid climate, to an almost arctic temperature.

If you visit Colon, you will hear much of Portobelo, in the neighborhood of which stone is quarried by the canal people, and with which there is constant communication by steam launch from Cristobal. It lies northeast of Colon, on Portobelo bay, with a burning, damp, and unhealthy climate. Its name was given by Columbus who discovered it in 1502, naming it *Puerto Bello,* or beautiful harbor. It became, later on, known as San Felipe de Portobelo. The harbor was defended by four fortresses, San Felipe on the north, Santiago de la Gloria on the south, with San Jeronimo and San Cristobal inside the port. They were consructed by the celebrated engineer Juan B. Antonelli, in the reign of Philip II. In the days, when the Spanish galleons carried their precious freight from the "Indies" homeward, Portobelo was one of the most populous cities in the world, and its great fair which lasted sixty days was famous.

In spite of its fortifications, Portobelo was several times invaded, among other occasions, by Drake in 1596, and Morgan in 1669. It capitulated in 1742 to Admiral Vernon who destroyed the fortifications. In 1751, they were rebuilt by Don Ignacio de Sala, governor of Cartagena. The old forts of Portobelo are, probably, among the most interesting relics of the colonial period in America.

I do not regret my sojourn upon the Isthmus, though it was of longer duration than I had intended it to be, owing to the fact, that I could not find an

earlier opportunity to reach Cartagena. Several steamship lines communicate regularly with Colombian ports. You may go to Cartagena, by the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, the Compagnie Generale Transatlantique, or the Hamburg American (Atlas) Line, and to Santa Marta by the United Fruit Company's steamers. However, there is no alternative: you must either risk sweltering in old Cartagena for about two weeks, or be content with a few hours, and so I chose the latter, when the Royal Mail steamer, the old Clyde, with Captain Dix as commander, was about to depart for Europe, via the West Indies. I took my ticket for Barbados, paying $40.00 for it. With all respect to the Clyde, and the Royal Mail, I must say that the days spent between Colon and Barbados were the least agreeable of all those passed on the water. The agents had promised to give me a room alone, but, as the ship was crowded, the promise could not be complied with. Further, the stateroom was situated on the lower deck, and, morever, it was an inside one. My companion in the upper berth seemed to find the air from the skylight too strong for him, and so the opening was generally closed. As for the electric fan, its buzzing was the only indication of its presence. At night the heat was so intense, that I was glad, sometimes, to creep on deck at two in the morning, for a whiff of fresh air.

One of my fellow-passengers was Mr. Tracy Robinson, who, probably, knows more of Panama by experience, than any other American on the Isthmus. Coming to Panama in the days of "49," he has lived through the vicissitudes of the last sixty years, and he is still a young old man, and an entertaining companion. His varied experiences have given us an instructive, and entertaining book on Panama.

CARTAGENA, COLOMBIA

The stretch of the journey from Colon to Cartagena, lasting from about eleven a. m., until the next morning, was disagreeable, owing to the long swells, that kept the old Clyde pitching at a high rate, and gave to a large proportion of the passengers who were not actually sea-sick, as they reclined on their steamer chairs, that pale, disgusted look, which indicates the border line of old Neptune's characteristic domain. The "brave sailor" who passes this neutral territory has a hard time of it. He hates to acknowledge to himself, and still less to others, that he feels sick, and so he often swallows his mortification, and his saliva in silence, with a kind of compromise with his stomach.

I am sure, that all were delighted, when the steamer ran into the bay of Cartagena, early the following morning. Two old forts stand, like antiquated war-dogs, at the entrance to the harbor, which is very narrow, the former entrance having been blocked long ago. The towers of the city loom up in the distance, with the heights above, crowned by the old abandoned monastery of La Popa, which, at one time, belonged to the Descalced Augustinians. The old church is still in use, and, on February 2, the feast of the *Candelaria* awakens the venerable building, when the pious "Carthaginians" flock to it, to practice their devotions.

You may give free rein to your imagination, as you steam up the bay, and still see the "silver fleet," in the days of Spanish grandeur, that used to *rendezvous* here, before crossing the Atlantic. Many and many an illustrious name that has figured in the history of South America has been pronounced in this old harbor.

As you muse thus, your illusions will soon be dispelled by the sight of an old wrecked steamer of the Columbian navy, and of a dapper little gunboat, still in active service. It is July 20, the anniversary of Columbian Independence, and the little man-of-war will fire a salute to inaugurate the celebration.

Our steamer runs up to the dock, and, as soon as we can, we go ashore to take the little train which, in four minutes, will land us at the gates of Cartagena. It costs us five cents of our money.

The first thing I do is to go in search of Mr. Fearon for my mail. As the business places are closed, I engage a carriage, and drive past crumbling fortifications, to the tropical suburb of "La manga." My friend lives in a picturesque villa, thoroughly tropical in its architecture. Not only does he receive me with courtesy, seldom wanting in those regions, but he returns with me to the city, to show me the old walls, Cartagena's most distinctive feature.

Chapter XXIV.

COLOMBIA.

Geography — Climate — Resources — History—Population—Government—Religion—Bogota'—How to Reach It—Literature and Education—Leprosy—The Army—Currency—Cartagena—The Cathedral—Santo Domingo—San Pedro Claver—The University—San Francisco—Old Houses—Puerto Colombia—Cannibals—The Coast of Venezuela.

The Republic of Colombia occupies the northwestern portion of the South American continent, reaching below the fifth parallel south of the equator, and above the twelfth north of the line. On the south, the river Amazon separates it from Brazil, and one of the tributaries of this great river is the line that parts it from Ecuador. The Pacific ocean washes its shores, up to the point where the Isthmus juts out from the continent, while beyond the Isthmus, its northern coast lies on the Caribbean Sea. Brazil and Venezuela lie on its eastern boundaries. The southern portion of the Republic, in the great valley of Cauca, is watered by innumerable streams, affluents of the Amazon.

Colombia is the only country in South America, if you except the Isthmus of Panama, that has ports on the Atlantic, as well as on the Pacific. On entering Colombia, the Andes chain is divided into two branches, the western following the coast, and the eastern stretching into vast tablelands, and again separating into two parallel ranges, between which the

Magdalena flows down to the Caribbean. The Sierra Nevada of Santa Marta, reaching an altitude of 7,926 meters, is distinct from the Andes. Many and large rivers, some flowing into the Amazon, others, through Venezuela to the Orinoco, and the rest into the At lantic, water the territory of the Republic.

On the Atlantic coast, a tropical climate prevails, but, generally speaking, Colombia enjoys a perpetual spring, with alternating dry and wet seasons, that seem gradually to melt into each other every three months. Owing, however, to the high altitudes of its mountains, every climate can be found in Colombia, from the extreme heat of the torrid zone, to the icy temperatures of northern lands. It is, especially, on the extensive, and fertile tablelands, where two or three crops a year may be raised, that the climate is always mild, with the temperature of spring.

Colombia, with its outlets on two oceans, and with its variety of climates, has, probably, more natural advantages, than any other South American country. Its resources are innumerable, and all that it needs are capital and labor. Its mineral wealth is immense. Gold is everywhere, and, therefore, if any country deserves the title of "El Dorado," Colombia does. Silver, iron, magnesia, alum, asphaltum, coal, sulphur, and rock salt go to form the mineral deposits of this rich country, while diamonds have been found in many places, and the emerald mines of Muzo are far famed.

On the great streams, immense forests cover the land, many of which are, almost, impenetrable; but they abound with valuable woods of every description. As to agriculture, its resources can hardly be overestimated. In the hot lands, cocoa, bananas, sugar cane, tobacco, indigo, rice, and other tropical products are cultivated. There are coffee plantations, and the

most delicately flavored coffee in the world is said to be that of the Chimbi estates in Cundimamarca. In the higher altitudes, equal to the climate of the temperate zone, wheat, barley, oats, potatoes, and other products of more northern lands are grown. Thus you advance through the region of the cedar, and the pine, until you reach those altitudes where you find an arctic vegetation.

The great prairies, or *llanos,* eastward of the Cordilleras, and extending to the borders of Venezuela and Brazil, not only afford excellent pasturage, but, with their fertile soil, could be rendered most productive. Unfortunately, all this prospective wealth is hidden away, for Colombia is a very undeveloped country, in spite of the fact, that it was one of the first known to Europeans.

Discovered, in 1499, by Columbus, it was colonized at an early period, and we find some of the cities, like Popayan, Tunja, Santa Marta, Cartagena, and Santa Fe de Bogota, figuring conspicuously in the early history of Spanish colonization.

Known as New Granada, it constituted a viceroyalty, in the eighteenth century, with the viceroy's seat at Bogotá. On July 20, 1810, New Granada declared itself independent. Until 1831, together with Venezuela, anl Ecuador, it formed the Great Republic of Colombia, becoming, in that year, under a separate organization, the Republic of New Granada. From 1858 to 1860, it was a federal republic, under the designation of Granadine Confederation. Then it became the United States of New Granada, until 1863, when it was called the United States of Colombia. In 1886, it assumed its present title of Republic of Colombia. The country has passed through many revolutions, and civil wars, having vice-presidents, presidents, or dictators at the head of the government.

The population of Colombia is about 4,500,000, without counting some 200,000 living on disputed territory. This population consists of pure whites, descendants of the Spaniards, the civilized Indians, mostly in the mountains, some uncivilized Indians in the forests, negroes, especially on the coast, and in the river valleys, and a large number of persons of mixed blood. Of emigrants, in the ordinary sense of the term, comparatively few are found in Colombia.

The Republic, divided into fifteen departments, the District of the Capital, one intendency, and one national territory, is governed by a president, nominated by Congress, for a period of four years. He is assisted by six cabinet ministers, who are responsible for his official acts, while, strange to say, the president himself cannot be held responsible. He possesses a wide range of power which, in time of war, is dictatorial. As the government is centralized, he controls the whole country, with the governors of departments, and so on.

Congress consists of a Senate, with forty-eight members, and a House of Deputies, three for the Capital District, and for each department. In the judicial department, we find municipal, and circuit courts, higher district courts, and a Supreme Court.

The religion of the country is Roman Catholic; but while the government sustains the Church, the civil and ecclesiastical powers are regarded as independent of each other. In 1887, a Concordat was established between Pope Leo XIII. and the President of the Republic, by which all questions of Church and state were satisfactorily settled.

The hierarchy consists of four archbishops, nine bishops, and three vicars apostilic. Besides the arch-

bishop of Bogotá who is the Primate of Colombia, the other archbishops are those of Popayan, Cartagena, and Medellin. A considerable number of Religious Orders, such as Franciscans, Dominicans, Augustinians, Capuchins, Jesuits, Redemptorists, Salesians, Lazarists, Eudists, Marists, and Christian Brothers, devote themselves to the work of education, and of missions.

Bogotá, founded as Santa Fé in 1538, by Gonzalo Jimenez de Quesada, is the capital of the Republic. It became the seat of the viceroy of New Granada in 1718. Up to that time, from 1598, it had been merely a presidency, becoming such again in 1724, until 1740, when the vice-royalty was definitely settled upon it. Situated at the foot of the mountains of Monserrat and Guadalupe in the eastern branch of the Andes, Bogotá is at an altitude of 1,640 meters above sea level. With a population of 120,000, it is divided into nine parishes.

A recent author, writing of Bogotá, says: "If we could go to sleep in Washington, and wake up next morning in Santa Fé de Bogotá our first impressions of the quaint old city would hardly be favorable; and, as first impressions are generally lasting, the probabilities are that we should never learn to like the place. But after a month's journey, such as I have attempted to describe, one is generally in a frame of mind to appreciate almost any change, particularly if, as in the present case, it be for the better.

"Our first impressions of Bogotá are those of surprise and admiration—surprise at finding so large a city perched up in the heart of the Andes fully six hundred miles from anywhere, and admiration of the surpassing natural beauty of the locality. Our next impressions are that it is one of the most quiet, con-

servative, slothful, and restful places on the face of the earth, conditions which one appreciates all the more after the hard experiences of the long journey from the coast. After a day or two we discover that the climate is simply perfect, and that the matchless scenery never palls upon us. In the course of a few days more, we discover that many highly educated and accomplished people live here; that there is an inner circle of society equal to the best in Washington; and that the inhabitants are generally kind, considerate, and hospitable. And so it is that strangers generally like the place, leave it with more or less reluctance, and rarely fail to cherish the most pleasant memories of it." [1]

The city lies on the slopes of the mountain with streets crossing each other at rectangles, and running from east to west, and from north to south. As in our American cities, they are numbered. The cathedral is said to occupy the site of the chapel established by Quesada, when he founded the city. The house, the oldest in Bogotá, in which he lived and died is still in existence. Besides the cathedral, there are twenty-four other churches, and several chapls, with a numbr of convents. Unlike Santiago and Lima, the original monasteries of Bogotá have for years, since the revolution of 1860, been devoted to secular purposes. The Protestants have, also, a church in this city.

Bogotá possesses several universities, academies, and colleges, theatres, an astronomical observatory, a National Library, a Museum, and other important buildings. From colonial times down it has been a literary centre, and, even today, literature of a lighter

[1] The Colombian and Venezuelan Republics. William L. Scruggs, Boston, 1905.

vein flourishes greatly in Colombia. A centre of learning in colonial times, with its university and its famous College of the Holy Rosary, it witnessed, toward the end of the eighteenth century, a revival of studies in the natural sciences, under the impulse given by José Célestino Mutis and José de Caldas. A statue has been recently erected to the latter who perished for the cause of Colombian independnce.

There are not wanting many buildings to interest the student of Colombian antiquities, while the History of Santa Fé, by Juan Rodrigues Fresle, popularly known as "El Carnero," and published some years ago from a manuscript, furnishes a pleasant insight into the life of the Santa Fé of the sixteenth century.

Bogotá is of difficult access. It may be approached from Buenaventura on the Pacific, or from Cartagena or Baranquilla, on the Atlantic, though, in a straight line, it is much nearer to the former. Railroads in Colombia are still in a formative stage, although at least 700 kilometers are in operation. One line runs from Buenaventura to Juntas, whence it is to continue to various cities of the Cauca Valley, and, finally connect with the road leading to Medellin, northwest of Bogotá. On the Atlantic, a short road runs from Puerto Colombia to Baranquilla, and one from Cartagena to Calamar. There are a number of other short roads, connecting various points of the Republic. Several trains leave Bogotá daily for points not far away from the capital. To go from Cartagena to Bogotá, you take the railroad to Calamar, and thence ascend the Magdalena river by steamer, until you reach another railroad leading into the capital. The journey lasts ten days. To avoid unnecessary discomforts, if time permits, it would be well to wait for one

of the large steamers. Leaving Calamar about eight o'clock, say Monday morning, you will arrive at La Dorado, from five to seven days later, if all is favorable, and the depth of the Magdalena is satisfactory. Here you take the train which brings you into Honda in about two hours. At the Hotel America you arrange for mules to go to Facatativa. You pay $5.00 (gold) for each mule, and $3.00 to the mule driver. Leaving Honda at 5 a. m., you lunch at Gabinete, where there is a good *posada,* or inn. You spend the first night at Verjel, and the second at Villela. The following day, you may arrive at Facatativa, in time to catch the 3.30 p. m. train to Bogotá.

From Buenaventura on the Pacific to Bogotá, the journey is somewhat arduous, as it is necessary to cross the Andes by mule. You go from Buenaventura to Cali by narrow-gauge railroad, some seventy miles, thence by mule to about 32 miles from Bogotá, where you may take a coach. The journey may last several weeks, according to the condition of the roads.

As Bogotá is the political centre of the country, in spite of its geographical isolation, it is, also, the intellectual centre. In fact, it has been named the Athens of South America. In Colombia, where the Spanish race and character have been better preserved than in most other countries, and where the language is spoken in greater purity, there is a literature that may be called national, with comparatively little French, German, or English influence. Not to speak of the colonial epoch, which furnished a number of illustrious names to the history of Spanish American literature, since the beginning of the period of independence, many illustrious writers, like Marino, Torres, Zea, Madrid, Tejada, Ortiz, Arboleda, Caro, Isaacs, Vergara y Vergara, and many more, have contributed to enrich the literature of their country.

As for education, Colombia has witnessed the struggle, between the religious, and the purely secular tendencies that has characterized the history of modern education in every country of the world. Under President Mosquera, the latter gained a signal victory, with the expulsion of the Jesuits and other Religious Orders, and the complete secularization of education. But Colombia has retraced its steps, and, today, it acknowledges the importance of uniting secular with religious instruction.

Higher education is imparted in the universities of Bogotá, Popayan, Medellin, and Cartagena, while a scientific training for the professions may be obtained in other cities besides. The venerable College of the Rosario in Bogotá still continues under the patronage of the government, while scondary education is imparted in a number of colleges throughout the land.

Primary education, while gratuitous, is not obligatory. There are about two thousand public schools in the Republic which, however, can not be adequate for the population. Leaving a number of private schools out of consideration, we find, that, in 1906, the highest number of children receiving public education was fifteen per cent., notably in the Department of Caldas, while the total, throughout the country, was less than five per cent. on an average.[2]

Education in Colombia is under the direction of the "Minister of Public Instruction," whose cares are divided among primary, secondary, professional, agricultural, industrial, commercial, and artistic education, besides national colleges, libraries, museums, the observatory, public relief, hygiene, and so forth.

[2] See Colombia en La Mano Lisimaco Palau, p. 87; and La Vie Intellectuelle en Colombie. R. Pere H. J. Rochereaux.

Literary and artistic proprietorship, or copyright, belongs, also, to his province.

The National Library at Bogotá contains about 25,000 volumes. In the same building is the National Museum.

As to health, there is one terrible disease that must be noted, namely leprosy, a disease the existence of which has been observed from the earliest days of the colony. Less than two-fifths of these unfortunates are cared for in the three asylums of Agua de Dios, Contratacion, and Caño de Loro, while the others are abroad. The number of lepers in Colombia has, however, been greatly exaggerated in foreign countries, while accurate statistics have shown, that they do not exceed four thousand, a very small proportion of the population, considering the prevalence of leprosy in most tropical countries.

The Colombian army in time of peace consists of 5,000 men, but a force of 120,000 might be gathered for an emergency. As a protection, the government reserves to itself the right to import arms, while all, even those belonging to individuals, are kept in armories of the state. The minister of war has under his jurisdiction, besides the army, also the police corps, and the gendarmerie. The military school in Bogotá was organized only a few years ago. Besides two or three gunboats, Colombia has no navy; but, with its ports on the Atlantic and Pacific, it might, had it the means, build up a very efficient one.

Colombian currency consists of gold, silver, and paper, the gold dollar being the monetary unit. The other denominations in gold are the condor, of 10, the half-condor, of 5, and the double condor, of 20 dollars' value. The silver coins are the half peso, worth fifty, the peseta, worth twenty, and the real

PART OF THE OLD WALL, CARTAGENA

worth ten cents of the gold dollar. Paper money is depreciated to the extent, that the peso is only the one-hundredth part of the value of the gold dollar. This depreciated peso circulates, also, in nickel. Thus there is a five dollar piece, worth five cents of our money.

We now return to Cartagena, the only city of Colombia with which it was possible for me to become personally acquainted.

Cartagena de las Indias, one of the oldest cities on the American continent, was founded in 1533. As a fortified city, it is unique in the world, especially as the walls and fortifications are in a good state of preservation, while military engineers declare them faultless. There are inner and outer walls, with wide terraces on the ramparts, old sentry houses, and protected stairs descending to apartments within the walls, some of which are now occupied as dwellings by the poorer classes. In the days of its glory, Cartagena was impregnable. The fortifications date from the reign of Philip II.

Within the city, with its picturesque streets, and Plazas, and its massive stone houses, the principal buildings that will draw your attention are the cathedral, Santo Domingo, and, especially, San Juan de Dios, the church of the Jesuits. Ecclesiastically, Cartagena makes much the same impression as does Panama, that of ruin. The results of former expulsions, and confiscations are still to be seen.

The cathedral, dating from the sixteenth century, massive and plain, is lacking in the gold ornamentation one sees in other Latin American cities. The pulpit is one of the finest examples of Italian work in marble in the New World. Tradition has it, that it was intended for Lima, but that the ship that bore

it was wrecked off Cartagena, and that the pulpit, after a second wreck, was placed in the cathedral. Here, also, are two fine tombs, one holding the remains of the late archbishop, Mgr. Biffi, and the other, still empty, intended for the present occupant of the See, also an Italian.

The old church of Santo Domingo is partly in a dilapidated condition, and the towers are completely ruined. The bare church is adorned, however, with new altars. The stalls in the choir where the Friars were wont to recite their office have disappeared.

The adjoining monastery, with its massive cloisters, no longer harbors the Friars of St. Dominic, but the Eudist Fathers conduct within it the diocesan seminary. Here you may see boys of various shades of color, negro blood being no bar to admission to the priesthood, clad in the ecclesiastical costume, the cassock. There are few priests in the diocese, and few vocations to the priesthood.

The church which will attract the greatest attention, on the part of the pious visitor is that of San Juan de Dios, the Jesuit church before the suppression of the Order, and again, today, the church of the Jesuits, who once more occupy their old residence, with its spacious courtyard, though their community is small. Their former college, however, is now a barack for soldiers.

It was in this Jesuit residence, that St. Peter Claver lived, and in the church, beneath the High Altar, his mortal remains repose. Pedro Claver, a native of Catalonia, became a Jesuit at an early age, but before completing his studies, he was sent to America. After spending a short time at Bogotá, he was transferred to Cartagena where he received the Order of priesthood. Cartagena remained the field of his labors, and,

for forty years, he devoted himself with untiring zeal to the care of the negro slaves, attending to their material necessities, as well as to their spiritual needs. Never a slave ship ran into the harbor of Cartagena, but the Apostle of the Negroes was at hand, to look after his wards. No contagious disease, nor pestilential atmosphere could ever avail, to frighten him away. This holy man was canonized some years ago, by Pope Leo XIII.

The skeleton of the Saint, reposing beneath the High Altar, is clad with a chasuble, but the skull is visible. The cell that he occupied cannot with certainty be located.

Among the Mendicant Friars who labored in the different parts of Spanish America, the Augustinians were always prominent. In colonial times, they flourished, also, at Cartagena, but, today, the university occupies their monastery, while the church of St. Augustino is used as a library.

The church and convent of the Franciscans, situated outside the inner wall on the land side, are in ruins. The cloisters still exist, but they are used for secular purposes.

The very large palace of the Inquisition is now a private residence, and, consequently, it is not easy to visit it. Cartagena possesses a number of old houses, with massive walls, and spacious patios, some dating apparently from a very early colonial period. One of these dwellings is pointed out as the residence of a viceroy, and the coat of arms on some of them testify to the nobility of their former occupants, now slumbering in the dust.

It is exceedingly warm in Cartagena, where everything reminds you that you are in the tropics. The

population is white, negro, and Indian, with quite a sprinkling of black children, some of whom, as elsewhere in tropical countries, are as naked, as when they were born. It was quite refreshing to sit down in a cool room of the hotel to a refreshment that cost 50 pesos, or dollars; in other words, fifty cents. Two hotels in Cartagena bear the title American, namely Walter's American hotel, and the American Hotel Mariani.

The Clyde left the wharf at Cartagena at four in the afternoon. Passing through the narrow entrance to the harbor, we could have thrown a stone on the shore. Some distance outside, we were obliged to lie to, for the rowboat to take off our pilot. About eleven at night, we arrived off Savanilla, but did not go up to the wharf, until the early morning. Savanilla and Puerto Colombia, small towns, if such they may be called, lie close together. From here you may take the train to Baranquilla, some fifteen miles away. It is here, also, that the Magdalena river flows into the sea. To go to Bogotá from here, you must proceed to Baranquilla, and take the train to Calamar.

We lay a whole day at Puerto Colombia, amusing ourselves by paying visits to a French liner of the Compagnie Generale, and to one of the Hamburg American steamers. We left late at night, and, the next day, passed Cape Vela on the coast of Colombia. It is said that cannibals live on this part of the coast, and, at Cartagena I was told, that, a month previously, two men in a lumber camp somewhere in the interior had been killed by natives, their bodies being carried off. One hears of cannibals in several places in the interior of South America, but their existence is, also, denied by good authorities, so that, to say the least, it is doubtful.

For two days, we steamed along the coast of Venezuela, generally out of sight of land, but, now and then, seeing some islands, among others of the Dutch group of Curacoa, Bonaire and Aruba. The most prominent was the Island of Margarita, so conspicuous in early colonization history, and belonging to Venezuela.

Margarita lies some seventy miles off the coast, nearly opposite the old town of Cumaná. Discovered by Columbus on his third voyage, it was colonized in 1524. Its name originates from the pearl fisheries, for which it was once famous. Margarita enjoys an exceptionally healthful climate. Its population amounts to about 20,000.

Chapter XXV.

THE WEST INDIES.

Trinidad — Barbados — Boys Diving for Coins — Steamship Agents—Hastings—Nelson's Statue—The Cathedral—The Ocamo—St. Vincent—The Caribs—St. Lucia—Dominica—Antigua—Nevis—St. Kitts—Brimstone Hill—St. Eustatius Ruins—Past History—Saluting the American Flag—Admiral Rodney—Jamaica—The Bahamas—Home Again.

As time passes, the discomforts we have endured gradually sink back into the mists of forgetfulness, while the pleasanter features of our life come into bolder relief, assuming the roseate tints of imagination which enhance the reality. Yet there are certain disagreeable events of our life that impress us so, that they are not easily forgotten. Thus it is, that the hot days and nights on the Clyde have left their mark. I wonder how the deck passengers felt. These were crowded together, men, women, and children, on the forward deck, some sitting on chairs they had brought along, others lying in every conceivable attitude, some suffering more than others, some happy enough to cultivate music. These people were nearly all negroes, or of negro blood.

Beyond them, lay the quarters of the second cabin passengers, with a promenade deck sufficiently large. It must be remembered that the Royal Mail boats from New York are transatlantics. They go from New York to Jamaica, thence to Panama, the coast of Colombia, Trinidad and Barbados, before crossing the

Atlantic. The deck passengers to which I have referred were West Indian travelers, many of whom were returning from Panama. We had on board, a certain number of men who had been engaged to labor on a railroad in process of construction in the rubber country in Brazil, on the upper Amazon. It appears that the authorities in Panama have had some trouble with agents seeking to allure men away from the canal works, and one of these was said to be cruising somewhere in the neighborhood of Barbados.

Sunday, July 24, found us off the delta of the Orinoco, running into the beautiful harbor of Trinidad, named thus by Columbus when he discovered it on his third voyage in 1498. For a long time, Trinidad has been a possession of Great Britain. Its population amounts to about 100,000. The sanitary arrangements of this island are said to be excellent; yet it is about the only island in the West Indies that seems to excite concern, and quarantine against it frequently exists, owing to the yellow fever, which, every now and then, appears on its shores. Years ago, I had lain off the harbor of Port of Spain, but I could not land, owing to the yellow fever prevailing ashore. This time I was more fortunate, going ashore in the company's tender, and spending the night as the guest of the Irish Dominican Fathers who minister to the spiritual wants of the population. The archbishop, Most Rev. Dr. Dowling, is a Dominican. There are, also, secular priests on the island, besides Fathers of the Holy Ghost. The diocese of Port of Spain comprises the islands of Trinidad, Tobago, Granada, St. Vincent, and St. Lucia.

The population of Trinidad consists of whites of different nationalities, including a colony of Venezuelans, of colored people, and of coolies from British India who,

at various times, have been imported to work on the plantations. These coolies have brought with them to the West Indies their costume, religion, language, and customs to which they generally adhere. They are often met in Port of Spain.

The principal products of Trinidad are cocoa and sugar, but the island is, also, famous for its pitch lakes, whence much of the asphalt used in paving is derived.

Port of Spain is the finest city in the British West Indies, with electric lights, and electric cars. The Savannahs, or Public Park, are an ornament to the city, affording spacious grounds as a pleasure resort. The streets are wide, and well paved. There are, also, some fine buildings in the town.

We left Trinidad about four in the afternoon, arriving at Barbados the next morning. Barbados is one of the most frequented ports in the West Indies, with frequent calls from the Royal Mail, the Lamport and Holt, the Booth, and other lines. The small intercolonial steamer of the Royal Mail Company lay in the harbor, but I learned that it would be a week, before the date of her departure for the northern islands, and so I engaged a boat, in the confusion and bedlam prevailing, and rowed off to a steamer some distance away which I learned was to leave for St. Kitts in a couple of days. She turned out to be the "Ocamo" of the Pickford and Black line which runs from Halifax to the West Indies. I could obtain no passage on board, being referred to the agent.

Barbados is one of the ports, in which boys dive for coins. I have seen the same thing in Naples, and elsewhere, but it is particularly noticeable in Barbados. The boys row out to the steamer in nondescript boats, jump overboard, and the fun begins. The eager

expression on their black face, as they scan the line of passengers is, in itself, a study. When the coin is thrown, they follow it with their eyes, until it strikes the water, then down they go into the deep, so transparent in the West Indies. They seem to have advanced a step in civilization, for they are no longer naked, as I saw them in Barbadoes, years ago, but now they wear some kind of bathing breeches. No fish can surpass these vagabonds in aquatic manoeuvres.

Speaking of fish reminds me that, entering the harbor of Trinidad, I was much amused by the antics of some porpoises, that actually ran a race with the steamer, keeping up with her admirably, then suddenly diving out of sight, to reappear again.

Years ago, I had spent almost a week, and a pleasant week it was, with the solitary priest on the island, a Jesuit. I had come from Demerara in a little schooner, the only opportunity I had to get away from the yellow fever, and the good priest generously extended his hospitality to me. In those days, there was a garrison in Barbados, but Great Britain has withdrawn her soldiers from the West Indies, for which she seems to care very little. The only military you see now, are the negro policemen. The islands are divided into sections or groups, Trinidad and Tobago, Barbados, Windward Islands, Leward Islands, and so forth, with a governor general at the head of each group, and administrators over each separate island.

With the memory of good Father Maguire in mind, I walked up to the priest's house, nearly exhausted from the heat. My reception was very courteous; but Father Maguire had long since departed.

Returning to the business part of Bridgetown—this is the name of the capital of Barbados—I visited several steamship agencies. I am sorry, that I cannot go into ecstasies over the affability of Barbados agents. Possibly I struck them at the wrong time. At all events, I could not shake off the impression made on me, such as would have been made, had I found myself in the presence of some great dignitary. However, there are exceptions. During my sojourn in the island, I took up my abode at the Bay Mansion Boarding House, a quaint old building, about 200 years old, that must have witnessed many a gala reception in "ye olden time." You pass through pleasant, and shady grounds, before reaching the house. Of course, you need not look in it for modern conveniences, and you will have to be content with an oil lamp.

Before long, they will, probably, introduce electricity into Barbados, but, thus far, they have nothing but horse, or mule cars, running to various sections. Among other places, these cars will take you to Hastings, a bathing resort, some distance from Bridgetown. A dip into the Caribbean at Hastings, is one of my pleasant recollections of Barbados.

Barbados is, in proportion, one of the most populous spots on the globe, the vast majority of the population being of colored blood. Here I was first struck by the ragged appearance of the negroes in the British West Indies. I often wondered how some of the women could manage to keep on their body the rags that covered them. Taking him all in all, the West Indian negro is a degenerate specimen of humanity. There is much beggary throughout the Island, but I observed more importunate, and impertinent mendicity in Barbados, than anywhere else. "Master, beg you a penny"

—this is what one hears at every step. Fortunately, the beggars are contented with little. On leaving my boarding house, I had to tip every one of my black waitresses, and, finally, I was given a gentle reminder with the words, "Master, I am your cook." I was glad enough, when I had run the gauntlet, and, finally, stepped into the carriage.

Among the things apt to interest the visitor to Barbados is the statue of Lord Nelson on Trafalgar square. It dates from the year 1812, being the first statue ever erected to the great British admiral.

Then, there is the old Anglican cathedral with its venerable tombstones, one, at least, dating from the end of the seventeenth century. There are stalls in the chancel for the canons. Of especial interest to me was the monument here to the memory of Bishop William Hart Coleridge, the first bishop of Barbados who, if I am not greatly mistaken, was the bishop who confirmed my mother, before she went over to the Catholic Church. Bishop Coleridge had, also, the Windward Islands under his jurisdiction.

Engaging passage on the "Ocamo," as far as Dominica, I left Barbados toward evening. The "Ocamo" is a cargo boat, with limited accommodations for a few passengers. I was fortunate to obtain a room on deck all to myself, with electric light. The little dining saloon, down below, was stiffling, but I cannot complain of my stateroom which, surely, was a great improvement on that of the Clyde. I had reason to regret that I did not remain on the "Ocamo" all the way to St. Kitts. The upper deck, spacious enough, was quite pleasant.

Early in the morning, after leaving Barbados, we were lying off St. Vincent. We were the only vessel in the harbor, until a Royal Mail freight steamer ran

in, shortly after our arrival. Engaging a boat, as soon as I could, for six pence, I steered for the wharf, and spent a very pleasant day at Kingstown, in company with Father Long, the young Irish priest, who leads a solitary life on the island. A considerable portion of his congregation is made up of Portuguese from the islands belonging to Portugal.

St. Vincent has been called the "Gem of the West Indies." Ninety-seven miles west of Barbados, and twenty-one miles southwest of St. Lucia, it belongs to the Windward Islands. It was discovered by Columbus on January 22, 1498, on his third voyage. Regarded as one of the healthiest in the West Indies, it has a population of 52,000; but only a little more than 2,000 are white. This was one of the headquarters of the fierce Caribs, and, today, it is one of the few islands where Caribs still exist. At the eruption of the Soufriere, the same year in which St. Pierre, Martinique, was destroyed, a large number of these Caribs perished. The Carib country, allotted to them over 200 years ago as a reservation, is twenty-four miles from Kingstown.

There are many points of interest in the island which it would take some time to visit. Of especial importance in Kingstown is the Free Library, the gift in 1908, of Andrew Carnegie. It is built with a view to withstanding the terrible hurricanes that, occasionally, sweep over the islands. My visit to the West Indies coincided with the hurricane season, but I was fortunate enough never to run into one. I have no desire for any further acquaintance with West Indian hurricanes, as, years ago, I witnessed the horrors of one in the island of St. Thomas.

The Carnegie library in St. Vincent posseses a very interesting collection of Carib relics. This much for

the ethnologist. The student of natural science, and of political economy will find valuable material in the samples of St. Vincent products, kept on exhibition at the library. These are sugar, coffee, cocoa, nutmegs, arrow-root, cinnamon, and cotton. The St. Vincent people tell me, that their cotton is the best in the world. I am much indebted to Mr. Denniston Chrichton, manager of the hotel, for his kind attentions.

St. Vincent, like other islands, in the West Indies, is still obliged to use oil for light, the day of electricity not having, as yet, dawned for the island. There are, however, three newspapers in Kingston, among which I noticed the *Sentry,* which is published every Friday. The islands receive important news by cable, and a daily bulletin in some, like St. Kitts, keeps the public posted.

I mentioned the "Soufriere." This mountain, 3,500 feet high, has two craters, the smaller of which was formed in the eruption of 1812. The larger crater contains a lake, two miles in circumference, with water of a yellowish green color. It lies 1,800 feet below the edge of the crater. The last eruption was in 1902. It wrought tremendous havoc, and its detonations were heard throughout the islands. Volcanic dust fell on the deck of a steamer, 1,000 miles to Windward of Barbados.[1]

Leaving St. Vincent late at night, we ran early the following morning into St. Lucia. Martinique could be seen in the distance. The peculiar peaks of St. Lucia, known as the Pythons, will be pointed out to you, as you enter the harbor. As St. Lucia is a coaling station, the steamers go up to the dock. It is interesting to watch the negro women coaling ship.

[1] See The Guide Book to St. Vincent, by the Hon. Mrs. C. Gideon Murray.

With the coal basket on their head, they run up the gang plank in procession, dump the coal, and run back again for another load, and, thus the black line keeps on moving, until the work is done.

The popular language of the island is Creole French, but English is rapidly superseding it, even in the church, as it is taught in the schools. The older negroes, however, still say their prayers in French. St. Lucia is, probably, the most religious island in the West Indies. A French missionary society, the "Peres de Chavannes," ministers to the spiritual needs of the population. It was in company with one of these Fathers, the vicar-general, that I drove over the beautiful mountains, with their magnificent scenery, to the English barracks, quite new, that had just been finished, when the garrison was withdrawn. Perched high up on the hills, near older fortifications of a bygone day, this splendid group of buildings excites a feeling of pity, that they should lie thus abandoned, and forlorn.

Like St. Vincent, St. Lucia has neither electric light, nor gas. The sewerage of the town of Castries, the capital, consists in the emptying of pans into the harbor. This performance takes place every night.

The morning after leaving St. Lucia, I arrived at Dominica, discovered by Columbus on his second voyage in 1493. The day was Sunday, and the name "Dominica," the Lord's Day, has remained forever attached to the island. It was at Dominica, or Dominique, as it is, also, called, that Columbus first saw the Caribs. A remnant of these aborigines is still found on the island.

It was a great pleasure to me, to meet here my old college mate, the Right Rev. Philip Schelfaut, Bishop of Roseau, as the capital of the island is named.

At Dominica, I exchanged the "Ocamo" for the "Parima," one of the smaller vessels of the Quebec Steamship Company. The ship was crowded, though I managed to obtain a berth in a room with some one else. However, I spent only one night on this ship. In spite of the heat, there is a charm about the West Indies. The beautiful sunlight, the waving branches of the palm, the flowers, the tropical vegetation generally are things that delight the eye. Even the ragged negroes add a touch of the picturesque to the scene. At sea, as you sail through the Windward and Leeward Islands, you hardly ever lose sight of land. As one island recedes, another looms up, sometimes several being visible at once.

Our last day on the sea, before arriving at St. Kitts, was ideal. The sparkling light danced over the blue waters, as one island, after the other, presented itself to our gaze. During the night, we had made a brief stop at the French island of Guadeloupe; in the morning, we were at Antigua. At this island, ships lie far from land, so that little of the town can be seen. However, we received on board a number of the islanders, full of life and merry, who were bound for the horse races at St. Kitts.

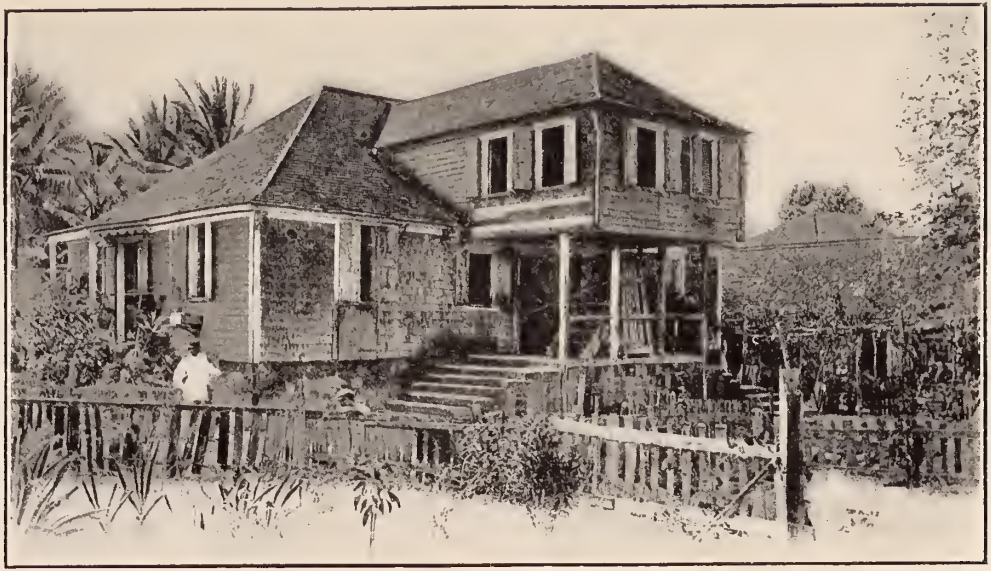
After leaving Antigua, we sighted "Redonda" which well deserves its name, as it is a *round* rock, standing isolated, and solitary. Then, Nevis came into view. Above the island, rises the mountain, Ben Nevis, its head always wrapped in clouds. The old Spaniards called the island *Nieves,* Snows, probably from the fact that the vapors on the mountain make it appear, as though it were covered with snow. The islands of Nevis and St. Kitts saw some fierce fighting in the seventeenth century between Spaniards, Dutch and English; but there are other historical memories at-

tached to the island of Nevis of greater interest to English and Americans. It was in the old church, where the marriage register is still kept, that Lord and Lady Nelson were made man and wife. Here too, our own Alexander Hamilton was born, and you can distinctly see the house, as you steam past Nevis to St. Kitts.

St. Kitts, or St. Christopher, has the honor of being named after the patron saint of Columbus. Strange and varied have been its vicissitudes from the days of the early Spaniards down. By him who has the time, an interesting hour or two might be spent among the Spanish manuscripts in the British Museum, in which Nevis and St. Kitts figure to some extent. At one time, divided between French and English, it was finally conquered by the latter. The name of its principal town, "Basseterre," is a memory of the French occupation. At the other extremity of the island, near Sandy Point, the fortified eminence of Brimstone Hill recalls the great struggle between the French and English. The old fortifications of Brimstone Hill are among the most interesting in the West Indies.

Near Basseterre, a conspicuous eminence is Monkey Hill, quite separated from the rest of the hills. Monkeys, I am told, are quite plentiful in St. Kitts.

The principal industry of this island is the cultivation of the sugar cane, with a considerable portion of the wealth in the hands of the Portuguese who form a colony of great importance. Of recent years, the smaller plantations have been united into large estates, in which steam has taken the place of wind. Ruined old wind mills all over the island mark the site of former plantations. The antiquarian, interested in colonial history, may find much material in these islands to remind him of the days, when the West Indies were more flourishing, but, probably, more wick-



HOUSE IN THE ISLAND OF NEVIS IN WHICH ALEXANDER HAMILTON WAS BORN

ed than they are today. The public library at Basseterre is well worth a visit, principally for its collection of Carib relics. A gentleman in the island, whose name, unfortunately, I cannot now recall, has, also, a very valuable collection.

I spent nearly two weeks in St. Kitts, for the reason that I could find no opportunity to get out. No steamers called during the time, and, as it was the hurricane season, few sailing vessels were running. The house of the Redemptorists whose hospitality, and whose delightful company I enjoyed during my stay in the island, is surrounded by trees, and though, every now and then, there is a gust of wind, it is very warm, as is the town of Basseterre generally. I suffered much from the heat in St. Kitts, but delightful drives over the island which I owe to my hosts, helped to break the monotony, and the suffering. Showers, or rather torrential rains, were quite frequent, and, one night, the elements warred to such an extent, that the fear of a hurricane began to seize me.

And what had brought me to St. Kitts? Often, and often, in my dreams at night, and in my day-dreams, I had pictured to myself a lonely West Indian island, that I had known, when life was new. Brought to it, when only three years of age, I lived in it, until I was ten. 'Mid the ever changing scenes of years, I had never forgotten it. At one time, it was of immense importance, playing a great part in the history of the United States; today it is hardly known. How many people will be able to answer in the affirmative, if you ask them, whether they have ever heard of the island of St. Eustatius.

To go to St. Eustatius, I drove from Basseterre to Sandy Point, where I met the little sloop I had engaged to take me across. St. Eustatius, or Statia, as

they call it down there, is visible from this part of St. Kitts. Its extinct crater, "the mountain" of my childhood's days, is one of the most perfect in the world. It was with no little emotion that I saw it assume larger and larger proportions, as our sloop obedient to the rudder, guided by our negro captain, rose and fell on the waves. The craft was filled with black men and women who were going home to "Statia." I learned by questions put to these people, that "Statia" had changed very little in the last forty years, or rather since the emancipation in 1863. The whalers, or what is left of them, still frequent the open roadstead, people still use candles and oil lamps, and drink rain water. There is one change, however, that I noticed as, at the hour of sunset, we cast anchor off Oranjestad. In my day, they would pull your boat up on the beach; now they have a wharf. I did not expect to be remembered in the little island, and, therefore, great was my surpise, when, within an hour, my arrival was known everywhere, and I discovered soon, that there were many who recollected the little boy that once lived among them. For a couple of days I was the guest of the Dominican, Father Delgeur, who has been spending the best years of his life in this solitary existence. It was perfect delight to accompany the Administrator (Gezaghebber), Mr. G. J. van Groll, in a ride over the island, and listen to his plans for its improvement.

St. Eustatius is a picturesque ruin, with old water cisterns, and cemeteries, scattered everywhere. Dilapidation, wreck, ruin, misery, raggedness, wretchedness meet you at every step. Of the thousand or more inhabitants, there are hardly a hundred whites. The old Dutch church in the cemetery, with its historic names is a ruin; the Jewish synagogue is a ruin. Of

Old Fort in St. Eustatius that Saluted the American Flag

the Anglican church, only the graveyard remains. I found the names of a few Americans who had left their bones there, while the colonies still belonged to England or, perhaps, shortly after the Revolution. All this is in the upper town of "Oranjestad," or Orange City. In the lower town, consisting today of only three or four houses, a street, a mile or more in length, lines the beach. It is a dead street. The houses, some of which must have been quite splendid in their day, and the numerous warehouses are all ruins, overgrown with the luxuriant vegetation of the tropics, with lizards sporting among the stones.

Yes; St. Eustatius is a great ruin; but it was not always thus. In the eighteenth century, and earlier too, probably in the days of the buccaneers, St. Eustatius was an opulent island. It was the "Golden Rock" of the Antilles. In our revolutionary war, it helped our Independence along, for it served as our base of supplies. In those days, flourished Madame de Graaf whose name is indelibly written on the island, and whose memory is imperishable. She was the great-aunt of the writer's grandmother. Her husband was governor of the island. The British colonies in North America were struggling for their freedom; St. Eustatius helped them. One day, a ship of the young American navy ran into the harbor of Oranjestad. The British were on the lookout for American vessels. Governor de Graaf did not hesitate; he fired a salute in honor of the United States. This was the first time our flag was ever saluted in a foreign port. De Graaf was summoned to Holland to account for his action. His defense must have been satisfactory; for he returned to St. Eustatius. But the British were not satisfied; St. Eustatius was a constant menace, they must make an example of the island. In 1781,

war broke out between England and Holland. On February 3, Rodney with the British fleet lay off the island. Resistance was impossible, the governor surrendered, immense wealth passed into the hands of the British, and the decline began, culminating in the ruins we contemplate today. St. Eustatius had sacrificed herself for the cause of American freedom. Old Fort Orange that fired the glorious, but fatal salute, stands there still, a memory of better days, but the guns that saluted the flag have fallen from the ramparts. They lie beneath the cliff, buried in the bushes.

If the present administrator has his way, there will be better days in store for St. Eustatius. Agriculture is beginning to flourish, with the revival of some of the old plantations, and there are good prospects of a satisfactory cultivation of cotton. With a little capital, with a better water supply, with means of communication, and with telegraph and telephone lines, St. Eustatius could be rendered a pleasant winter resort. Its climate, cool and salubrious, is of the best in the West Indies.

I might write much more of St. Eustatius; but space will not permit. Hence I bid farewell to it, with its memory of my maternal ancestors from old Holland, and their tombs, hoping to revisit once more the scenes of my childhood. Before I leave it, I am reminded, that I find in St. Eustatius also memories of the Roosevelts. Were they in in any way related to our former president?[2]

On my return from "Statia" to St. Kitts, I spent a few more days in the British island, until an English freight steamer, running into the harbor, I engaged passage on her for Jamaica. Several days were passed

[2] Het Eiland St. Eustatius, G. J. van Grol; Het Eiland St. Eustatius, P. Delgeur.

on the old "Sarstoon" in congenial company of captain, officers, and the few passengers there were. A last glimpse of St. Eustatius, and of the little island of Saba, where people live on the mountain, in an extinct crater, and we were again at sea, in the heart of the Caribbean. In about three days we arrived at Jamaica, with its memories of old Port Royal, long since sunken into the sea, and of the buccaneer, Morgan. There I had the pleasure of meeting fellow-countrymen in the Right Rev. Bishop Collins, and the Jesuit Fathers.

A day was spent at Kingston at the Myrtle Bank Hotel, and my homeward journey began on the Prinz August Wilhelm of the Hamburg American line. We had seen the island of Haiti, before reaching Jamaica, we had a splendid view of the eastern extremity of the island of Cuba, after leaving it, and for a few moments, we stopped at an island in the Bahamas, to put ashore the laborers whom the ship picks up on her southward cruise, to load fruit. Then we made straight for New York, sailing delightfully on summer seas, without an untoward incident to mar the voyage. Except the formalities required, and the customs regulations, on entering the domain of Uncle Sam, there was nothing to interfere with our pleasure. Thus ended my voyage to the *Lands of the Southern Cross.*

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[1] This list is far from being exhaustive. I have merely cited some of the more recent publications, as a guide to the reader, without special reference to their merits.

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